

T H E  
ADVENTURES  
O F  
Capt. *Greenland.*

W R I T T E N

In Imitation of all those WISE, LEARNED,  
WITTY, and HUMOROUS AUTHORS, who  
either already have, or hereafter may Write  
in the same Stile and Manner.

---

*The Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul!  
My Soul the Father; and these two beget  
A Generation of still Breeding Thoughts,  
And these same Thoughts people this little World,  
In Humours like the People of This World.*

SHAKESPEAR.

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V O L. II.

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L O N D O N:

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ADVENTURE

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# CONTENTS.



## B O O K IV.

### C H A P. I.

*C*ontaining something in Imitation of a modern Preface. First, Of Circulating-Libraries; their Use and Advantage to the Public, and their Hurt to Authors and Booksellers who are not concern'd in them; particularly in London and Westminster; with other useful and instructive, tho' perhaps impertinent, Matter. Page 1

### C H A P. II.

*Mistress Dolt deposits her Marriage-Settlement in the Hands of Mr. Scribblewell; the old Farmer is reconciled to his Son Richard. An Example of uncommon Generosity in Mr. Samuel*  
A 2 Wilful

*Wilful towards his Wife. With some other  
Biographical Matter.* 6

### CHAP. III.

*A new Hero springs up; a Description of him;  
he is employed in Miss Angelica's Service.* 16

### CHAP. IV.

*The Captain proceeds according to the Lady's Re-  
quest, and his own Promise.* 24

### CHAP. V.

*The Captain and Silvius have a very odd Ren-  
counter, which perhaps may produce some unex-  
pected Entertainment to the Mind of the good-  
natured Reader.* 31

### CHAP. VI.

*Containing the Captain's indiscreet and most false  
Proceedings on account of what pass'd in the  
foregoing Chapter; and a Conference between  
Mr. Smith and the Lady Worthy about it.  
With their Resolution thereupon.* 46

### CHAP.

# CONTENTS.

v

## CHAP. VII.

*Mrs. Susan's kind Affection discovered for and to Mr. Robert Wilful, in her unfolding to him that very disagreeable Plot, which has been already hinted to our Readers.*

54

## CHAP. VIII.

*Silvius gives his fair Mistress, &c. a Meeting on their Way next Morning; he prepares her a Letter, which informs her of their present secret Plan; he receives an Answer to it from Bristol; with his Resolution and Proceedings thereupon.*

64

## CHAP. IX.

*Silvius and Wilful project a very humorous Piece of Diversion, which Captain Flame and the Reverend Mr. Gravairs have their full Share in; and which they put into Execution with the utmost Success.*

72

## CHAP. X.

*Mr. Wilful proceeds to pay his Respects to the Captain on the like Occasion; who receives him,*

A 3

and

*and his Embassy, according to his Expectation,  
and at length concludes to his Wish.* 81

## C H A P. XI.

*Of Silvius's Proceeding with that most wise and  
facetious Gentleman, Mr. Alderman Lumber.* 89

## C H A P. XII.

*Wherein Mr. Pewit meets with a new and disagreeable Acquaintance; and also is described a very extraordinary Battle; but not in the least Imitation of the Homerican Stile. Yet, perhaps, as much worth reading, as the History of any one Engagement that ever was written from Broughton's Amphitheatre; or, any Modern Romance.* 95

## C H A P. XIII.

*Wherein poor Pewit falls into another unexpected  
Disaster.* 108

## C H A P. XIV.

*Containing the Conclusion of the Fourth Book.* 113

B O O K

# CONTENTS.

vii



## BOOK V.

### CHAP. I.

*Silvius and Wilful set forth in the Stage-coach ;  
an Account of their Fellow-Travellers, who,  
and what they were, and of some Part of their  
particular Behaviour.* 121

### CHAP. II.

*Containing the Prosecution of their present Dis-  
course, with a drowsy Mistake of the Parson's.* 129

### CHAP. III.

*Containing a reasonable Supposition of the Author ;  
and the Relation of a very noble Exploit of the  
Captain's.* 136

### CHAP. IV.

*Containing a very surprizing Accident.* 142

### CHAP. V.

*Wherein the Author preserves a wary Eye both on  
the Reader and himself. The Stage-Coach  
again sets forward, and what then ensued.* 149

A 4

CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

*Wherein the Parson relates a very extraordinary  
Adventure.* 157

## CHAP. VII.

*How the Colonel and the Parson proceeded.* 162

## CHAP. VIII.

*Wherein the Author enlarges upon his own Lenity  
and Prudence towards the Stage-Passengers.  
A Brief History of Jehu the Stage-Coachman;  
his Behaviour and sad Accident in the Service of  
the Lord Partlet. A Picture in Miniature of  
that worthy Lord, and his good Lady; and  
how Jehu came to enter the Service of the Au-  
thor of this Work.* 168

## CHAP. IX.

*After Dinner the Coach sets forward, and they  
prevail with Mrs. Cantwell to begin an Ad-  
venture, which appears to be Part of the History  
of her own Life; but, in their great Expecta-  
tions, they are all disappointed.* 175

## CHAP. X.

*Containing the Conclusion of the first Day's Tra-  
vel: As also, in a very few Lines afterwards,  
the*



## CONTENTS. ix

*the second Day's Period brings the Coach to  
London.* 182

### CHAP. XI.

*Silvius's Charms make a very sudden and extraordinary Conquest: Who and what his Paramour was; with some Part of his Behaviour in this Affair.* 188

### CHAP. XII.

*Shewing Mr. Moggy's am'rous and complaisant Behaviour at Supper towards his dear Silvius; and the Impatience and Consequence of his fierce Love afterwards, which fully concludes their Amour. Silvius is disappointed of his Passage with Captain Log-line; he and Wilful are introduced to the laudable Society of Anti-gallians.* 194

### CHAP. XIII.

*Silvius sets out with his Friend Wilful in quest of a Passage to Lisbon, and engages with an unexpected Character at the Royal-Exchange.* 201

### CHAP.



# **CONTENTS.**

## **CHAP. XIV.**

*Who this Gentleman was, that took such a Fancy to Silvius; with the History of Silvius his new Master, and the Intentions of his Voyage to Lisbon. Silvius is put into Possession of his new Office, and becomes a Favourite of his young Lady's.*

211

**BOOK**



## BOOK VI.

## CHAP. I.

*Wherein Silvius discovers the Priest in a solemn Adoration of a Holy-Vision; which he, though with the good Father's Assistance, cannot comprehend. Upon which, some religious Conversation ensues.*

220

## CHAP. II.

*Silvius's Master and Lady, &c. set sail for Lisbon, with an Account of what pass'd in their Voyage until they arriv'd within Sight of the Portugueze Shore.*

230

## CHAP. III.

*They arrive in the River Tagus, to the inexpressible Joy of our Hero Silvius. But soon after an unexpected Incident arises, which frustrates all their Views.*

236

## CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

*Containing Captain Oldnall's Advice and Proceedings in the present dangerous Exigent; and what Stratagem they concluded on, to elude the Knight's treacherous Design against his Sister.*

245

## CHAP. V.

*According to their former Plan, they under the Cover of Night slip their Cable, put out to Sea, and crowd all their Sail for the Port of Majorca. They are closely pursued by the Knight; and who the young Lady applies to for Protection.*

253

## CHAP. VI.

*The Malice of the Knight prevails more fortunate yet, for he accidentally surprises his Sister, and carries her again on board of his Portuguese Vessel; he weighs Anchor with her for Lisbon. When unexpectedly, and to their no small Surprise, another Accident presents itself.*

260

## CHAP.

# CONTENTS. xiii

## CHAP. VII.

*Shewing the Justice and Judgment of the Governor in his subsequent Proceedings.* 266

## CHAP. VIII.

*Captain Oldnall makes a very genteel Entertainment on board the Lovely, to which the Consul, the Governor of the Port, and the Knight, Rosetta's Brother, are all bidden. Rosetta's amiable Behaviour at parting with her cruel Brother, and a very bold Execution of our Hero Silvius's.* 270

## CHAP. IX.

*The History of a fictitious Dream of Miss Angelica's, caused by her Love and Fear for Silvius's Safety; with her Success in drawing her Mother over to England thereby: Which proved a very heavy Disappointment to our adventurous Hero.* 277

## CHAP.

## CHAP. X.

*Silvius visits all the remarkable Places in, and near Lisbon; and in his Travels he is encounter'd with vast Numbers of Penitents, under the Discipline of Public-Penance; which are here described: With some short Comments thereupon, by Silvius and his Guide.* 286

## CHAP. XI.

*Wherein Mr. Simson begins a very entertaining History, which hath some small Analogy with the Story of Rosetta.* 292

## CHAP. XII.

*Wherein Mr. Simson prosecutes his agreeable History of the lovely Louisa: Her Brother breaks his Heart for the Loss of her: Whereupon her Father adopts her worthy Lover the Captain as his sole Heir.* 298

## CHAP. XIII.

*How the Captain endeavours to deserve the above Compliment from the old Gentleman.* 303

## CHAP.

C O N T E N T S. xv

C H A P. XIV.

*The Captain makes his last Visit to the Inside of the Convent, but to his great Mortification had but a very short Conference with Louisa : He receives a Pacquet from her ; the Contents of which almost distract him ; with what then succeeded.* 309

C H A P. XV.

*Wherein is contained the Conclusion of the second Volume of this Work.* 316

T H E

XIV 9 A H C

300

CHAP. IV.

Volume of this work.

251





T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
Capt. GREENLAND.

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B O O K IV.

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C H A P. I.

*Containing something in Imitation of a modern Preface. First, Of Circulating-Libraries; their Use and Advantage to the Public, and their Hurt to Authors and Booksellers who are not concern'd in them; particularly in London and Westminster; with other useful and instructive, though perhaps impertinent, Matter.*

**I**T is a very great Consolation to us, that the Number of general Readers in and about *London and Westminster*, are so much increased within these few Years: To which we conclude, that the vast Number of Circulating-  
V O L. II.                      B                      Libraries

Libraries have not a little contributed; and in which we have not our Comforts, without our Anxieties; for, although those Wandering-Libraries are doubtless of very great Utility to the Public; yet, they are certainly very Detrimental to all Authors and Booksellers who are no wise concern'd in them: Because Numbers of those People, who by that Means will now rest satisfy'd with their only reading a Work, once over, would themselves, perhaps, have purchased it, could they not have had the Use of it on such easy Terms, as those Libraries now supply them. But however, we have one Reflection that still comforts us in the Publishing of this Work; as well as another that gives us some little Uneasiness; and which are these: Through the Channel of these Libraries we may reasonably imagine that our History is the more likely to become generally known; and if we are so fortunate in it, as to please the Generality of our generous Readers, and which we have spared no Pains to do, we very willingly hope, that their having read it at so small a Price as Sixpence or a Shilling, will make no Bar to their after Purchase of it; because we are persuaded that he must be a very apt Scholar who can comprehend half the Beauties of this Work at the first Reading: And those who are the best acquainted with them, we  
appre-

apprehend will most esteem them. And by that Means, few Persons of real Taste, after having read them carefully through, and well consider'd their Beauties, (and especially those who make Collections of the most useful Books) will chuse to be without them in their Houses.

The People who chiefly delight in Reading, are of various Kinds; occasion'd by their giving into different Tastes for peculiar Subjects: Some, such as your dreaming, canting, ignorant, stupid Methodists; 'or biggotted People, of any kind; such as easily give up their own Understanding, Reason, and Senses, to hinge their absolute Faith on other Mens Doctrine, whom they have no Cause to believe have any more Knowledge of the Matter than themselves: These deep Worthies always think that those Books which are not cram'd and stuff'd with innumerable Quotations from the Old and New Testament; Miracles of Priests; the Travels of Mr. *Wh—tf—d*; and the Conversion of their *Moorfield*-Saints, are profane and damnable: Others there are, so much in love with Fairy-Ground, that *St. James's-Park*; *Chelsea-Fields*; nay, *Vauxhall-Gardens*, in the Months of *May* and *June*; are scarcely good enough for them to tread in: Some again, are so excessive fond of the murdering of huge Giants, and breaking of Enchantments, that

the Histories of *Alexander* the Great, *Julius Cæsar*, the Duke of *Marlborough*, and the Achievements of *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, are scarcely worth their reading. And of this last Sort, the Ladies, in particular, are so extravagantly passionate, that not a Lusty-Fellow can walk the Streets, but that, if he be taller, more graceful, and steps cleaner than another Man; they are all of them impatient to have the Pleasure of pulling of him down. So great is their Aversion for any Man who but *so very little resembles a Giant*.

Others, again, have no Taste but for such Books as are composed of the softest Tales of Love; and of such other insignificant Fancies, as by filling their Heads with those Delusions, only help to precipitate their own Ruin. But we can honestly assure our Readers, that the present Work now before them was chiefly calculated more for Improvement sake, than any other View, or Design whatever.

And as we did not propose to ourselves, when we undertook the compiling of this History, to confine our Pen to the single Thread of one Man's Adventures, we have thought proper to amuse ourselves with the Liberty of this and many other Digressions; and those of our Readers who are any wise disgusted at them, may, if they please, indulge their Spleen and their Revenge

Ch. I. *Captain GREENLAND.* 5

together, by tearing them out : Or, if it should better please them, by throwing the whole Book into the consuming Flames. But should any fine Lady be pettish, or peevish enough to pursue this warrantable Instruction ; and we, by any means, should hereafter come to hear of it, we shall, without all doubt, wax exceeding proud at the good News ; because, it is a general Observation, to their great Honour, that they frequently treat their very best Favourites, with the very worst Usage they possibly can.

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CHAP.

## C H A P. II.

*Mistress Dolt deposits her Marriage-Settlement in the Hands of Mr. Scribblewell; the old Farmer is reconciled to his Son Richard. An Example of uncommon Generosity in Mr. Samuel Wilful towards his Wife. With some other Biographical Matter.*

HAVING now happily disposed of our Favourite, *Maria*, to the entire Satisfaction of all her Friends (for her Aunt *Johnson* was soon reconciled, after she found it was but in vain to be otherwise) we apprehend that we may now the more closely attend to the remaining History of poor *Silvius*. Not, but that it is very becoming our Duty to give our Readers some fuller Account of Master *Richard Dolt* and his agreeable Bride, before we proceed any farther in other Matters. And which briefly is thus:

Mrs. *Dolt* had had sufficient Experience of the Probity of her Master *Scribblewell*, to convince her that she could not make choice of an honefter Man for her future Friend; and with whom she now desired to entrust her Marriage-Settlement, which, according to the Proposal of her Friend *Silvius*, at his first opening



opening of his grand Scheme to her, was the only Jewel that prompted her to a ready Concurrence; and which was now the most precious one she had in the World to take care of. We mean, except her Husband. And Mr. *Scribblewell*, at her Request, accepted of this Charge; and did also, in Conjunction with Mr. *Snap*, take some Pains to reconcile his Father to this accidental Match. Which, at length, was effected; but with a great deal of Difficulty. So that, without troubling any Court of Judicature with any of their superfluous Money, Mr. *Richard* was put into a quiet and legal Possession of his Estate; and all things settled in a very amicable Manner.

As to Mr. *Samuel Wilful*, he gave his beloved *Maria* as remarkable a voluntary Proof of his grateful and generous Affection, as perhaps any modern Husband can at this Time boast of. For he, unknown to her, settled her own Fortune entirely upon her: And they lived exceeding genteel on the Interest of that and the Profits of his own Place. Which last brought him in about Fifty Pounds a Year. And by this effectual and successful Contrivance of our ingenious *Silvius*, which we have shewn in the first Volume, in behalf of Mr. *Samuel*, his Brother, Mr. *Robert Wilful* became so entirely and sincerely devoted to his Love and Service, that



it is impossible to express it. For he now found that his Capacity, Integrity, and Friendship, was equally great and valuable: So that he esteemed his Intimacy and Friendship, more worthy than that of all his other Friends and Acquaintance (his own Family excepted) put together. And certain it is, that one capable, generous, and agreeable true Friend, is worth all the Riches and Honours that this World can possibly bless an honest good Man with besides. Health, and Peace of Mind, a competent Fortune, and a true Friend, are Wealth, Honours, and Blessings sufficient to make any wise Man happy on this Side the Grave. Avarice! Ambition! Luxury! and Intemperance! being the most dangerous Poisons that a Man can be tainted with; and yet they are the most industriously sought after. But such Appetites are not the Effects of Wisdom; but of Folly, Vice, and Madness. A colour'd Ribbon cross the Shoulder of a P—r, being, in Fact, of no more real Use or Virtue, than a Scrap of Paper, of the same Hue, hung on a Chimney-Sweeper's Boy on a *May-Day*: They each, alike, serve only Fools to gaze at.

About the Time that *Silvius* was employ'd in the Affairs of his Friend, Mr. *Samuel Wilful*, and his Cousin *Maria* (now Mrs. *Wilful*) Mr. *Smith*, Uncle to *Angelica*, made it his Business, not only to enquire of common Fame, but al-

fo

so of his Master *Scribblewell*, the very utmost that could be learnt concerning his particular Temper, Inclinations, Genius, and common Behaviour. To all which, he receiv'd so satisfactory an Account, as left him no room to doubt but that the Reverend Mr. *Gravairs's* Report of him, had been a little too licentious. And therefore, if another Accident had not about this Time presented itself to new thwart his Happiness, it is very possible that the Evil of Mr. *Gravairs's* Intention might have ended in honest *Silvius's* Good. But as all Mortality is chain'd to the Oar of *Fate*, to work out the appointed Time as the Ministers of this great Commander are pleas'd to direct, so was poor *Silvius* now forced to submit to, and labour through every Incident that arose in his way to cross his Hope: And while he could find himself most Instrumental and Successful in the Acquisition of other People's Happiness, he could find nothing but Interruptions in the Pursuit of his own.

Lady *Worthy* was likewise, in the mean time, as Inquisitive with her Grand-daughter *Angelica*, as her Son-in-Law had been about *Silvius*, when she learnt the true State of the Case, without the least Disguise. For Miss *Angelica* had honestly confess'd that *Silvius* had made a kind of Overture to her concerning his Passion; and also acknowledged to her Lady-

ship her frank Affection for him: That she had a greater Regard for him than she had for any other Man in the World. But she likewise, to banish all uneasy Apprehensions in her Ladyship, assured her that she never intended to dispose of herself in Marriage, without her Consent, so long as she lived. Nor would she (she said) encourage a Thought of any other Man but him; notwithstanding the Reverend Mr. *Gravairs* had taken so much ridiculous Pains to express his own foolish Passion: And which, in its utmost Delicacy, she could not but think, was a little like the aukward and unnatural Imitations of an Ass, when he is pleased to be aping the sprightly, innocent, and entertaining Frolicks of a Lamb; or, as though a Bear should mimick a Monkey; or, a great Calf should put on the ill-suited Tricks of a Squirrel.

The Lady *Worthy*, when she had heard Miss *Angelica's* Tale quite out, was perfectly reconciled in her own Mind, concerning the whole Affair; and immediately concluded, and very justly, that the aforesaid ungenerous Report of Mr. *Gravairs* was the downright Effect of black malignant Jealousy: And therefore, she thought it not prudent to say any thing of it to her Grand-daughter, till she had either seen or heard from her Son-in-law, which, in a few Days after, she did; and then they compared

Ch. 2. *Captain GREENLAND.* II

Notes: Upon which, succeeded a very solid Consultation concerning Miss *Angelica's* Declaration in behalf of *Silvius*. Mr. *Smith* was his sincere Friend and Advocate, free from any Motive but the pure Regard he had to his unblemished Character. And many Debates were advanced and answer'd between them. So that in the End there were but two single Points which seem'd to oppose his Interest; the first was, Miss *Angelica's* own Mother being yet alive; and the other was, that they were both so young, that they held it the most unwarrantable Sufferance in Life, that they should consent to their making a Match of it, without the Concurrence of her Mother. As to *Silvius* his lack of Fortune, to make it equal to *Angelica's*, was freely left out of the Question, in good Consideration of the Credit of his Family; his virtuous Character; the continued Affections of Lady *Worthy* for him; and *his*, and *Angelica's* mutual Inclination and Passion for each other. The unwelcome Result of this Conference they, therefore, agreed to inform the fair *Angelica* of: And since they had readily cancel'd all other Objections to their Unity, they made not the least Doubt, but that it would prevent any violent Resolutions in the young Lady, that might hereafter produce any Disapprobation in her Family: For if she could by any judicious Means  
bring

bring about the Consent of her Mother, she had no room to apprehend any Inconveniency from any other Quarter. This Resolution being accordingly deliver'd to Miss *Angelica*, she very frankly acknowledged the great Obligation she had to their gentle Care and Affections; and for their farther Satisfaction, she redoubled her Assurance that she would pursue no Step whereby they might hereafter blame her Conduct. So that all the Harm which the black Forgery of Mr. *Gravairs* produced, was only the Discovery of their Amour before it was quite ripe; that is to say, before they had had an Opportunity of consulting how they should hereafter proceed; or, before the grateful Return of Miss *Angelica* had required from her such a Promise as we have now related. And howsoever disagreeable or inconvenient this Discovery was to poor *Silvius*, it did not more terminate to his Disadvantage, than it did to that of his Detractor. For Mr. *Smith* was so provoked at his Infamy, that he told the Lady *Worthy*, it was his Opinion, that he who could be capable of such a hellish Coinage, was too dangerous a Person to have any Trust or Dealing with, whatever. And the good Lady so far join'd with him, that she resolved to make one thorough Sounding into the dark Abyss of his Bosom, in order to find out his View in that Proceeding, and then to take a  
final

final Leave of him. But however, the above Passages unavoidably produced a Discovery of this his Reverence's Impeachment, to Miss *Angelica*; and which consequently contributed no small Matter to heighten her Aversion to him. But as the Lady *Worthy* had frankly shewn her the Purpose of her Intentions, she held it most advisable not to acquaint *Silvius* of the Injury he had done him; lest it might thereby aggravate him to take some Step which he might afterwards repent. And as Providence is the best and truest Avenger of all Private Criminal-Proceedings, we shall leave this most worthy Wight to wait the Reward due to his Merit, till a more proper Time.

The Affairs of his Friend Mr. *Samuel Wilful* and his fair Cousin, being now happily settled; our polite *Silvius* made his Appearance the next Sunday, before his Love, in the glittering Token of their grateful and friendly Approbation, which was a Diamond-ring of about ten Guineas Value; and which they had purchased purposely for him; and also insisted that he should absolutely accept of. He likewise, this Day, drank Tea with the Lady *Worthy* and Miss *Angelica*; who, by her generous and courteous Behaviour, gave poor *Silvius* no Suspicions that he had had any such wrong done him, as our Readers have seen; but observing that they



had taken great Notice of his sparkling Brilliants, he introduced the History of its first Cause ; and of the entertaining Atchievement that produced it. Which Story being delivered to them with all its necessary Arts and Graces, it gave the Lady *Worthy*, as well as her Granddaughter, the highest Entertainment. Inso-much that she complimented him extremely upon the Equity of his Dealing, as well as on the Success of that copious Undertaking. And she was now so far from being afraid of any Danger in *Angelica's* being alone with him, (notwithstanding her Knowledge of their Passion) that, as soon as Tea was over, she left them above an Hour by themselves, to the free Enjoyment of one another's Company.

And here, Mr. *Robert Wilful* again sought out the agreeable Company of Mistress *Susan* : And, indeed, found himself so happy in it, that he was far more precious to her improved Imaginations, than all the *Silvius's* in the World : So that if he did not chuse to reap the Benefits of her Generosity and Favour, he might charge the Blame more properly to his own account, than to hers.

But now the Affections of *Silvius* and *Angelica*, being no longer a Secret to the Lady *Worthy*, the Sham-Passion of Mr. *Wilful* towards the poor enamour'd *Susan*, became (hereafter) quite  
Useless ;



Ch. 2. *Captain GREENLAND:* 15

Useless; and therefore indifferent to them both; but however, as this was yet a Secret to both *Silvius* and himself, they each of them tasted of those fancied-stolen Hours of Love, with perhaps the greater *Goust*. For Miss *Angelica* not thinking it necessary to acquaint *Silvius* of Mr. *Gravairs*'s Proceedings against him, thought she did him full as much Pleasure, by her new Assurances that she would never marry any other Man than himself, so long as he lived: Except he should give her a future Cause to make her break her Word. *Silvius*, indeed, had enquired of her, whether Mr. *Gravairs* had mentioned any thing of their late Rencontre to the Lady *Worthy*: But *Angelica* assured him that if he had, she was very certain that it had contributed more to his Benefit, than to his Disadvantage. Which Reply of hers gave him the highest Spirit and Hope imaginable.

C H A P.

## C H A P. III.

*A new Hero springs up; a Description of him; he is employed in Miss Angelica's Service.*

**S**ILVIUS being now very near out of his Time, great Preparations were going forward in his Service against the Celebration of that wish'd-for Day of Liberty. Not a Soul knew any thing of his Amour with Miss *Angelica* but his dear Friend, Mr. *Robert Wilful*, till the following Accident forced the mighty Secret to the Knowledge of his Father and Mother; and which was also the Cause of such a Chain of wonderful, and successive Incidents, which must unavoidably spin out this our History to the Extent of full two Volumes more than we could wish to conclude it in. But, however, since we have now drawn our Pen in his Cause, we are absolutely determined to go through with it, though it should be never so much to our Disadvantage or Discredit.

At this Time there lay a Regiment of Soldiers in the City of *Worcester*, and Miss *Angelica* being one Day visiting at her Aunt *Smith's*, there chanced to drink Tea with them, a very smart young Officer (as he thought himself)

himself) belonging to the said Regiment; who finding that Miss *Angelica* was a very amiable young Lady, began to direct the chiefeſt Part of his Diſcourſe particularly to her; not in the leaſt doubting but that he ſhould appear full as agreeable to her, as ſhe could poſſibly be to him. He offer'd her Snuff, talk'd of his Honour, introduced now and then a French Phraſe; and magnified, exceedingly, the glorious Profeſſion of a Soldier. He ran over a huge Catalogue of Heroes, from *Alexander the Great*, down to *Brown the Trooper*, who ſo bravely recovered the Royal Standard at the Battle of *Dettingen*, without either Courage, Conduct, Merit, or Deſign. He entertained them with ſeveral long Stories of the many amazing Exploits and Achievements of his Anceſtors, in Defence of his native Country; how many Duels he had himſelf fought, and what a mighty Regard his Sovereign and Captain-general had often expreſſed for his paſt Services: So that his ſoon having a Regiment, as his certain Reward, only depended on a little more Time to preſent a fairer Opportunity: That ſome noble Perſons, of the firſt Quality, who had the ſame Expectations, but with leſs Merit, might not take Umbrage at his Preferment before them; under the colour, he ſaid, of certain political Movements which were promiſed hereafter to be made in his Favour.

When

When he had thus exhausted a huge Quantity of this kind of Rhapsody, he made little doubt but that he had laid a sufficient Foundation to build what hopeful Prospect he pleased upon, if he should hereafter find it worth his while to proceed. In order to find out which Point, as soon as *Angelica* was gone, he began greatly to enlarge upon her enchanting Beauty; her correct and ravishing Behaviour; and on her most exquisite and piercing Understanding. Then he failed not to enquire, by the most distant Questions, into all the Particulars of her Birth, Family, and Fortune. And when he found that she had near three thousand Pounds independent, besides several very promising Prospects from many of her near Relations, he made great Assurances to himself, that he should certainly find it worth his while to attack her with all his Force: For there could be no fear of Success, he thought, when a Person of his Wit, Breeding, Charms, Eloquence, Bravery, Understanding, and Profession, should lay Siege to the simple Tenderneſs of an unexperienced, rural, female Heart: So that having now learnt where to call upon her, it was not long before his Modesty found an Excuse to enquire at the Lady *Worthy's* after her Health, &c. where he left no Stone unturned to improve his Acquaintance: But, by a most palpable Error

ror in his keen Judgment, he was now got to the wrong Place to pitch his Tent; for the Lady *Worthy* had long contracted a Notion, that the major Part of the Army were of too corrupt a Habit to have any particular Interest in her Esteem. However, without their downright affronting of him, it was no easy Matter to put him from his Purpose; for he was one of those kind of Gentlemen that never trouble their Brains about other People's Frowns or Antipathies. If any Project appeared but agreeable to his own Inclinations and Fancy, it was Cause enough for him to go through with it; and there was no room to fear the utmost Success, if once it were thoroughly attempted. But whether his Fiery-Garb, Awful-Deportment, Martial-Strut, or Fierce-Look, had any favourable Effect or not, on the gentle Mind of the fair *Angelica*, we shall not here pretend to determine: But, however, the Captain having once or twice repeated his Visits, Miss *Angelica*, occasioned by a Thought that came into her Head, began to look upon his Honour with a more favourable Countenance than heretofore, inso-much that the quick-sighted Captain, being thereby greatly exalted, as well as somewhat surpris'd, resolv'd to pursue the Advantage of those documental Proverbs, which wisely instruct us — *To make Hay, while the Sun shines;*  
and

and to *strike the Iron, while it is hot*; and that *Faint-heart, never wins fair Lady*, &c. So that, bidding a brave Defiance to the simple Effects of the latter, he began to sacrifice to her Devotion all that he could muster up within his utmost Power: His Soul was less precious to him than his Cockade; and his Heart, his Honour, and his Sword, were all tied fast together, for her Service alone; so that it was but for her now to speak her Wish; and the last tremendous Day would be nothing to the dreadful Wonders of his Deeds: And, by which mighty Professions, we may very easily imagine, that had *Achilles*, or *Hector*, or *Field the Boxer*, or *Julius Cæsar*, or *Harry the Fifth*, or *Fig the Prize-fighter*, or *Charles the Twelfth of Sweden*, or *Oliver Cromwel*, or the Strong-man of *Islington*, or *Count Saxe*, or any of those illustrious Heroes, or perhaps all of them together: I say, had they been living, and Miss *Angelica* would but have whispered the Word, this invincible Man of War would doubtless have tingled their Tails for them, with either Birch or Stinging-Nettles, or whatever else she would please to have had it, to their Hearts Content. So wonderfully valorous was his Ability! and so potently was he devoted to her Will.

All the vast Riches of his fertile Imagination, which far surpassed the Power of our Pen to  
tell,



teil, was poured forth so plentifully before her, by his magniloquent Tongue, that all the Lawyers in *Westminster-Hall* could not perhaps have expressed more lying Nonsense in a whole Term, than he now lavished away at one single Sitting. Much of his mighty Doings was exploded within the Compass of the Lady *Worthy's* Ear; whose trembling Organs conveyed to her Mind nothing but Horror to hear his monstrous Hyperboles: But Miss *Angelica* was far from being displeased at her having so great and able an Hero at her Command; and therefore, they being now by themselves, it occurred to her, that to make an Experiment whether his Courage or his Conduct were the greater, could be no mighty matter of Blame in her to try. Upon which Presumption she immediately addressed him thus:

I make no doubt, Sir, but that those glorious and inestimable Talents, which it hath pleased Providence to bless *you happy Heroes* with, are best employed in the Service of the innocent injured Fair. I have read how the glorious Virtue of Emulation hath glowed in the rising Hearts of those who took up Arms in the Causes of the *Grecian Helen*, the *Egyptian Cleopatra*; the *British* Queens, *Elizabeth* and *Anna*, and of their present Majesties, the Empresses of *Germany* and *Russia*. What generous Fire hath warmed

warmed their Souls to Deeds of Immortality ! This Reflection, Sir, makes me somewhat lament that I cannot now, with Honour, wish your Assistance in the Satisfaction of an Injury I have lately received from a Person whose sacred Function defends him from the Justice of your Sword.

By the sacred and immortal *Mars* ! replied the Captain, interrupting her : But if the most Holy of Holies, the infallible Pope himself ! encircled with all his motly, learned, plotting Train of Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, had but once injured you in the least Sense imaginable, I would not sleep a Wink till I had reached his Throat, and drenched my Sword in his presumptuous Blood ! Name me but the Man, Madam, on this Side Hell, who has dared to prophane your Name, and Miriads of Armies should not defend him from my Reach ; I would make him instantly renounce the Rashness of his Folly, or Damnation to him ! Madam, but with this very Sword, I would open as many of his flowing Vessels into spouting Fountains, as the invincible dying \* *Cicero* himself produced.

Sir, returned *Angelica*, it is impossible to express the Gratitude I owe you for this surpassing Declaration : But your Sword, Sir, I believe, would

\* Meaning *Seneca*, we suppose.

would not be very requisite or needful in the present Case: However, as I perceive that your Oratory is far as powerful as your great good Courage and Wishes, I believe a little of your Remonstrance would be of sufficient Consequence. There is a Gentleman in the City, whose Name is *Gravairs*, a dissenting Minister, who hath advanced some Falacies to my Grandmother, the *Very Worthy*, concerning me. Now, Sir, you must understand, that this very Gentleman would fain have been admitted the only Tenant in my Heart; but I refusing him all kind of Treaty on that head, he thought, I suppose, by cruel Calumny, to have rendered the poor Habitation unworthy for any body else, and by that means to have secured the Success of his first Design. Now, Sir, all we desire is only to give him an Understanding of our high Resentment, and at the same time to prevent his future Visits: But this, Sir, I would have done in as genteel and gentle a manner, as the Greatness of your Spirit can possibly admit of; and not to endanger any Frown of the Law, any more than of your Life and Safety; and which last you can no wise think of, by reason of his Function; nor would I willingly have it known that I had mentioned this Affair to you.

Here the Captain faithfully promised to observe her Directions; and having ended the present

present Visit, he proceeded to the Execution of this important Commission, as we shall hereafter shew.

## C H A P. IV.

*The Captain proceeds according to the Lady's Request, and his own Promise.*

**I**T may not, perhaps, be amiss to remind our unexperienced Readers, what Trifles do very often produce Incidents, which may afterwards arise to us of the utmost Consequence through our whole Lives: And if we are not above taking notice of it, we may frequently observe, that they are generally little frivolous Matters, which are set in Motion for our own Sport, only; and thought not worth our while any further to consider. The Light and Gay are very apt to think, that very few Things are of Consequence enough to deserve their particular heeding; and generally treat those Things with the greatest Contempt, that bring upon them, thereby, the heaviest Inconveniencies. But the Grave and Wise think all Things, simple and trifling as they may seem, of more Consequence than to be absolutely despised; and by that means, do avoid the ruinous Train of Evils which frequently follow the former; and

and an Instance of which, we shall find is immediately before us; for the sole View which Miss *Angelica* had in encouraging this blustering dreadful Captain, was only to divert herself with his loud Romances; and her employing him against Mr. *Gravairs*, was only because she thought him a fit Instrument to intimidate his Reverence, in order to get rid of him for the future: But this did not happen to be the ultimate Result of this undigested, and most inconsiderate Folly; for, indeed, we shall find it to be no less.

There is an old Saying, that, It is dangerous playing with Edge-tools; amongst which, it is our Opinion, that a Fool is the most dangerous; and that it is safer either to entrust, or to employ, ten thousand People of Sense, in any Case, than one Fool; for there is no End of the Consequence of their Follies.

The Captain was now true to his Promise; for as this was a Task of Honour, the Spur of Impatience kept his Design alive in full Glow till the next Day, and which was the utmost of his Ability to contain it: When, being introduced to Mr. *Gravairs*, alone, he opened his Embassy to him to the following Effect:

Sir, it may perhaps be needful, in the first Place, to acquaint you, that I am a Man of Honour! that is to say, Sir, a Gentleman, who

by Birth, Education, and Profession, am upon a Level with any Subject in the King's Dominions. I have served my Country in the Wars abroad ! and have gained such a Reputation by the Actions of my Sword, that Time cannot efface it. Fame ! Sir, is the mighty Jewel I have gained ; and Damnation to my Glory ! if it shall ever be ravished from me ! You, Sir, I am informed, are a half-bred Gentleman, of such a paltry Employment, that it must debase my Sword to expose its Lustre in your Presence. But, Confusion to my brightest Hope ! and dark Disgrace to the noble Honour of a Soldier, if I don't sacrifice every Man of your Name and Family, above twenty Years old ; in case you refuse me the most capital Satisfaction for the Villainy you have committed ! Not all the Fortifications in Art or Nature, shall lessen the Dignity of my Rage, till what I demand be fully granted.

For Heaven sake ! Sir, replied the trembling *Gravairs*, please to explain yourself ; I protest I am ignorant of any Offence I ever committed against the Dignity of your Profession ; and the Service of my Sovereign is what I most honour and esteem, and consequently all those who are worthily and lawfully employed in it. Therefore, Sir, I hope you will please to excuse me, if I beg to be informed how I may have so  
greatly



Ch. 4. Captain GREENLAND. 27

greatly offended you.—Sir, said the Captain, do you know a certain young Lady, whose Name is *Angelica*, and Grand-daughter to the Lady *Worthy*?—Yes, Sir, returned the Parson, I have known the young Lady from her Infancy.—Well, Sir, demanded the Captain; and pray *what* do you know of her?—Why, Sir, answered Mr. *Gravairs*, I know her to be a very worthy! amiable! virtuous! good young Lady! as any is in *England*; and a Person whom I have as high a Regard for! I never heard, nor knew the least Syllable to her Discredit in my Life. And I dare say, if there had been the least room for such a Report, I should have heard it.

Why, then, Sir, replied the Captain, the more insolent Brute you! to stain her bright Fame so undeservedly, with your damn'd canting! hypocritical Tales of a Cock and a Bull, and the Devil knows what, to her Grandmother. But, Sir, I would have you to know, that I am not ignorant of your presumptuous Views in so doing. And I must now tell you, Sir, (said he, grasping his Sword) that if you don't this Instant ask her Pardon for the infamous Liberty you have taken with her, Damnation to the round World! and all the deceitful Rascals it contains! if I don't immediately let forth your narrow! pusillanimous! grov'ling

C 2                      Soul!

Soul ! to seek its native Hell ! and all the dark Misery it there so much deserves !

Sir, said Mr. *Gravairs*, (almost frightened out of his Senses, and which the Captain plainly perceived) if I have said, or done any thing to offend, or disoblige Miss *Angelica*, I solemnly declare that it was both undesignedly, and unknowingly to me ; and I both do, Sir, and will ask her Pardon, with all the Submission and Readiness imaginable. But I hope, Sir, that you will please to let me know what she charges me with ? For I do assure you, Sir, that I am entirely ignorant of any Offence I ever gave her in my whole Life.

Sir, said the Captain, this must be a Lie, by G—d ! you can't be ignorant that you have trumped up a Parcel of infamous damn'd Stories to her Grandmother ; and that you have also made her an Overture of your sneaking odious Passion, which is even loathsome and contemptible to her ; and therefore, Sir, I must further acquaint you, that as I have the Honour to be the Guardian of her Heart, her Fame, and her Innocence, you are required, from this Moment, to desist all future Visits to that Family, on the Peril of my Resentment, and the most severe Correction ! For, by all the sacred Rage and furious Thunder of a War ! (I swear !) that the very Moment I ever find you there,  
that

that very Instant you surely die. And this, Sir, I would once again advise you to remember ; and also not to forget, that it is on the Peril of your Life ; Damnation if it been't !

This tremendous Menace being thus loudly denounced against the poor Parson, the Captain tack'd himself about, and with a fine imperious Strut, left him far more relieved by his Departure, than he had been ravished with his Presence. But for all he had so boldly quoted the Authority of *Angelica* for this rough Proceeding, the Parson was more than half persuaded within himself, that this frightful Visit was only a putting on of *Silvius's* ; and the rather, for that he knew, he himself had not so much as intended the least Blame imaginable towards her, any further than her seeming good-liking of *Silvius* ; and which, he apprehended, was too great a Bar against the secret Happiness of his Hopes. But now, by the above Decree of this terrible Man of Arms, the bloody Consequence was too horrid to produce any thing but humble Patience : A divine Virtue, well suited to the meek and instructive Office of his reverend Function.

The next Day after this remarkable Action, being *Sunday*, *Silvius*, according to Custom, went to pay his expected Devotion to his fair *Angelica* ; when she judged it prudent to ac-

quaint him of all that had pass'd unknown to him, both concerning Mr. *Gravairs* his Behaviour to Lady *Worthy*; of her Uncle *Smith's* Account of his Character, and of every other Thing that had pass'd between herself and this Thunderbolt the Captain, whom she now painted to him as perfectly as Mr. *Knapton*, or Mr. *Hayman*, or Mr. *Hogarth* could have done.

But though *Silvius* could not but be something pleased at her revenging his Quarrel upon this deceitful Preacher, yet he could not approve of her keeping up her Acquaintance, or of laying such a Foundation for it, with this martial and most tempestuous Hero! who, from what she had now said of him, he began to conceive a most contemptible Opinion of. But, perhaps, it was a very lucky Point, that she had given him this History so soon, or the Consequence might possibly have been more to her Dislike hereafter; for she had scarcely ended her Tale, when the smart Captain knocked at the Gate; and the Servant, having no Orders to the contrary, he was introduced to *Silvius* and *Angelica*. And after the common Ceremonies were rendered on each side, the Captain harangued *Angelica*, as may be seen in the following Chapter.

## C H A P. V.

*The Captain and Silvius have a very odd  
Rencounter, which perhaps may produce  
some unexpected Entertainment to the  
Mind of the good-natured Reader.*

WELL, Madam, said Captain Flame,  
(for that was this Hero's Name) you  
see what Power Beauty has over the ready Obe-  
dience of your Slave ! I, yesterday, Madam,  
waited on that gloomy Creature, *Gravairs* ;  
and may I never taste the Honour to kiss your  
Hand, Madam, if he be not the most pitiful  
Rascal ! I ever before saw : For, Madam, he  
cringed, and shuffled, and canted, and lied, and  
trembled, and vowed, in the true Humour of a  
Priest ; Dozens of whom, in our late Wars in  
*Flanders*, this very Sword has sent to the Devil's  
Hospital in Purgatory. He had the Impudence,  
at first, Madam, to deny what I charged him  
with ; but when he found me out, that I was  
too knowing and absolute to be imposed upon,  
he immediately made the Concession I required  
of him. Whereupon, Madam, I told him what  
he had to trust to, if ever he presumed to ap-  
proach you more ; and so I left him to reflect  
upon it. For, let me perish ! Madam, (conti-

nued he, with his Eyes fix'd fiercely on *Silvius's* Face) but I should highly honour the Man who would dare to aspire at any Lady whom I had once address'd. Perdition blast my Hopes ! but such a Rival would so dignify my Sword, that I should both love and admire him, while I fought him. But I am that unhappy Wretch, Madam, that out of all the many Duels I ever fought in my whole Life, I never engaged with one in so noble and glorious a Cause ; no, not one, by Heaven !—Why, then, Sir, said *Silvius*, I presume that you have always the Preference of whatsoever Ladies you please, wherever you go ?—Sir, returned the Captain, it has never been disputed yet.—

By which good Fortune, said *Silvius*, it is natural to imagine, that you are then a married Gentleman.—I cannot find how you can discover any Rule for that Supposition, returned the Captain.—Why, Sir, answered *Silvius*, by your having a continual Preference of the whole Sex, one might easily conclude on your having been married a great many times ere this ; otherwise, what Advantage can you boast of, if you always remain single ? It can be no great Benefit, I should think, to have the kind Affections of a rich and beautiful young Lady, or of ten thousand of them, if you never intend an Union with any of them.—Sir, replied the Captain, I did.



Ch. 5. Captain GREENLAND. 33

did not say, that I had no such View: But this, I can say, (said he, casting his softest Looks towards *Angelica*) that I never saw the Woman, till I beheld the bright Beauty of this captivating Lady, that ever had Power enough over my free Soul, to fix a single Thought of Marriage.

Well, Sir, said *Silvius*, a little nettled at this Declaration, I hope you will not be offended, if I propound to you one single Question? As you have already declared, Sir, that no Man must expect to live, who shall dare to aim at any Lady, whom you, before, may have address'd; I do thence imagine, that you have more Honour yourself, than to attempt any Lady, whom another Gentleman may have made a prior Pretension to?

Sir, answered the Captain, you mistake my Meaning there, again: I say, that if any Gentleman should happen to like a Lady of my particular Election, he must first have won her with his Sword, before he could possibly have carried her from me: And if I should chance to fix upon a fine Lady, who is, before, address'd by any other Gentleman, I have an equal Right, by the Laws of Honour, to call him forth to an ultimate Decision by the Sword, which of us should be most worthy of her.— But suppose, Sir, this hazardous Dispute should be repugnant to the Lady's Good-liking, said

*Silvius*, would you not leave it to her own Determination which of you to chuse? No, Sir, answered the Captain, that is impossible! A Gentleman cannot depart from his Honour, and which his Sword is the glorious and sacred Defender of.—Then, I find, Sir, said *Silvius*, that wherever you please to pitch your Fancy there must unavoidably be a Battle, or otherwise you are certain to carry off the Lady in Triumph?—Absolutely! returned the Captain.—Upon my word, Sir, said Miss *Angelica*, but you must be a very dangerous Rival! and were I your Mistress, and you were to cause any such Mischief on my Account, I should never forgive myself for encouraging your Addresses.—By Heaven! Madam, replied the Captain, but before I would see myself rival'd in you, I would lay the wide World waste! waste as are the burning barren Sands of *Afric*!—Sir, said *Silvius*, smiling, you put me in mind of a fine and valiant Speech in *Shakespear*, that seems to suit your Sentiments extremely well; and which are these:

*By Heav'n! methinks it were an easy Leap  
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;  
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,  
Where Patbom-line could never touch the Ground,  
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks.*

Sir,

Ch. 5. Captain GREENLAND. 35

Sir, returned the Captain to *Silvius*, that *Shakspear* was a very pretty, tolerable sort of a Fellow, and had indifferent good Notions: He wrote very well for the stupid Age he lived in. I think he was a Cotemporary with *Virgil* and *Cataline*, and *Harry Stottle* in the Reign of *Pompey the Great*, a little after the Siege of *Troy*, or thereabouts. I remember to have read some of his Works in Greek, when I was at the University at *Canterbury*; but I forget all their flashy Stuff now: For you must know, Madam, continued he to *Angelica*, that one forgets a good deal of one's Learning in the Army, for want of frequent Conversation with Persons equally bred. I question now, if there's a Gentleman in the whole Regiment that understands a Word of Greek but myself.—I believe it is not very material, replied *Angelica*, whether they do or not; if they fight when their Duty requires it, and deal in all other Matters as becomes them, it is as much as ought to be required of them; and I believe it is sometimes more than they perform, too.—Madam, said the Captain, you are right; for, to be sure, there are some Paltroons in the Army, who are more a Disgrace to the Sword, than an Ornament; but then, we never rank with them, Madam, when once we have found them out. I remember the last Campaign we had in *Flanders*, I proposed

posed to the D—ke, that if he would but give me the absolute Command of four Regiments of Horse, I would have brought him *Louis*, the *French King*, a Prisoner of War, into his own Tent. The D—ke, I remember, laugh'd at my Bravery, and made me this Answer, Ay, *Jack!* had I but one thousand such Officers as thou art, the K—, my F—r, might be crown'd in *Paris*, in less than a Week's time.—Why, Sir, reply'd *Silvius*, it is indeed a poetical and true Observation of *Dr. Garth's*, that

*Conquest pursues where Courage leads the Way.*

But, that the *French King* could possibly be carry'd away a Prisoner, with four Regiments of Horse only; I scarcely dare trust belief. Sir, return'd the Captain, with a very fierce Look, but I say it might have been done! And that I could have done it! Damme if I could not! And if you deny it, Sir! Why then, Perdition to the Honour of a Soldier, if I understand your Meaning! And damme, Sir! I take it as a very great Affront!—Why, Sir, said *Silvius*, I apprehend that you cannot oblige me to believe things, as you please; if they run contrary to the Satisfaction of my Reason.—Damnation! cry'd the Captain, but this shall easily be decided! And addressing himself to

Miss

Miss *Angelica*, Pray Madam, said he to her, is this Gentleman any Relation of yours?—Sir, answer'd she, he is a very particular Friend of mine; and one whom I cannot see abused: Nor will he, I believe, suffer it himself.—Madam, reply'd he, your Friendship is a safe Sanctuary. But, by the immortal God of War! I will not suffer a Contradiction to my Face, from the bravest He who ever wore a Sword! And I hope your Friend here, will take notice of it.—Sir, said *Silvius*, very submissively (but sneering at the same Time) I hope you would not debase the Glory and Dignity of your Honour, by any Resentment towards one who cannot be put upon a Footing with you. Fighting is your Trade; and I don't doubt but that your so much practis'd Sword is as skillful in the dreadful Business as yourself. For which Reasons, I can be no kind of honourable Match for you. But yet, Sir, this cannot be a sufficient Cause that I should absolutely confine my every Construction, and particular Faith, to the fix'd Rule of your Approbation. And, indeed, I must confess, that I am somewhat of Mr. *Pope's* Opinion in these two Lines;

*Words are like Leaves, and where they most  
abound,*

*Much Fruit of Sense beneath is very rarely  
found.*

And

And there is a scriptural Expression too, continued *Silvius*, that is methinks synonymous to it, and which tells us, that every Tree is known by its Fruit; so that, to support the Allegory at this present, the Man is the Tree; his gaudy Trappings are the Leaves; his Words are the flowery Blossoms; and his Actions are the good or bad Fruit. Therefore, Sir, you must take Notice, that if you bring not forth good Fruit, you shall be certainly hewn down; and, perhaps, cast into the Fire too; pray mind that.

Well, Sir, said the Captain, very sternly, and what do you infer from that, now? That I am a Tree, and that I shall be damn'd for fighting? Is a Gentleman, Sir, to be damn'd for saving of his Country?—No, Sir, reply'd *Silvius*, I believe you need never to be afraid of that. And Heaven forbid that I should ever be guilty of any such Sin, as only to suppose it. I am sure, Sir, I have no such Thoughts at present.—Well, Sir, said the Captain, this is a Concession sufficient; but you do not, as yet, Sir, acknowledge your Error, in so bluntly contradicting my positive Assertion, concerning my taking the *French King*.

Because, Sir, reply'd *Silvius*, I find there is no manner of occasion for it,—Sir, said the  
4 Captain,



Captain, I would ask any Man's Pardon, if I had so palpably affronted him; and I do expect the same Satisfaction from another, in the like Case.—But would you pay any Man Money, answer'd *Silvius*, the very next Hour after you had received a full Discharge from him; and when you had contracted no fresh Debt with him?—Sir, reply'd the Captain, this is a sort of quibbling! shuffling! prevaricating kind of Dealing! And may the immortal Stain of black Dishonourable Cowardise blast my Name! if it shall satisfy my offended Soul, (strutting about the Room).—Sir, said *Silvius*, smiling, you have a very fine Soul, to be sure: A very fine Soul! but then, it is a little too nice, and delicate: For, as long as that mighty Soul of yours is coupled and incorporated with that gross material, and elementary Body, it ought, by the Laws of Partnership, in my Opinion, to cancel all Offences after the Lips have once exhibited a general Pardon. And you, but this Minute, Sir, confess'd a sufficient Concession from me; although in the same Breath, you have highly demanded a *further* Attonement. Now, Sir, you will please to excuse me, continued *Silvius*, but it seems very evident to me, that you have either a very shallow Memory; or but a very superficial Understanding.

Which

Which, is as much as to say, answer'd the Captain, that, either I am drunk, and don't know what I do; or, that I am a Fool, and don't know what I'd have. Damnation! if I would have taken such an insolent Abuse from a Marechal of *France*! and because I regard you as this Lady's Friend, I am to be treated with Indignity and Insult. But, by the Glory and inexpressible Pleasure of War, you must not think to pass it thus, Sir.

And because you are this Lady's slight Acquaintance, (return'd *Silvius*, with a stern serious Brow) and within her own Walls, you imagine that your Gunpowder Expressions and Martial Airs, are to pass upon me, as most dreadful Portentions, worthy to alarm me; and that, because you can talk like a Giant, look like a Bully, and act like a Blockhead, I, like an Ass, must applaud it all, and render myself more ridiculous (if possible) to make you appear the more significant. This, Sir, is Doctrine which I am yet to learn. And I believe, indeed, that your Friends Money might possibly have purchased you this flaming Commission; but it is my Opinion, that they would have done you much more Service, if they could have bought you a little Common Sense along with it, tho' they had gone to another Market for it. For, by what I have heard and read, and have also  
some

some Reason to think true, we may indeed suppose, that it is not every Person who hath a martial Commission to dispose of, that is so over burthen'd with Wit or Common-Sense, as to have any great Matter of either to spare, any more than yourself.

Blood and Fire! Sir, return'd the enraged Captain, though I can bear, and forgive an Injury done to myself; yet, I can never brook so great an Indignity and Abuse done to my General! and therefore, Sir, the first Time I meet with you, out of the sacred Safety of this Lady's Presence, by the immortal God of War! I shall call you to a very strict Account for it.—Most mighty and honourable Sir, return'd *Silvius*, very calmly, I am infinitely oblig'd to you; and because it is my natural Temper, upon all Occasions, to be grateful, if I can, I would very willingly return you the like Compliment. Therefore, I must beg leave to inform you, Sir, that I shall be going to Town presently, when you may have the finest Opportunity imaginable to execute your noble and kind Proposal; and which, Sir, if you should not think proper to do; I must further assure you, that the very first Time I meet with you in this House, after to Day.—Mind me Sir!—I shall make bold to lay you behind the Fire, for your modest Behaviour towards me now.

Dam-

Damnation!—cry'd the furious Captain, grasping his Sword, which he had about half drew from his Scabbord, when *Silvius* perceiving his hasty Wrath, rush'd in upon him, catch'd him in his Arms, trip'd up his Heels, and threw him such a dreadful Fall, as made every Bone in his Body to rattle, as though they had been broke with a Leaver. With this unfortunate Overthrow, the poor vanquished Captain broke his half empty Scabard, which his bright Sword, so highly resented, that it instantly started therefrom, and sympathizing with its Master's present disgraceful Situation, extended its full Length in like manner, before his Eyes, on the same Floor. But *Silvius* no sooner resum'd his Legs, and had left the shatter'd Captain to gather up himself in the best manner he could; but observing the ready Weapon shining upon the Floor, in all its glittering Horror, he whipp'd it up, and clapping the steely Chine immediately upon his Knee, snapp'd its mighty Back in twain, in a single Instant. Which being done, he threw the dangerous pointed Part through the Window, which was then open, into the Garden, and very politely presented the other more worthy Part to its noble Master the Captain, saying,—Most potent Sir, here is the Remains of your invincible Sword, which I have deprived of its mortal, immortal

al Part, for its ready Presumption in starting so boldly and suddenly against me; and I beg you will never part with this peaceful Moiety, till you have better learnt, for the future, upon what Occasions these honourable Instruments of Death are to be called forth. And if you are not satisfied with what hath now pass'd between us, you may renew the Account at your own more agreeable Leisure. My Name, Sir, is *Silvius Greenland*, I live with Mr. *Scribblewell*, a Clothier in the City of *Worcester*, and can assure you, have seen a Gentleman with a red Coat, and deadly Steel by his Side, before this happy Opportunity. And which, Sir, give me leave, presents to my Mind an applicable Passage in that facetious Work call'd *Hudibras*; which for your future Good, Sir, I humbly beg Leave to repeat:

*Ah me! what Perils do environ  
The Man that meddles with cold Iron?  
What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps  
Do dog him still with after Claps!  
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,  
And leer upon him for a while;  
She'll after shew him in the Nick  
Of all his Honours, a Dog-Trick;  
And that a Turnstile is more certain  
Than in Events of War Dame Fortune.*



It is mighty, mighty well! Sir, said the Captain (hiding the mounted Part of his shameful Sword in its wonted Habitation) you may for the present, enjoy the Advantage you took to tumble me down, in that scandalous, cowardly Manner; but may all the Curses of Despair and Shame pursue me! if I have not a most surfeiting Revenge, before it's long. And so Madam, said he (bowing to Miss *Angelica*) leave you to the low! mean! vulgar Preference of this Mechanic-Fellow! who, by Heaven shall soon partake of the dangerous Consequences of so rascally attacking a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour.

Ay, Sir, return'd *Silvius*, merrily, and a Fellow too, that, upon such another Provocation, would kick you at the Head of your whole Regiment. But (continued *Silvius* to him) don't you go now, and tell your Brother Officers that your bright Sword has undergone this fatal Separation by the Prowess of a Duel; lest you should be call'd upon for a positive Proof. But, take my Advice, and send for a Sword-Cutler to come privately to your Lodgings to replace the Blade. When you may tell him, that the Rats, or Mice, or some other voracious Animal, had gnaw'd away the deficient Part, before you found them out. This, Sir, may possibly prevent your Disgrace, if they



they have any Faith in your Veracity; and so you may still go on in the empty Delight of your ostentatious Boastings.

Damnation to your Insolence! reply'd the Captain, but I'll make you swallow a Part of it before you are a Week older! and digest it as you may. And so, Madam, said he to *Angelica*, who had rather been entertain'd than frighten'd at this Rencounter, because she had before been a Witness of *Silvius's* Courage) I am your most obedient humble Servant! for as you have thought proper to suffer and encourage this insolent! paltry Scoundrel! to knock me down, as it were, before your Face, and rob me in your own House, (for by G—d! 'tis little better) curse me! Madam, if I don't, to your immortal Honour let the World know what an elevated Taste you have. And so, Madam, *Votre tres humble Serviteur. Je vous suis obligé.*

CHAP.

## C H A P. VI.

*Containing the Captain's indiscreet and most false Proceedings on account of what pass'd in the foregoing Chapter; and a Conference between Mr. Smith and the Lady Worthy about it. With their Resolution thereupon.*

**I**T hath been an old Remark, that there can be no Conveniency in Life, but what is attended with some Inconveniency; and so shall we find it was now with *Silvius* and *Angelica*. For the Captain having taken his Leave, as above, to their mutal Satisfaction; they began to rejoice at the agreeable Opportunity they were now thereby likely to have of the free Enjoyment of each other's Company. And Miss *Angelica* began to reward him with some chiding Encomiums for his late perilous Bravery. Though she confess'd, that she imagined some such Conclusion would be the Consequence of their Conversation before they parted. And although she really wish'd to see proved the last Effects of the different Behaviour of these her two Candidates; yet, she said, she was very much afraid of the unlucky Result. But as she

Ch. 6. *Captain* GREENLAND. 47

She saw no Prospect of getting easily rid of the Captain's impertinent Acquaintance, she was resolved to let them go on in their retrograde Strain, till they should determine, by their ultimate Proceedings, what was to be expected for the future: And indeed, she said, she apprehended no Good, hereafter, from the recent Example of the Captain's having so meanly attempted to draw his Sword upon a Person who was unarmed; and also, by his last Expressions, before he departed; which sufficiently discovered to them the real Nature and Temper of his very Heart and Soul. But *Silvius* was under no Terror on that Account, and had no mightier Embarrassments arose from this Rencontre, than what he feared from the Captain, he might have had but little Reason to complain: But, as we shall by and by shew, their future Success will not appear so very propitious as we could willingly wish: For, contrary to all their Suspicions, the Lady *Worthy* had been a disagreeable Ear Witness of much of the flaming Captain's profane Expressions; and had *Silvius* but replied to them in the least Similitude, he would never have been suffered to come within these Doors again. But the old Lady was so well satisfied with his cool Returns (as far as she had heard of it) that it stopp'd her Ladyship from preroquing, or rather from totally dissolving their Assembly,

Assembly, in *propria persona*. And, as soon as she found that his Honour had made his Exit, she came to *Silvius* and *Angelica*, demanding, in a very particular Manner, that Miss would never admit that wicked ! loose ! and most reprobate Gentleman into her Company again, upon any account ; and her Acquiescence to this agreeable Request, Miss *Angelica* very readily assured her of : So that we might imagine their Affairs were now in a very hopeful Way again. But, alas ! we are but Sport for the Ministers of Fate to dispose of as they shall see most proper ; for the modest Captain *Flame*, could not content himself with a more prudent Endeavour to stifle his disgraceful Overthrow, by the most profound Silence ; but the next Day went to her Uncle *Smith's*, and there opened such a Rhapsody of the most flagrant Lies that ever were invented by the Art and Villainy of Man : How that Miss *Angelica* had privately, before this, confessed an Amour with one Mr. *Gravairs*, a dissenting Minister ; but that he having accidentally surprized her Privacy with another young Fellow, whom she then liked better, she had solemnly vowed a severe Revenge against him ; and to that End, as well as to prevent his future Address to her, she had begged of him to go to this Clergyman's House, and there threaten him with all the Horrors he could in-

vent: That out of pure Regard to her outward Appearance, and not weighing the Matter so thoroughly as he ought, he had consented to her Request, and had actually frightened the good Gentleman (whom he did verily believe to be a very honest Man) almost out of his Wits; and that, for aught he knew, he had thereby incurred a very dangerous Penalty. But when he came on the *Sunday* Afternoon, which was the next Day, to acquaint her with what he had done; that is to say, what had passed between himself and this Clergyman, he found the very same low-lived Fellow very amorously engaged in her Company, and who, he afterwards found, she had before instructed to assault and abuse him, in the most scandalous and cowardly manner: For he not suspecting what had been agreed between them, was quite unapprized of any evil Design against him, and therefore was absolutely unguarded for any Attack; but while they were all indifferently engaged in a kind of common Conversation, without the least Provocation or Quarrel whatever, she tipped him a Wink, and that very Instant he flew quite unexpectedly upon him, tumbled him down backwards; and then, having seized his Sword before he had time to know whereabouts he was, he swore two or three great Oaths that he had a good mind to murder

him: But by the immediate Interposition of Miss *Angelica*, and he having now recovered his Legs, the other, fearing also that he might regain his Sword from him, instantly broke it in two in the Middle, and threw part of it out at the Window. But had it not been for the sake of the young Lady's Presence, and of the worthy Lady whose House they were then in, they should not have parted before the Balance had been sufficiently settled. But these Considerations, he said, had prevailed upon him to defer the fatal Reckoning, and which nothing mortal should prevent, the very first time he might happen to meet the Paltroon, be wherever it would.

This, and a great deal more, did the fertile Brain of the fiery Captain issue forth, to the great Abuse of the injured *Silvius* and *Angelica*; all which was received with the utmost Amazement, both by Mr. *Smith* and his Wife, who knew not what to think of this incredible Tale. What he had told them of Mr. *Gravairs* seem'd to raise some Credit; and indeed, all that they could well allow his Story; and therefore it raised in them so many Doubts and Jealousies, that Mr. *Smith* considered it as a very significant and weighty Affair; insomuch, that upon a Conference with the Lady *Worthy* concerning it, and which was in a very few Days after, it was privately resolved between them, that Mr. *Smith* should



should immediately write to *Lisbon* to her Mother; and after opening to her the whole Matter, to advise her, as the only sure Means for *Angelica's* Good, to send for her with all the Expedition that might be. This secret Step was absolutely determined; notwithstanding, when they came to compare Notes, and to consider the Thing thoroughly, especially by what the Lady *Worthy* had herself heard, they had as much Reason to doubt the whole as an Imposition, as they had before, by the Story of Mr. *Gravairs*. But, however, here were other Points more worthy to be taken notice of; *Angelica* had had already three Suitors which they knew of, and who had caused a great deal of Mischief, Trouble, and Uneasiness; and as she was a very fine young Lady, it was to be expected that she might probably, in a short time, have a great many more. So that, as we have said, it was now privately agreed upon between them, to send to *Lisbon* their particular Reasons for desiring Mrs. *Webb's* utmost Dispatch in the Demand of her Daughter's Expedition to that Place; which they imagined would not only, under Providence, absolutely prevent all future Misfortunes towards *Angelica*, but likewise all kinds of Blame towards themselves.

While this important Step was taking, and which is the *Axis* on which all our future Part

of this History is now sway'd, poor *Silvius* and his lovely *Angelica*, not suspecting what was privately in Agitation against them, enjoyed their best Hopes that the happy Opportunity was drawing still nearer, wherein they might expect to crown their virtuous and mutual Wishes.

*Silvius* was now arrived to the happy Period of his Apprenticeship, when many of his Friends and Well-wishers were complimenting his new-born Freedom with different Tokens of their Esteem. His Cousin *Maria Wilful* had made him half a Dozen very fine Holland Shirts, with wrought Ruffles of her own manufacturing: And his Father, according to the customary Proceedings on those Occasions, doubly cloath'd him with all entire new, so that he made a very considerable Figure: And Mrs. *Greenland*, according to the tender Nature of the most maternal Indulgence, had long had an encreasing secret Fund, against the Arrival of this auspicious Day; when it was (and attended with all the most affectionate Wishes! best Advice and Caution! chearful Blessing, and her humble, hearty Prayers for his Prosperity and Protection) given to him, privately, all of a Lump, to the amount of about twenty Pounds; which, with the many other Presents he at that Time received, about doubled that Sum. Many Days of Feasting and  
Jollity

Jollity were spent in the Celebration of this golden Jubilee ; which, by *Silvius*, would not have been quite so jocund, had he but known how soon and fatal would have been the Change ; for scarcely had they fulfilled the proposed Season of their Mirth, on this remarkable Occasion, but the fair Visage of their Joys was sadly darkened by the following Discovery :

*Mr. Robert Wilful*, who, at first setting out, only made his sham Addresses to the gentle *Susan*, although he now found the Perseverance of his Suit could be of little Service or Advantage to his Friend *Silvius*, still kept up the Spirit of the Scene : For as they were now become almost inseparable Companions, *Mr. Robert* could nowise better bestow himself during these Intervals, which his Friend *Silvius* constantly devoted to his dear and charming *Angelica*, than in the pleasant and agreeable Company of a fine Girl, who had now conceived a very sufficient Affection for him ; and which, in the next Chapter, we may possibly give some small Proof of.

## C H A P. VII.

*Mrs. Susan's kind Affection discovered for, and to Mr. Robert Wilful, in her unfolding to him that very disagreeable Plot, which has been already hinted to our Readers.*

**S**ILVIUS and Wilful, according to beaten Custom, were now rendering one of those useful Visits, when they were separately and differently informed of an unwelcome Piece of News, which carried no Aspect of Good-luck in the Appearance of it. *Angelica* told *Silvius*, that the very next Day, she was to set out with her Uncle and Aunt *Smith*, and her Grand-mamma, the Lady *Worthy*, to pay a Visit to a particular Friend of her Mother's, at *Bristol*, a Merchant and Dealer to *Lisbon*, and a Gentleman who had great Commerce with her Uncle *Smith*. That the Time was uncertain how long they should stay; perhaps a Week, or a Fortnight; or, for all she knew, it might be a Month. That it was a sudden Thing, she said, and she had not been informed of it above four or five Days herself; so that she had had no great time to consider of it, whether the Journey would be agreeable to her or not; but it was at their particular

particular Request that she had consented to go, for that her Heart boded no very great Pleasure in it. However, as she had promised them, and that the Coach was ordered to be at the Door at five o'Clock next Morning, it was now too late to consider it negatively.—This News was nowise agreeable to poor *Silvius*, for it was too hard to think of parting with his Love for so uncertain a Time. But while they were drinking Tea, *Silvius* being now a Son of Liberty, he was required by the Lady *Worthy*, who still loved him, to sup with them that Night, which Honour he very gladly accepted of. And now the old Lady made no Secret to him of their next Day's Journey, but told him, merrily, that they must, for a short Season, deprive him of the agreeable Person of Miss *Anny*; and admonished him to divert the Time as pleasantly as he could in her Absence. Here *Silvius* begged of her Ladyship for Leave to accompany them twenty Miles on their Way, but she very genteelly refused him, telling him that it was a needless Fatigue, and which would very likely prove inconvenient, as well as disagreeable to them all, since they could not promise to accommodate him in the same House at *Bristol*, or perhaps near them; and that to part on the Road, and for him to return by himself, was what she could not approve of.

But if this Account of losing his dear *Angelica* for an uncertain Time, could give him the least Uneasiness, how greatly was it encreased when, on his Return home, his Friend *Wilful* informed him of the following sad Relation, and which he began thus :

Friend *Silvius*, If I have any Judgment in the Art of Fortune-telling, either you are born to be a very great Philosopher, or a very great Traveller ; and perhaps the Chance and Choice of these two, may be determined much sooner than you at present think for. If you have any Inclination for Travelling, you must think of forwarding your Preparations : But if you have more Veneration for the Practice and Study of Philosophy, then I will give you my serious Word for it, that you will soon have a great and certain Occasion to exercise the Use and Proof of it : For, without any further Circumlocution, my dear Friend ! I fear that you have lost your fair and lovely *Angelica*, past all Redemption.

This short Speech of Mr. *Wilful* so thoroughly alarmed poor *Silvius*, that he became next to insensible in a Minute. The sudden Journey to *Bristol* was the first Thing that arose in his Mind, and he now truly conceived, that his  
dear



dear *Angelica* knew no more where, nor to what End she was going there, than himself. His Friend *Wilful* saw what a Tempest he had raised in his Mind, and therefore he rejoined his Discourse thus :

I see, *Silvius*, that I have already advanced more than you had the least Intimation or Suspicion of, and that you are not a little agitated thereby. I am heartily sorry to be the Author of so ungrateful a Tale, but I am also conscious, that to have with-held it from your Knowledge would have been nowise consonant to the Friendship which I owe you ; and therefore, I would beg and advise you to pacify your Apprehensions for the present in the best manner you can, till you have heard all that I have been informed of ; and then, with your utmost Prudence, consider and determine how, and in what manner to proceed. The whole Affair then, is thus : When I had obtained a private Audience, this Afternoon, of my dear good-natured *Suke*, (for so she is) according to our late Custom, I found her strangely discomposed, her Colour came and went, in sudden Alternacy, very perceptible ; and something seemed labouring in her Mind too mighty to be borne there long. Upon which I desired to be informed of the Cause of this

so visible a Perturbation ; when she answered me to this Effect :

O, Mr. *Robert* ! I have wished to see you these three or four Days, above all Things upon the Face of the Earth ! I have not only News to tell you, which I dare not speak of to any body else ; but I do also assure you, that *you* (only) can determine for me the greatest Difficulty I ever had to deal with. You must know, that, last *Monday*, my Lady's Son-in-law, Mr. *Smith*, and his Wife, came here by Appointment to Dinner ; and while they were at Table, to blind their Scheme to Miss *Angelica*, he begins with my Lady *Worthy*, thus :—What think you, Madam, of taking a pleasant Trip to *Bristol* ? I have an Invitation there from a very particular Friend, whom I have the highest Intimacy and Interest with imaginable, to bring down Mrs. *Smith*, and stay there a Month or two, if we like of it : And it is a very pleasant Place, of a Seaport Town ; and I don't think but that the Journey would do your Ladyship a great deal of Service, as we shall travel very easily and flow : And my Cousin *Angelica* will doubtless contribute to make it still more agreeable, by the Addition of her good Company. What say you, Miss, said he to my young Lady, will you join in my Proposal ?—With all my Heart, Sir, answered she, if it be agreeable to my Lady *Worthy*.—

Child, replied my old Lady, I am afraid it will be too much for a Person of my Years, or else I should willingly accept of my Son's Invitation.—Dear Madam! answered Mr. *Smith*, it is entirely in our own Power to make the Journey as pleasant to us as we please, we are not obliged to be there at any particular Time, and therefore we will travel according to our own Inclination and Humour.

In short, Sir, continued poor *Sukey*, the Journey was absolutely concluded on, and the whole Time ever since has been employed in making Preparations for it; Miss *Angelica* has had two new Suits of Clothes made for her, and Numbers of other Things; which she, poor Lady, imagines are only designed to accommodate her in this Expedition to *Bristol*. But as it was impossible to execute their Plan without their entrusting one Person more with the Secret, it was agreed, between my Lady *Worthy*, and Mr. *Smith*, that I should be the Person. For you are to understand, Mr. *Robert*, that this Journey to *Bristol*, is only to ship off Miss *Angelica* and myself for the Port of *Lisbon*: But, indeed, it was left to my own Choice, whether I would go with her or not; for on *Thursday* Morning my Lady *Worthy* sent for me to her, before Miss was up, and bidding me fasten the Door, lest she should happen to come in, and surprise

surprize us in the midst of the Story, she told me, that she was going to entrust me with a Secret that she would not reveal to any one else, or have known for five hundred Pounds; and therefore she hoped that I should prove worthy of the great Trust which she had reposed in me. I answered her Ladyship, that as she had done me the Honour to select me out particularly for her Confident, she might safely depend upon the Truth of my Fidelity; upon which she opened to me the whole Affair.—*Susan*, said she, I doubt not but that you are sufficiently acquainted with the great Affections which the Son of Farmer *Greenland*, and my Granddaughter *Angelica*, have long contracted for each other; and also of the several scandalous Proceedings it hath occasioned, by Mr. *Gravairs*, and that wicked swearing Officer, which hath caused her Uncle Mr. *Smith* to write over the whole Affair to her Mother at *Lisbon*, to prevent any future Inconveniency on such Occasions towards *Angelica*; and which hath immediately caused her Mother to send for her with all imaginable Dispatch; and who hath acquainted her Uncle *Smith*, that she has agreed with one Captain *Brown*, a *Portugal* Trader of *Bristol*, for her Passage; a Person of her particular Acquaintance, and a Gentleman whom they can trust; and who, my Lady says, will be ready

ready to sail in about eight or ten Days time: But, as it was requisite to take a Maid-Servant with her, to be her Companion and Assistant in her Passage, my Lady has done me the Honour to pitch upon me; and she has promised to make it very well worth my while. Indeed, I never was so surprized and shocked in my whole Life; and it was a great while before I could give her an Answer to it: For I must now declare the Truth. As you, Sir, had professed a Passion for me, which I had long received and encouraged, I must confess I could not bear the Thought of accepting this Offer, without your Approbation and Consent; but of this I durst not speak the least Syllable to my Lady; so that after much pressing of me, and her Ladyship also assuring me, that if I would but go over with her, and see her safe at *Portugal* (which is a fine and pleasant Country) that if I did not chuse to stay there, I should have my Expences and Passage paid back again, and a handsome Present into the Bargain, I at length consented; and at the same Time promised her Ladyship the utmost Secrecy, which I have not violated but to you; and which, indeed, I have looked upon as both my Duty and Interest: For after what has passed between us, I hope you will not construe this Confession to my Disadvantage, if I declare that it is entirely at your Option,

tion, whether I go with her any farther than *Bristol*, or not. I wanted, indeed, greatly to see you; but as I expected, and depended upon seeing you to day, according to Custom, I deferred sending to you; though I do assure you that I had actually written a Letter for that Purpose; and, indeed, I am sorry for Miss *Angelica* and Mr. *Silvius*, to my very Soul! for I am sure they love one another; but I dare not speak the least Word to her about it, on any account; and I hope so won't you to him; for she will, doubtless, send him the whole History from *Bristol*, as soon as she knows it herself. But now I should be very glad of your Advice in the Matter; and if you say but the word, my Lady shall get her another Maid at *Bristol*: For I must own, Sir, that I have too great a Regard for you, to take such a Step without your Consent.

You may imagine, my dear Friend! continued Mr. *Wilful*, what different Effects this unexpected Relation had immediately upon me. If you can suppose that my Concern for *you* made any considerable Impression upon my agitated Mind; I do assure you, that my Embarrassment was greatly augmented, when I reflected on the uneasy Condition of the poor abused Girl; what could you imagine I could say to her in such a Case? But I will not expect  
your



your Answer to it now, my dear Friend, because your own Affairs, at this present, require much more Consideration and Assistance. I shall, therefore, only acquaint you, that I received her Confession with unfeigned Concern; and after some Reflection and Debate within myself, I advised her to resolve on going with Miss to *Lisbon*, to send me an Account of all she should find worth her Trouble, from time to time, during their Stay at *Bristol*; and that, as I was sure my Friend *Silvius* would certainly follow her to *Portugal* (if Miss *Angelica* should send him the least Encouragement for so doing) she might depend upon seeing me there at the same Time: For that, I told her, I had so great a Regard for you, as well as Love for her, that I would go round the whole World with you in Pursuit of so worthy a Cause. This seemed to satisfy her; and indeed, my Friend *Silvius*, I doubt not but that your own good Understanding will soon direct you to a tolerable bearing of this heavy Stroke; that is, I mean with all the Composure and Calmness of Mind that can possibly be expected from the most prudent Person in such a weighty Case: And to convince you that I have an equal Share in your Concern, if it may give you the least Ease, or administer to you the smallest Service, I solemnly declare I will freely bear you Company through  
all

all the Perils, or Attempts which Providence may please to direct you to.

This astonishing, yet friendly Discourse of Mr. *Wilful's*, which was listen'd to by *Silvius* with all the Attention and Amazement imaginable, our Readers will find was both agreeably receiv'd and answer'd by him, in the Contents of the next Chapter.

### C H A P. VIII.

*Silvius gives his fair Mistress, &c. a Meeting on their Way next Morning; he prepares her a Letter, which informs her of their present secret Plan; he receives an Answer to it from Bristol; with his Resolution and Proceedings thereupon.*

**P**ERhaps, never did Lord nor Commoner, Jew nor Gentile, Turk nor Christian, who may higgles for the utmost Shilling in their Lady's Fortune, ever feel such sincere Pangs at the Apprehension of a Mistress lost, as poor honest *Silvius* now felt, at the dreadful Unfoldings of his Friend *Wilful*, as above. Sometimes he was for returning to the House, to open the Secret to his Love, and upbraid the Cruelty of her Grandmother. Then he resolv'd to

meet them on the Road, blow their Scheme to *Angelica*, and if she would but consent to it, to take her from them by force. A thousand Projects, occur'd to him, which instantly gave place to others, or were overthrown by the prudent Persuasion of his Friend *Wilful*. At length, it was determined that he would go home, provide himself with a Horse, and then sit down and pen the whole Plot; give them a chearful Meeting in the Morning, and so keep them Company till he should find a convenient Opportunity to convey their Designs in a Letter to the yet happy, but much deluded, *Angelica*.

This last he accordingly put in Execution; and greatly surprized the whole Company in the Morning, when they saw him mounted on Horseback, and waiting in the Road for their coming. Mr. *Smith*, and the Lady *Worthy*, were under the greatest Apprehensions lest he discover'd their Proceedings, and by that means should frustrate their further Views. But, after a little Conversation with him, wherein they meant to sound his deepest Thoughts, and he appearing ignorant of their Designs, their Fears soon vanish'd.

At Breakfast, *Silvius* had the Opportunity he desired, for having alighted from his Horse, he did himself the Honours of assisting them all out of the Coach; and *Angelica*, by his  
Con-

Contrivance, happen'd to be the last Person in it; when he took the Occasion to present her with the Letter, which was put ready in his Bosom, and which was now instantly convey'd to her's. But, as he handed her out of the Coach, he, whispering in her Ear, desir'd her not to read it, till he was gone. But indeed there was no occasion for that Hint; for the Jealousy of her Company would not allow her an Opportunity for so doing. As soon as Breakfast was over, *Silvius* took his polite Leave of them, and after (with an aching Heart, and the tenderest Looks and Thoughts imaginable) embracing *Angelica*, and seeing them all safe in the Coach, he repeated the Ceremony of parting, and they driving forward, he again mounted his Horse and return'd.

But perhaps it may be quite needless to attempt a Description of their different inward Emotions on this affecting Occasion; our humane Readers having doubtless a sympathizing Feeling of it without. If Mr. *Smith* and his Mother-in-law were any wise satisfied with this pleasing Separation; Miss *Angelica* was as much the Reverse: And had she but known what a mournful Discovery was then so near her heart, it is very possible she might have manifested her Disapprobation in such manner, as might have discorded all their present Harmony. Mrs.

*Susan*

*Susan* too, had some Dread at first, that *Silvius's* Appearance would not terminate to her great Credit and Advantage; justly fearing that the Friendship of her Lover, *Mr. Wilful*, had prevailed upon him to explode the whole Secret to him. But when she found they had left him to a willing Return, her worst Apprehensions began to give place. *Silvius*, therefore, was the heaviest burden'd with Grief, and indeed so grievous was the Weight to him, and so much the more so, by his not knowing how to act therein, that it almost distracted him. As soon as he came home, he applied for the Comfort and Advice of his Friend *Wilful*; which he always found the greatest Balsam to his Woes. But nothing could be determin'd on, till they should hear from *Angelica*; for the Contents of her Letter was to be the main Spring of all their future Designs. This important Epistle was therefore waited for with all the Impatience that can possibly be imagin'd; at length it arriv'd, and was to this Effect;

*My most dear and worthy Silvius,*

**I***T is not to be expressed what Surprize and Agonies the Contents of your Letter threw me into, at my first Perusal of it: I thought I should have dy'd in the Place. I look'd upon the Proceedings*

ceedings of my Uncle Smith; as little better than treacherous; and that their manner of sending me out of my native Country hath some Similitude to a secret way of Transportation; and as though it was done by way of Punishment for some horrid Crime I had committed; and what still added to my Grief was, that I had no Friend to trust, or to advise with. And I was so incapable of hiding my Afflictions, that every one in the Coach perceived it, in spite of my Endeavours to the contrary. However, as I had no Opportunity to read it till Dinner, they had no Suspicion of the real Cause of my Discontent; so that it pass'd upon them, as I was pleas'd to account it, that it was a most sudden and violent Indisposition. At Night I desired that Susan might be appointed to lie with me, lest I should be worse, who otherwise was to have been my Lady Worthy's Bedfellow. But I resolv'd to shew Susan your Letter; and, to ease my Anguish, make her my Confident. Which I accordingly did; and it is impossible to think how much the poor Girl is grieved at our Situation. I measure your Uneasiness, my dear Silvius, by my own; and can discover but one way now, ever to reach our Wishes. The Ship is almost ready to sail; so that the receiving a Line from you before we depart, is the very utmost of my Expectations. But if it can be any Consolation to  
the



Ch. 8. Captain GREENLAND. 69

*the Sorrow you express, this I do most solemnly assure you, that I will never marry any Person living but yourself, without your own Consent ; so that, if you can fancy it worthy your Fatigue and Expence to adventure a Voyage to Lisbon, and give me private Notice of your Arrival ; I will put it out of all their Powers to disappoint our future Happiness. So make yourself as easy and content as you can for my sake, as well as your own ; and who you may depend upon it, both am and will be*

*Yours most sincerely,*

ANGELICA.

*P. S. It will be necessary to direct your Letter to Susan, and to subscribe some other Name to it. Perhaps your Friend Wilful's might not be amiss, to whom I desire my Compliments.*

This Letter had all the happy Effects imaginable on the depress'd Spirits of poor forlorn *Silvius* ; who look'd upon himself to be in a most blest Condition, for that he was now out of his Time, and had both Cloaths and Money sufficient at command to answer this Exigence. The very first Thing he therefore did, was to acquaint his Friend Mr. *Robert Wilful* with the

Re-

Reception of this transporting Letter. And also of his own fix'd Resolution thereupon. Mr. *Wilful* was so far from endeavouring any Dissuasion from his Purpose, that he very readily approved it by all means; and not only so, but advised him, also, not to delay the Time; but to go directly and acquaint his Parents with the whole History; and then to set out for *London*, as soon as possible; where he told him, he would stand a much better Chance for a Passage, than he would at *Bristol*. And if he had no Objection to his Purpose, he would himself bear him Company till he was set sail, at least.

*Silvius* was greatly joyful at this kind Offer; and after having render'd him a whole Multitude of grateful Thanks, they pitch'd upon a certain Time when they should set out; and then they proceeded together to Farmer *Greenland's*, in order to communicate to him, and his Wife, the Cause of their Son's determin'd Travel, in quest of this worthy and most lovely Fair-one. *Silvius* had privately acquainted his Mother with this Amour some time before; so that she was not quite so much surprized at the News as her Husband; who was indeed greatly astonish'd at his Son's affecting Story, and the Sight of *Angelica's* Letter, which confirm'd the whole. But as for  
his

Ch. 8. *Captain GREENLAND.* 71

his giving him the least Advice how to proceed in it for the future, he absolutely declined ; but left it entirely to his own Conduct. His Mother would fain have persuaded him to drop the Suit ; but that was no wise agreeable to his amorous and intrepid Inclination and Temper. Therefore as his Departure was unalterably fixed and resolved on, they most piously implored a Blessing on all his future Undertakings.

And now having made their proper Preparation for their Journey ; *Wilful* and *Silvius* took Places in the Stage Coach for *London*. But the Purpose of this Expedition was kept as secret from the magnifying Trumpet of common Fame, as is the dark Voyage of the Dead. The Farmer told his Son, that if he was a good Boy, and idled not away his Money and Time, he would send him all the necessary Assistance he might want in Reason. And charged him, whatever he did, to keep up an honest Spirit, and put his whole Trust in Providence. And that he might establish it as the most sacred Maxim, that Heaven would never desert one single Person who should faithfully and truly depend upon his infinite Power and Mercy.

C H A P.

## C H A P. IX.

*Silvius and Wilful project a very humorous Piece of Diversion, which Captain Flame and the Reverend Mr. Gravairs have their full Share in; and which they put into Execution with the utmost Success.*

**B**EFORE our friendly Heroes entirely take their Leaves of their native Home, it may be highly necessary to inform our Readers of one Piece of entertaining Art, which was jointly contrived and executed between them. And which was thus brought about: Mr. Robert Wilful had acquainted his Father, that as Silvius had a mind to take a Trip to London, he intended to bear him Company. Which the old Gentleman readily consented to; and as the Day of their Departure was privately fix'd upon, and they being now continually together, Mr. Robert said one Day to Silvius—As I cannot but look upon the Misbehaviour of Mr. Gravairs and the fighting Captain, as the only Authors of all your present Inconveniencies, methinks it would be ten thousand Pities to leave the Country without attempting them some kind of Reward equal to their Deserts. And I would have it dealt them, if possible,  
from

from, and by each other. I remember, when I was at School, that when two Boys have been concern'd jointly in the same Fault, I have known our Master to make them scourge each other; Which, by the Imitation of their iterated enforced Strokes, have at length been much more severe than perhaps any other Punishment very probably would have been. Now you must know, my dear Friend, that I am very slow at any fine Invention of this Sort; but if you can help me out in it, I will join a very ready Hand in the executory Part of it. Upon which Hint *Silvius* return'd to him thus;— Why really, *Bob*, what you have now advanced is very just, they are certainly the Authors of all my present Uneasiness and Inconveniencies, and to make them punish each other is what they most justly deserve. But as they both personally know me, I can have no visible Hand in it; else I have a Thought just come into my Head, which if you approve of, may make some excellent Diversion, could we but bring it to bear.

Here *Silvius* explain'd his new conceived Scheme; which being a little digested and improved between them, it was proceeded on as follows:

In the first Place, Mr. *Robert Wilful*, by virtue of this Plan, set himself down, and immediately

diately wrote a Couple of Letters to the above-said Gentlemen; the *Intent* and *Contents* of which our Readers will be instructed in due Time. This being done, he repaired to the House of the Reverend Mr. *Gravairs*; to whom being admitted, he address'd himself thus :

I know not, Sir, whether I have the Honour of being known to you ; but this I can assure you, Sir, that my long personal Knowledge of you hath been the only Reason for my giving both of us this present Trouble. My Name, Sir, is *Wilful* ; I am Son to Mr. *Wilful* the Bookseller, and the high Regard I have for both your Person and Profession, hath prevailed upon me to endeavour you some small Assistance in your own Defence, against the tempestuous Threatenings of an empty, cowardly Bully. The Person I mean, Sir, is one Captain *Flame*, an Officer in this Regiment in Town here. He has made some Addresses, I think, to a young Lady who is Grand-daughter to the Lady *Worthy* ; but upon his reprobate and provoking Behaviour at their House, and a certain young Fellow (a Farmer's Son, I think he is, according to the Story I have heard) having received some ill-Language from him, attacked his Honour, and in a single Instant laid his Glory in the Dust. And having afterwards broke his Sword, he very genteely return'd him the  
mounted



mounted Part of it, and then frightened him out of the House directly. This, Sir, plainly demonstrates that he is a rank Bully, and nothing else. For observe, Sir, that his mighty Courage was cool'd by a Stripping only, and he unarm'd too, in a Quarter of a Minute's Time. However, Sir, this Noise has occasioned the Lady *Worthy* to send her Grand-daughter out of the Kingdom, which has so enraged the fiery Captain, that he swears by all the uncommon Oaths he can think on, to revenge her Loss upon you, Sir, whom he charges with the whole of her going.

Sir, said the Parson, I remember the Gentleman very well: And indeed, I have some Cause to remember him; for it is not long since he came here to bully and threaten me. Swearing by all that was both sacred and prophane, that he would murder me and all that belong'd to me, if ever I should dare to speak to the young Lady again. And indeed, by his frightful Behaviour, I was afraid that he would absolutely have murder'd me before he went out of the House. For I never heard any thing so dreadfully wicked in all my Life.

You should have taken him by the nose, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Wilful*; or, have took a good stout Stick and thrash'd him well, and then you would have heard no more of him. But for

lack of that, you will now be under continual Threatenings till you pluck up your Courage and serve him as he deserves.

Just at this Instant a rough kind of Fellow knock'd at the Door, and enquiring for Mr. Gravairs, deliver'd into his Hand the following Letter.

*Most Reverend Sir,*

**N**Otwithstanding the friendly Caution I before gave you concerning the Lady Worthy's Grand-daughter, I am inform'd that, upon your Account, she is now banish'd the King's Dominions. Whereby, I have lost all Hopes of the most exquisite Creature on Earth. But Damnation to the brightest Sparks of Honour! if I don't revenge her dear Loss upon you, in the most horrid and inexpressible manner, unless you meet me this Afternoon, alone, exactly at Six o'Clock on the Verge of the River Severn, (in Pitchcraft\*) and there clear up your Honour and Innocence like a Gentleman. Yours,

PHILL. FLAME.

P. S. I expect an Answer by the Bearer.

At the Perusal of this Letter, the Parson turn'd pale, and trembled; which Mr. Wilful observing,

\* A remarkable fine Meadow near the City.

ing, began to despair of Success; for he was in great Hopes to have found him a Person of a more ready Spirit. But the Parson observing the Postscript, thought proper to communicate the Contents of this Letter to him, by reading it all over to him. After which,—Well, Sir, said Mr. *Robert*, you find what I have been telling you is true.—Yes, Sir, it is too true indeed! answer'd the Parson. But pray, Sir, where, and how did you hear of this?—Why, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Wilful*, I was just now at the Coffee-House, and heard him speak it in the Public-Room, before several Officers and Gentlemen.—Here Mr. *Gravairs* stept immediately into the Passage, where the Messenger was waiting, and demanded of him, who *he* was?—Who answer'd, that he was a Porter.—And where had you this Letter? demanded the Parson. Why, Sir, at the Coffee-House, said the Porter, one of the Officers gave it me, and swore if I did not bring him an Answer to it, he would cut my Throat when I came back.—Well, if that be the Case, stay a Minute, said the Parson, and you shall save your Throat however.

Mr. *Wilful* having heard what had pass'd between him and the Porter, the Parson desir'd his Advice what Answer to return.—Why, Sir, reply'd *Wilful*, I would send him word back, that I would meet him as he

desired, and shew him that you are not afraid of him. You will have time enough afterwards, to consider in what manner to provide for him. And besides, it is a thousand Pounds to a Shilling, if you take this Step, that he don't meet you there as he threatens. But whether he does or not, take my Word for it, there will no danger accrue to you, thereby. For I dare say, that this is only done to frighten you: The whole Letter is wrote in the true Stile and Spirit of a rank cowardly Bully. And nothing else. For no Gentleman of any Sense or Breeding could be capable of such Language. And I say, Meet him Sir!—— Why then, Sir, I'll take your Advice, said Mr. *Gravqirs*. But I protest, without the least View of coming to a Quarrel, only to prevent his sending me any more of these blustering Letters.——And so saying, he set himself down and wrote an Answer to the Captain's fierce Letter immediately. Which to repeat here would not be worth the Reader's while. But having finish'd it, he also bid the Porter tell the Gentleman, who gave him that Letter, that he would not fail to meet him, according to his Request.

Having return'd this heroic Answer, he begg'd of Mr. *Wilful* to advise with him how to proceed. For, Sir, said he, although I have appointed

pointed to meet him as he requires ; it is ill-becoming a Person of my Function to engage in Combats and Quarrels. And besides, Sir, I am not qualify'd in any respect, to answer the Weapons of a Soldier.

No, Sir, return'd *Wilful*, nor would I have you to carry any such Weapons along with you. My Advice is only to take a good walking Stick or Cane in your Hand ; and don't seem to fear him ; if he offers to clap his Hand to his Sword, you may either that Moment run away from him, or knock him down, which you think proper ; but I should rather chuse the latter. And then, Sir, follow him close, and give him the Threshing he so well deserves. It is but *Se Defendendo* by the Laws of Nature and our Country ; and every Creature that hears the Story will readily applaud you for it. Besides, Sir, he says, that he only desires to meet you there ; he does not mention fighting ; for if he had but hinted the least to that Purpose, you might have taken him up, and laid him in Jail for it. But I have another Thought come into my Head, I can't say, but that I should be very joyful to see this mighty Man of Mettle cool'd a little. So that if he should offer to assault you, Sir, first ; and you will but exert your Resolution and Courage heartily, I will be near enough at

hand to take a sufficient Care that he shall not in the least abuse you. But whatever you do, Sir, be sure you claim no former Knowledge of me, and then I shall have the better Opportunity to serve you. But he is so generally known for a vain-glorious, insolent Boaster, that it would redound to your immortal Credit should you but lower the Haughtiness of his vicious Spirit by a sufficient Chastisement.

Encouraged by this Discourse of Mr. *Robert Wilful's*, he promised not to suffer any more of his insolent Rudeness; but that if he should offer to draw his Sword upon him, or to strike him first, he would be ready to reward his Compliment as he deserved. Which Resolution Mr. *Wilful* highly commended, and after having finish'd his friendly Business with him, he immediately posted in quest of the Captain; whom he also address'd as will be shewn in the following Chapter.

## CHAP.



## C H A P. X.

*Mr. Wilful proceeds to pay his Respects to the Captain on the like Occasion ; who receives him, and his Embassy, according to his Expectation, and at length concludes to his Wish.*

**M**R. *Wilful* having taken just time enough to acquaint his Friend *Silvius* of his good Success with Mr. *Gravairs*, now hastened to the Captain, whom he harangued to this Effect : —I trust, Sir, that you will judge me worthy of your Pardon for giving you this Trouble, when you shall sufficiently be informed of my Business. I presume, Sir, that you may have some little Knowledge of a certain young Clergyman, whose Name is *Gravairs*.—Very well, Sir ; proceed, said the Captain.—Why, Sir, continued *Wilful*, I am an utter Stranger to the Gentleman myself, but being with him just now at his own House about Business, I discovered a Design which he has formed against an Officer in this Regiment, who I have Reason to believe is no other than yourself.—What ! Sir, is it at Common-Law ? (demanded the Captain with some Impatience.)—No, Sir, answered *Wilful*, no other Law than the Law of Arms, I believe.

—Damn the Rascal! said the Captain, I'll cudgel the Scoundrel as his Forefather *Balaam* did the Beast he rode on; and then, with my flaming Sword, I will inspire as much good Eloquence into him as his long-ear'd Brother expressed, when he bray'd forth his Complaining to his Rider. But pray, Sir, continued he, what does this reverend Vermin say?—Why, answered *Wilful*, he says that you came to his House some time ago, with a pretended Message from a young Lady of his Acquaintance, swearing and threatening like a Footpad; that the young Lady is, since that, sent to her Mother in *Portugal*, occasioned by your blustering and and rude Behaviour: By which Means he has lost the only Person he esteemed, and for all which he intends to call you to a very strict and sudden Account: That he could lay you in Jail, he says, for what you said to him in his own House, but that he scorns a Thought so mean, provided you give him that honourable Satisfaction he requires, and which he intends to demand in Form.—Here the aforesaid Porter, who waited on Mr. *Gravairs* with the former Letter, according to Mr. *Wilful's* particular Instructions, now brought the Captain his second Letter, which expressed itself as follows:

Most

Most honourable Sir,

**S**INCE you did me the Favour of your first and last courteous Visit, I have had a little Time to reflect on what at that Time passed; and (although you may perhaps account it a strange Step from a Person of my Function, yet in order to prevent any further of that kind of Correspondence between us) I must desire you to meet me this Afternoon (alone) exactly at six o'Clock, on the Banks of the River Severn (Pitchcraft) and there to give me a worthy Satisfaction for your former Insult; or otherwise, to your immortal Honour, I shall stigmatize your Behaviour to all the Officers in your Regiment; and the very first Time I meet your pretty Person, I may also render you a sort of Compliment that your nice Wisdom would perhaps very willingly excuse.

I am, Sir,

With impatient Expectation, yours, &c.

D. GRAVAIRS.

P. S. The Bearer is directed to wait for an Answer.

During his reading this unexpected Epistle, the Captain contracted some very gloomy Frowns; nor could he avoid biting his Lips, and shewing  
other

other visible Signs of his Dislike. At length, having perused it two or three times over, and also collected his hurried Thoughts a little, he, addressing himself to Mr. *Wilful*, said—See here, Sir, the Rascal has been as good as his Word ! Look at it, the Parson has sent me a Challenge. Damn such Churchmen ! This Fellow now preaches up Peace, and Forgiveness, and Unity, and brotherly Love, and the Devil knows what ! and yet, you see now, the sanctified Scoundrel will fight for a Wench, for all that. Damme ! if I believe there's such a Set of sly, whoring Rascals, in the whole World besides, as these grave ! hypocritical ! canting Priests are ! even from the Pope to the Parish Clerk : They are all alike, by G—d !

But how, Sir, do you intend to answer him ? demanded Mr. *Wilful* ; will it not be a Scandal to your Sword to draw it against a Pastor of the Church ? You should be a little tender of your Honour in this Point, methinks. True, Sir, returned the Captain, but it is he who has given the first Challenge, you see ; and now I think of it, I cannot attend his Demand ; for Damnation to the Ill-fortune of it ! I have an Engagement of Consequence this Afternoon, that I cannot be off. But I have a Thought come into my Head, that may do every bit as well, and which is this, to give the Fellow that brings  
his

his Challenge a good hearty Drubbing, and send his Master word, that I will serve him the same Sauce the first time I meet him. Heh! what do you think of it?

Why, Sir, said *Wilful*, I remember a few Lines in the immortal *Hudibras*, that I think in this Point are perfectly documental;

*That Man is sure to lose  
That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes;  
For where no Honour's to be gain'd,  
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.*

And what Credit, Sir, can a Man of your Character and Rank gain by beating a poor Fellow who is placed by Providence in such an humble Station of Life, as to be at every Person's Command for Six-pence to buy him Bread? Besides, Sir, there is another Danger in it which you don't seem to foresee. It is not every one of those rough stout Fellows that have Complaisance and Breeding enough to take a Threshing from a Gentleman, without an equal, if not a superior Return. They have not polite Education and Understanding sufficient to instruct them what Honour such a Compliment from a Person of your Figure and Distinction would be to them. And therefore, Sir, in my Opinion, it is staking your Honour against Dishonour, to engage in such a disproportioned Match,



Match.—Sir, you are right ! returned the Captain, and I thank you. And indeed the Case is not much better, to meddle with a paltry Parson : It will, perhaps, only be looked upon in a Heathenish Light, and as though I opposed the whole Christian Religion ; and perhaps his stupid Brethren may excommunicate me too, and then I shall lose my Commission. Besides, this is only a Mark of his Rage for the Loss of his Punk ; which, indeed, if she had but staid in the Country a little longer, I should have satisfied my Desires with, for the little Wanton had contracted a very great Passion for me, that's certain ; and her Relations, you must know, were damnably uneasy at it ; because we Gentlemen of the Sword belonging to *Marching Corps*, are generally pretty successful with the Fair Sex, which make all other poaching Curs as envious and splenetick as the Devil ; and therefore, as I cannot with Honour treat him as he deserves, I think I'll e'en send the Fellow word that I shall be glad of his Company tomorrow to dine with me : I dare say he'll like that Answer much better than Fighting ; for the Clergy all love good Living, from a Lord Cardinal to a Methodist. I remember I took four Priests Prisoners in our last Campaign in *Flanders*, and, damn them ! they eat and drank me so much Provisions, that I had much ado to persuade



persuade them to make their Escape ; I am sure they devoured as much as would have supplied a small Hospital.

But remember what he says in his Letter, returned Mr. *Wilful*, that if you don't meet him as he appoints, that he'll stigmatize you to all the Officers in your Regiment. Here, Sir, I think your Honour is very highly concerned ; and I would not, if I were in your place, but meet him for ten thousand Pounds. And I can tell you too, if he did not behave himself very well when he came there, I would give him a hearty good Threshing into the Bargain. He says, in his Letter, come alone ; by which I apprehend, that he means to come alone too : Therefore it will not appear well in me, to bear you Company, otherwise I should be very proud of your Leave to go with you. But I tell you what, Sir, I can do : As I am as much a Stranger to him, as I am to you, I will be within sight of the Place at the Time which he appointed to meet you ; so that if you'll take no notice that ever you saw me before, I shall be glad to do you any good Office that the Time, when it comes, may afford me an Opportunity for ; and shall also be exceeding glad to see you exercise your Cane as you ought ; for doing which, this Letter will be a very sufficient and  
lawful

lawful Authority; and for the Reception of which, I myself am a Witness; and for the Reward of it, I am also resolved to be the same necessary Testimony.

Why then! Damnation to the Name of Coward! returned the Captain, but I'll send him an Answer to that End immediately; and if I don't give him as good a Drubbing as ever he had since he left the University, I'll give him leave to write it up in capital Letters, that *Phill. Flame is a lying! bragging Blockhead!* over the Gates of the Town-Hall.

And so saying, he sat him down, and immediately writ the Parson an Answer to that Purpose; and which he having given to the Messenger, Mr. *Wilful* soon concluded his Visit, and then hastened to meet the Porter and *Silvius* at their appointed Rendezvous; where they diverted themselves exceedingly at Mr. *Wilful's* Account of his Negotiation, and heartily enjoyed the pleasing Prospect of their hopeful Scheme. And farther, to shew that our young Hero *Silvius* was Master of a little real Humour, when he pleased to put it on, we shall, in the next Chapter, present you with an odd kind of Frolick which he undertook with that wise and whimsical Gentleman Mr. Alderman *Lumber*.

## C H A P. XI.

*Of Silvius's Proceeding with that most wise and facetious Gentleman, Mr. Alderman Lumber.*

**SILVIUS** being this Evening in Company with *Wilful* and some other of his chief Intimates, their Discourse happened to turn on Mr. Alderman *Lumber*, and particularly concerning a great Quarrel he had that Day had with his own Footman, whom he was several times going to send to Jail; and the Fellow being discharged, he consequently wanted one in his room. Whereupon, *Silvius* having already seen a little of the Alderman's Wit, &c. he resolved to equip himself in that Character; and, in order to make Reprisals upon his Worship, for his former Behaviour towards him, to go immediately and offer himself a Candidate for his Service. This hum'rous Proposition his Companions having readily approved of, they soon provided him with a Livery-coat for that Purpose, and out he set upon the Adventure.

When he knock'd at the Door, the Justice was sitting by the Parlour Fire, confined by the Gout, and with his Feet wrapt up in as much Flannel as would have sweat a Coach-horse; to  
whom

whom a Maid Servant immediately bore our young Hero's Message; and when she had answered all his usual Questions on these Occasions, which were generally pretty numerous, the good Alderman answered, (with his common Affability and Sweetness)—Well! bid the young Stripling come in.—Here the Maid beckened to *Silvius*, and then shut them in the Parlour together.

When the young Wag found that they were by themselves, and also that the Justice was in such a helpless Condition, he was pleased to the very Heart, for this lucky Opportunity just answered his Wish; so that, as soon as he entered the Room, and that the Parlour Door was fast shut upon them, he put on exactly the Look, Air, Manner, and Behaviour of a silly Country Idiot, biting the Corner of his Hat, and bowing at every Word he spoke, which gave the cloudy Justice but a very mean Opinion of his Abilities and Breeding; and who, in a gruff, ill-natured Tone, and coursing his Eyes over him, as though he would pierce into his very Heart, addressed him thus,—Well, Sir, where did you come from? and where did you live last? Ha? —Lived, Sir, replied *Silvius*, in a silly, awkward Voice and Manner, why, I lived with my Master, when I was in Service, Sir.—With your Master? (quoth the Justice) Ha! why, so

I suppose, Puppy ! But damn your Blockhead's Scull ! who was your Master ?—Why, my last Master was not a Gentleman, Sir, replied *Silvius* again ; he was a Lord, Sir.—A Lord ! (cry'd the Alderman, snapping him short) damn thee ! what Lord, I wonder.—Why, Sir, his Name was Lord *Smoothly*, returned *Silvius*.—Lord *Smoothly* ! (replied the Justice, mocking his silly manner) he was a damn'd foolish Lord, I am sure, to keep such a Wretch as thou art for a Footman. And how long did you live with this Lord, ha ? Why, Sir, I lived with him a great while, replied the other.—A great while ? Ha ! (cry'd the Justice) well, and what did you do, pray ? what was your Office in his Service ?—Why, Sir, answered the Yonker, I did any thing that I was bid.—Ha ! ay, any thing that I was bid. Did you, (quoth the Alderman, still mocking of him) Well ; and what's your Name, pray ?—*Isaac Pewit*, and please your Worship, said *Silvius*, after a little Pause.—*Isaac Pewit*, ha ! cry'd the Justice ; a pretty foolish sort of a Name, in troth ! Well ; and what can you lay a Cloth, Teddy ?—Yes, Sir, returned he, I can do that curiously.—Curiously, ha ! cry'd the Magistrate ; yes, so I believe. Well, and can you clean Knives, and Plate, and such Things ?—Yes, Sir, returned our Humourist, I can do all them kind of Things very nice.—Very nice.—  
Ha !

Ha! said the Justice again. What, and can you shave, and dress a Wig, Master *Isaac Pewit*? Damn thee! I shall always remember thy silly Name, however.—Yes, Sir, returned *Silvius*, I can do any of them kind of Things, purely.—Can you so! quoth the Alderman? What! and did you shave my Lord, pray, when you lived with him?—No, Sir, answered *Silvius*, I can't say as how I did shave him; Heav'n forbid I should offer to tell your Worship a Fib.—What! did the Barber shave him, then? demanded the Justice.—No, Sir, not that ever I heard of, returned our Hero.—No! quoth the lame Alderman, who, the Devil! did shave him, then? What! did he shave himself?—Not that I know of, Sir, said *Silvius*, (still maintaining of his high Simplicity) I never heard that he ever did.—Zounds! quoth the Justice, in a great Passion, what the Devil! if the Barber did not shave him, nor his Servant did not shave him, nor he did not shave himself, who the Devil did shave him, then? An please your Worship, said *Silvius*, what I tell you is very true; for you must know, Sir, that as how my Lord never had no Beard.—What! said the Justice, no Beard! Zounds! he must be a queer Devil of a Lord, sure, to have no Beard. Prithee, Chicken, how old was he, when he was so happy as to have thy great Abilities in his Service?—

Why,



Why, Sir, he was about nineteen or twenty, replied *Silvius*. Was he! said the Alderman, why, then Nature, I'm sure, was indebted to his Chin for a Beard! and 'twas high time that the Debt was paid. But, prithee, *Pewit*, who dress'd his Wigs for him?—No body at all, and please your Worship, returned *Silvius*.—No body! cry'd the Justice; zounds! how so?—Why, Sir, because my Lord wore his own Hair, replied *Silvius*.—D-mn thee! (quoth the Alderman, in a low growling Voice to himself) thou art an odd kind of a foolish Fellow: But, continued he, if you come to live with me, young Man, you must do every thing that's required of you. I have a pretty large House here, you see; and I have a good tolerable Garden too, and I keep but one Maid Servant; so that you must carry the Water for her when she wants it, and help her to clean the Rooms, and scour the Irons and the Brasses, and do any thing else that she bids you; you will never lose any thing by being good-natured to the Maids.—Yes, Sir, said *Silvius*, that's to be sure I will, and I am used to that kind of Work too.—And, said the Alderman, when you have nothing else to do, you can help the Gardener to roll the Walks, or pull up Weeds, or to wheel in Dung, or any thing of that kind; can't you?—O Lord! yes, to be sure! said *Silvius*: Or, if your Worship

pleases,

pleases, I can dig or hoe, or any thing of that kind; I am very fond of all that sort of Work, to be sure.—Well, replied the Justice, that's very well. But are you very strong? because I have no body else, but my Man, and my Maid, and my Son, and my Wife, and my Daughter, to lift me up and down when I am lame of this damn'd Gout. And here's another Thing too, that's a very material Point! I keep a Horse, which my Son rides semetimes when I am lame, and can't get out myself: Do you know any thing how to drefs and look after a Horse?

Here our Hero paused a little, but, retreating a Step or two towards the Door, till having got hold of the Knob of the Spring-lock behind him, and unperceived of the Justice, he returned him thus:—Why, really, Sir, the Person who told me of your Worship's Place being vacant, did indeed say something to me about being Valet de Chambre to an Afs, but I did not know that I was to drefs and shave your Horse too.—At this Stroke, the good Alderman roared out with the Voice of an intraged Giant:

G—d confound you for a Rogue! Did you come here, you Rascal! with your impudent foolish Wit, to banter me? you Dog! I'll dash your Brains out! With these Words he caught up the Tongs, and sent it that Moment at him, with all the Violence and Fury he was able; but  
before

before it reach'd the Door, our Heroe was out of all danger; and went immediately to his Companions, to communicate the entertaining History of this whimsical Expedition. So that he left the lame Justice, almost choak'd with Passion, and cursing and swearing, and ringing of his Bell for Assistance, as though he would pull the House down. And that he would find him out, and make a publick Example of him, was his solemn Decree, not to be revoked.

C H A P. XII.

*Whercin Mr. Pewit meets with a new and disagreeable Acquaintance; and also is described a very extraordinary Battle; but not in the least Imitation of the Homerican Stile. Yet, perhaps, as much worth reading, as the History of any one Engagement that ever was written from Broughton's Amphitheatre; or, any Modern Romance.*

**M**R. Robert Wilful was very careful to be time enough in the appointed Field; lest his Presence might be wanting in any respect, to assist the Spirit of the depending Scene. And

indeed it was very lucky in that Sense, that he did so; for the Captain, being the first of the Champions, who might fairly be said to be in the Field of Battle, was no sooner arrived upon the proposed Spot, and *Wilful* now appearing at some Distance, but they discovered a Person very near them, sauntering about in a very idle kind of manner; as though he neither knew, nor cared how he next disposed of either himself or his Time. *Wilful*, fearing that this Person should prove some Impediment to the Success of their Scheme; began to contrive how he should remove him to some more convenient Distance. And approaching him to that End, he found this dangerous Person to be no other, than our old Acquaintance, the harmless Mr. *Pewit*. Upon which Discovery, a sudden Thought immediately took place, which produced some agreeable Entertainment to himself, but rather the Reverse to the poor, innocent Lawyer. For, now *Wilful*, with a good deal of seeming Surprise, hastening to the Captain, saluted him thus:

Sir, I am heartily glad to see you punctual! and that you are the first upon the appointed Spot. And indeed for more Reasons than one; for, in the first Place, I see a Fellow yonder, who, I am apt to believe, is, at this Time, upon no good Design; because, Sir, I know he

has scandalized you behind your Back, to a very remarkable Degree. And moreover, he has made a Copy of very scurrilous Verses upon you; which he has plentifully dispersed amongst his Acquaintance. And a Copy of which, I believe I may have in my Pocket at this Instant.

Here, *Wilful* (after having first tore off the Title) presented the Captain with the very Verses, which *Silvius* had formerly made upon Mr. *Pewit*.—This, Sir, said he, is a true Copy of the Lines, which he calls, *A modest and friendly Advice to Capt. Philip Flame*. And distributes, sometimes, twenty of them in a Day. Besides, Sir, he is also, the rankest Coward upon Earth. As, indeed, most Poets are.

Sir, reply'd the Captain, I did not care if he was as valiant as *Alexander* the Great! I would nevertheless make him to know, that the Honour of a Soldier is a Thing as sacred, and dangerous to profane, as the Throne of an absolute King. And so he shall find, continued he, before I have done with him.

Here the Captain calling to Mr. *Pewit*, with a tremendous Accent, began to move towards him with very lofty and majestic Strides. And, indeed, poor *Pewit* was in no small Amazement, to see himself so unexpectedly encoun-

ter'd by such a martial Heroe, whose Voice and Looks were much too terrible for his milder Constitution; and who soon after struck a much deeper Terror into all his Soul. For the furious Captain, having now the Copy of Verses in his Hand, bespoke the Lawyer thus,—

What! Sir, you are a Wit! and a Poet! and a Defamer of Peoples Honour and Glory! are you?—Lord! Sir, (return'd the astonish'd *Pewit*, with Looks that spoke his dreadful Apprehensions) I don't know what you mean, upon my Honour.—Don't you, Sir, Damnation to your Heart! return'd the Captain, but I'll make you sensible of it, before you and I part. Pray, Sir, continued he, do you know the Author of these fine Verses?—No! upon my Credit, Sir! (said Mr. *Pewit*) not I. I am not acquainted with any Poet in the World! nor never made any Verses myself; except an Ode, once, on Miss *Prudely's* Monkey, and an Epigram on Madam Mayorefs's Red-Nose.

And did you never make an Ode, nor an Epigram, as you call them, on one *Philip Flame*, an Officer in this Regiment? demanded the Captain.—No, Sir! not I, upon my Honour, reply'd *Pewit*. Nor I don't know any thing of him; only, indeed, I have heard say, that as how he is a blustering! noisy! bullying kind of a good-for-nothing Fellow!—

Have



Have you so, you Rascal ! cry'd the Captain, (in a great Passion) then take that, Sir ! and now you may go tell your Acquaintance, that I have paid you for your Wit, and your Poetry too ! and so, Sir, take that ! and that ! and that, Sir ! and remember too, that the next time you dare to speak of me or my Character, that you do it with a little more Respect, and good Manners : Or, Damnation to your Heart ! but I'll mend your Breeding, and your Memory too.

Here the incensed Captain laid his heavy Cane about the Head and Shoulders of poor *Pewit*, without the least Mercy, or Regard to his repeated Cries and Intreaties. 'Till at length, the poor batter'd Lawyer was obliged to tack about, and only trust to the Activity of his Heels, for the immediate Relief of his whole Carcass ; and which was not accomplished, before he had received from the generous Captain as good a Drubbing as he could well carry away with him. But this gallant Action was scarce over, (and for which he receiv'd a most extravagant Applause from his Friend *Wilful*) before *Bob* espy'd the *Parson* approaching, though at a very great Distance ; at which News the bold Captain turn'd as pale as Death. But *Wilful* told him, that he would retire, and not take the least Notice of what

might pass between them, until he saw a necessary Opportunity for so doing. Which the Captain readily approved of. And now *Wilful* was gotten about an hundred Yards distant (when the Parson came up) amusing himself in a Book, which he had as much regard to, as though it had been written in *Egyptian* or *Indian* Characters. But, as the Parson drew near to the ready Captain (who was now much flush'd with this last Atchievement) *Wilful* thought it necessary to incline so far towards them, as to be able to understand every Word they utter'd; for he did not suppose that they would whisper to each other. The Captain was arm'd with his Sword by his Side, and his Cane in his Hand. And the Parson had a good stout Cane only. As soon as he came up to him, the Captain, looking on his Watch, saluted him thus,—Well, Sir! I receiv'd your Billet, and have obey'd your time, you see.—You have so, Sir, return'd the Parson. And I have been as punctual, according to my own Watch, as possible. But since we are met upon this unchristian-like Occasion (which I must confess it is) I should be glad to know of you, Sir, what Cause I have ever given you to treat me with such unwarrantable Licentiousness? The base Usage I received from you at my own House, I had indeed, as good as forgotten; but your

insolent

insolent and threatening Behaviour in your Letter, by the Porter, cannot be so easily cancel'd. However, as I am a Churchman, it much better becomes a Christian to forgive than to resent. And therefore, a proper Acknowledgement shall instantly end the Affair.—Damnation to your dastard Soul, reply'd the Captain, being full of his last Conquest, do you imagine that a Gentleman who has fought a thousand Duels! and faced the fiery Cannon's Mouth, surrounded by five hundred thousand Enemies! Horse and Foot! and fought my Passage thro' them all! even where Heaps of Slain have swoln my impeded Way as high as the *Alpine-Hills*! I say, have I clamber'd over an hundred and an hundred tow'ring Mountains of dreadful mangled Bodies! which were accumulated by this very Sword! and shall I now stoop to ask Forgiveness of one I have so often fought for? No! then, let Barbers Boys, and Taylors base-born Children bear the Power of Command in Fight, and lead our Battles on, when I descend to that! Shall I, while I have this bright Witness of my own former Deeds in my Possession! sneak in dishonourable Terms, to a base and worthless Mungrel? And one, who is totally devoid of all Similitude of Rank? No! thou puny Levite! if thou wouldst do thy silly Profession immortal Honour, this is the glorious Mo-

ment to atchieve Renown! for though thou fallest a sure Victim to my Sword, thou couldst not have acquired a more noble Death, had *Julius Cæsar* slain thee!

I have read, reply'd the Parson, in Holy-Writ, of many Examples, wherein the Priesthood, and the inspired Men of God have been directed to wield the Sword against the Wicked and Unbelievers. But as our Royal Sovereign is our ablest and best Defender of our Faith, I shall not enter now into any Dispute on that Head.—Damn your popish Stuff! said the Captain, if I was K—g of G—t B—n, I would send the old superstitious Bitch his Title back again, in the Inside of ——— of a Jackboot. But come, Sir, leave your stupid damn'd Cant about Religion and Scripture, and produce your Sword, if you have any with you! or Damnation to your Heart! but I'll scour you!——

And so saying, he was feeling for his invincible Steel, when the Parson, having a continual Eye on the Movement of his Hands, prevented any Mischief from that Point, by instantly dealing him such a ponderous Stroke on the Head, as immediately dispossest'd it of his Hat, and set his Honour on the reel: And before he could well recover that, he presented him with the Fellow to it, on the bare Napper; which

which effectually laid him sprawling; and then Mr. *Robert Wilful*, who had been both an Eye and an Ear Witness of all that now passed, thought proper to interpose, in a Minute, before any farther Mischief ensued; else, perhaps, the Battle had ended with only an Attack on one side: But *Bob* so suddenly coming up, privately applauded the Parson, and then cried out aloud (winking at him at the same time) Pray, Sir, give the Gentleman Leave to get up again; and then ran to assist the Captain to the Re-use of his Feet; and in which Time he took particular Care to devest him of his Sword, whispering in his Ear, at the same Instant, to thrash the Parson heartily; at which timely Encouragement, and finding his Sword taken from him, he flew towards the Parson like a *Hector* of *Troy*, and with his Cane returned him three or four such furious Blows as made the poor Parson to give Ground apace; but *Wilful* shaking his Head at him three or four times, and he now finding the Strokes succeed so fast, that he could not easily sustain them, he dropped his Weapon out of his Hand, and running with his clenched Fist full in his Face, gave the poor Captain such a Dash on the Chaps, as made his Ruby Lips to pour out Blood like a Fountain. This Blow (which was followed immediately by several others) occasioned the Captain to quit

his Cane also, and now the Battle waged with all its Force ! for they both paid away, unavoidably, with their utmost Might, until they became so crimson'd over, that each of their Faces out-shone the Scarlet Beauty of the Captain's Coat. After many heavy Bruises were both given and received on each side, the Church at length prevailed ; for the Parson gave his martial Antagonist such a severe Fall, that he lay extended on the Ground quite motionless for a considerable Time. During which short Interval, Mr. *Wilful* both applauded, cherished, and encouraged the Bravery of the former ; but, by and by, observing the latter to be making some Attempt to get up again, he flew immediately to help him ; and, at that very Instant, Mr. *Silvius* came up to the Place of Action, for he had been, all this Time, within sight of them in *petto* ; when finding the Captain had got the worst of it, he directly became his Champion, and pulling off his Clothes, which he threw upon the Ground in much seeming Heat, he cried out to him—Courage, Sir, I'll lay ten Guineas on this Gentleman's Head ! Done, Sir, said *Wilful*, I'll lay ten Guineas on this Gentleman's Head ! (going over to the Parson's Side)—I'll take you, Sir, replied *Silvius* ; and I'll take Care, also, that he shall have Justice done him.—Well, Sir, returned *Wilful*, and I'll take as much Care this Gentleman shall have the same  
Here,



Ch. 12. Captain GREENLAND. 105

Here, at the Request of *Silvius* and *Wilful* the Parson and the Captain both stripp'd to their Buff; and the Latter having a little recovered his Wind, and also finding a Person so strongly on his Side, whose Courage he had so lately experienced, it contributed not a little to invigorate him: So that their Spirits and Resolutions being now rally'd, the Battle was again put in Array, and a second Onset begun; wherein both Parties so exerted themselves, that they far surpass'd all manner of Expectation; many Falls and heavy Bruises were now both given and received; so that after a most manful Conflict, which was perhaps the best and bravest Battle they ever fought in their Lives, (for Cowards often make a good Battle when once they begin to fight, and are sufficiently supported) the Man of God again prevailed, and was absolutely declared the entire Victor and Master of the Field. And many a time (or *Louis* the Fourteenth hath been most shamefully abused) hath *Te Deum* been sung through a whole Kingdom for a much worse Conquest. The Captain was beat quite blind, and would have preserved his Sight, by giving out some time before (which he attempted several times) if *Silvius* would but have let him: But at length he was so thoroughly tired of the Parson's skinny Fingers, and hard Knuckles, that no Persuasion could prevail upon him to

provoke their Vengeance any farther. And indeed the Parson was no less indebted to the Care and Encouragement of his Second, Mr. *Wilful*, for this glorious and compleat Victory; for he had fought some time confoundedly against the Grain; but *Silvius* and *Wilful* had before agreed that the Parson should come off an honourable Conqueror if possible, because the Captain had used him very scurvily at his own House before, without any Cause or Warrant for so doing. However, as *Silvius* had encouraged his Valour to the total eclipsing of both his Eyes, he held it but his Duty to pilot him Home to his Lodgings, while *Wilful* did the same to the Parson; though indeed they could very ill spare the Time, for the next Day they were both to set out in the Stage-Coach for *London*, and had their Parents, and many other Friends and Relations, to take their last Leave of that Night; but they were obliged to execute this Scheme, according to their Plan, on this very Day, for a Reason which our Readers will find presently.

*Silvius*, all the Way he went Home with the Captain, condoled with him very sympathetically for the Loss of so fine a Victory, and his own Money. And the Captain, in return, complained as bitterly on the Parson's unwarrantable first Assault; and which, he said, he could never afterwards recover; for that he had

almost murdered him the very first two or three Blows, which the Parson dealt him before he was aware of him. Besides, he said, he should ever lament the vile Remembrance that he had stooped so low, as to take the least Notice of the stupid Billet of such a paltry Rascal; and which afterwards drew him so unavoidably to act beneath the Dignity of his Birth and Profession, by falling under the cowardly and scandalous Attack of a mean, pitiful Church-Fellow, who was an utter Stranger to any nobler Weapon than a Bear-garden Cudgel: But, by the immortal Glory of the Cannon's Voice! he swore, he would yet revenge the presumptuous Deed, as became the Honour and Resentment of a Soldier! and that nothing less than the most horrid Vengeance should appease the dreadful Fury of his Wrath.

To all which *Silvius* asserted his ready Approbation; but above all Things, he advised him not to proceed to the Execution of any of those mighty Undertakings, till he was sure that he had recovered his Eye-sight. But (as is the natural Result of Conquests and Defeats in War) as much as the Vanquished have Cause to mourn and lament their unhappy Fate, let it spring from whatsoever Cause it may, the same Degree of elevated Gladness consequently swells the transported Soul of the exulting Conquerors: So

was

was it here; for as much as the defeated Captain grieved in the Disgrace of his shameful Overthrow, as highly did the triumphant Parson (notwithstanding his equal Bruises) glory in the Honour and Success of his Conquest.

So is it after the Battle of two most potent Armies, which having first spent their best Blood and Strength in the utmost Emulation for the Credit of the Field, at length, each being worn out by the Heat, Power, and Weight of the War, they consent, as it were, to draw off together, and without any Advantage, but what arises in their different Imaginations, they leave the bloody Spot behind them, a senseless and inhuman Monument of their Punishment and Folly.

### C H A P. XIII.

*Wherein poor Pewit falls into another unexpected Disaster.*

**P**OOOR *Pewit* had scarcely entered the Town, with a very sore Head, and a grievous heavy Heart, before he was taken into Custody by virtue of a Warrant from Mr. Alderman *Lumber*, for the Insult and Abuse which *Silvius* had before rendered him under that Name. Never was Creature more astonished than he was, when the Constable informed

formed him of his Crime. But it was all in vain to plead his Innocence there ; the Constable told him, that if he was not the Person guilty of the Offence, he must make that appear before the Alderman, and doubtless it would be sufficient to clear him, and put him again at Liberty : But perhaps that was not so easy to be done as the honest Constable imagined, for the gouty Alderman was no sooner told that the Offender was taken, but he swore a very majestic Oath, that he would then make an Example of the insolent and audacious Impostor. Indeed, one thing that was now greatly against poor *Pewit*, was, that for Height and Size, he was just such another made Lad as the Impostor *Silvius* ; but he was so disguised in Blood, that his own Mother could not have sworn to his Face ; and which, perhaps, contributed not a little to confirm the Alderman in his Suspicions of his being in every Respect a very sad Fellow : And who, being now settled in the Judgment-seat, ordered the Delinquent to be brought before him. As soon as he beheld poor *Pewit's* smeared Face, he harangued him to this Effect :

So, Master *Isaac*, you have been at your Rogue's Tricks again, I see. Well, what do you think of dressing and shaving the Ass, now ? What ! I suppose you thought that you should  
never

never be found out? ha! I warrant, you imagined that the King's Justice of the Peace had not Wit enough to deal with a saucy block-headed Footman! did you? But, pray good Master *Pewit*, what is become of your Livery? I should be glad to know what mighty Atchievement has brought you into that sweet Pickle? Come, Sir, please to give me some little Account of yourself, for I am resolved now to have a better Understanding of who and what you are, than when we met last. How came you by that Blood about you? Did you desist the Constable? You were afraid, I suppose, of coming to a Reck'ning with me, were you? Come, tell me the Truth, and it may be the better for you; but if you tell me a single Lie, and I find you out in't, you shall certainly go to Jail. How did you get all that Blood, pray?—Why, Sir, said Mr. *Pewit*, I was just now walking upon the Verge of the *Severn*, in *Pitchcraft*, and a blust'ring, swearing Officer, and another Fellow, came up to me, and swore a thousand Oaths, that as how I was a Poet, and had published a Copy of Verses about him; and, without making any more ado, he fell upon me, and has almost murdered me; but I shall trounce him for it, yet, before I have done with him.—Ay, this is a very likely Story, indeed! returned the Alderman; I fancy you think that  
you



IV. Ch. 13. *Captain GREENLAND.* III

you are dressing and shaving the Afs now, don't you? I don't know what you mean, Sir, said *Pewit*.—Don't you, Sir, replied the Justice, but I'll make you understand me, before I have done with you. Pray, who sent you here, yesterday, in the Character of a Footman, to insult me, and call me Names in my own House, you saucy Rascal! Is the King's Magistrate to be made a Scoff and a Ridicule of? ha!—Sir, said *Pewit*, I can assure your Worship, that as how I never was in your House since I was born, till now, nor never had a Livery upon my Back since I was born; and you are as much mistaken in your Man, as the Captain shall find he was, when he diverted himself just now, so freely, at the Expence of my Bones.—And so you think to come off, that way, do you, cry'd the Justice; but I fancy you'll find yourself mistaken in your Turn. Pray, Sir, what may be your pretty Name?—*Isaac Pewit*, replied he.—Very well, Sir! said the Justice; and so you don't remember being here in this Room with me, yesterday? Well, well, may-be I may be mistaken; but we shall see that presently. Here, *Betty*! (cry'd the Justice to his Maid) do you remember any thing of this young Fellow's being here yesterday, disguised like a Footman, and how he abused me?—Sir, said the Maid, I don't know whether it be the same Person,

Person, because I can't see his Face ; but he is just such another kind of Man, for all the world. Why, said the Alderman, that is the thing, now ! the Rascal can't deny his Name, but thinks to make his Escape through a dirty Face, as he did yesterday with a brazen one ; but you shall find, Sir, that old *Lumber* knows a little better Things. Come, Sir, if you'll confess who set you on, and make me a sufficient Acknowledgment of your Fault, it shall be the better for you ; but if you don't, by all that's good, you shall go to Jail directly.—To Jail, Sir, said *Pewit*, be it at your Peril to send me to Jail ! I'd have you to know, as how I am a Gentleman, and am ignorant and innocent too of all you are pleased to charge me with ; and I am a Gentleman born, and a Lawyer by Profession ; and if you dare to send me to Jail, I'll trounce you for it to some Purpose. Will you so, Sir ? cry'd the Justice, we'll try that then, since you come to Defiance ; and, without more ado, he made his *Mittimus*, and committed him that Instant to the Castle.

C H A P. XIV.

*Containing the Conclusion of the Fourth Book.*

THE two blind Combatants being safely conveyed Home to their different Habitations, *Wilful* and *Silvius* repaired to their Appointment at Mr. *Wilful's* the Bookfeller, where Mr. *Greenland* and his Wife were also invited to meet and sup with their Son *Silvius* and some particular Friends, to take their Leave of him, before Mr. *Robert* and he set forth on their next Day's Journey in the Stage-coach for *London*; and indeed they had waited there with a great deal of Impatience some Time for their coming: But when those Adventurers had acquainted the whole Company with a full and particular Account of the Business that had so long detained them from the Pleasure of that Junction, their Story made a full Amends for the Grief of their Absence; not one of them but what expressed the highest Wonder and Laughter at the Relation of this whimsical Exploit, and more especially when they read over to them the Copy of a Letter which they intended to send those simple Instruments, when they should have accomplished as much of their Journey as the City of  
*Oxford;*

*Oxford*; and which they judged necessary not to do sooner, lest any Method should be discovered whereby they might stop their Progress. For they were not quite certain, but that those Letters which they had already wrote and sent to those bloody Champions, in each other's Name, as well as *Silvius's* proceeding with Mr. Justice *Lumber*, under the Name of *Isaac Pewit*, were not a little perilous. And which was the very Reason why they pitched on the last Day of their Stay in that Country, for the Completion of that revengeful Scheme.

The following is the Substance of the Letter above-mentioned, which came to these Worthies Hands about three Days after, and which was full as soon as they could well see to read it; and which we desire to present to our Readers here, because when once we have taken our Leave of this pleasant City, we shall not chuse to return, till Business of far more Consequence shall urge us to it by Necessity.

To Captain *Philip Flame*, in the Honourable Colonel —— Regiment of Foot, in the City of *Worcester*.

*Most puissant, and valiant SIR,*

**W**E having been Witness both of your Wit, Prudence, Courage, and Valour, think it our most incumbent Duty, to make some little Enquiry

Ch. 14. Captain GREENLAND. 115

quiry after the present State of your battered Carcass; and, particularly, whether your bashful, or rather dastful Eyes, have been able to peep abroad since their late Confinement? For indeed, it is great Pity that such radiant, killing Instruments should draw such a mournful Cloud of cruel Darkness upon their own bright Lustre: However, if this severe and spiritual Drubbing, (which you may look upon as true Church-Discipline) should not improve your Understanding and Caution for the Future; we make but little Doubt, but that it will highly mend your Manners. But, as a ready Forgiveness to all our Enemies is an eminent Proof of a Greatness of Soul, as well as true Humanity, and a Christian Condescension; we wish you to have one friendly Interview with that reverend Gentleman, who took so much Pains to convince you of your vulnerable Subjection; as well as a Possibility of taming that wild and bouncing Spirit of yours, which you have so long and grossly mistook for Bravery. By which Method, if you will take the Pains to compare Notes; that is to say, examine each other's Letter, you will find that Mr. Gravairs was as far from challenging you to the Field, as you were from challenging him. And that it was only a Contrivance of a Couple of your best Friends, to make you reward the insolent Impertinence of each other; in order to work a Re-formation

*formation of Manners in you both. So wishing you the Benefit that was intended and desired towards you, by the Engineers of this most successful, and therefore satisfactory Contrivance, we remain your best Friends,*

*And always ready Servants, (on such Occasions)*

*Your two Seconds,*

R. WILFUL, and S. GREENLAND.

Another Epistle to the same Purpose, was also dedicated to the Reverend Mr. *Gravairs*; which, when they came to Hand, produced all the various Effects that the Authors of them could well expect. Such as Shame, Confusion, Indignation, Study of Revenge, and particularly, a perfect Reconciliation of the abused Parties. In-somuch that it was well for those plotting Scribes that they had so soon made their Escape: Or, otherwise, they might have suffered some Inconveniencies, which probably would have given them a sufficient Cause for Repentance. But being far enough out of their Reach before they made this Discovery; the poor sorely bruised Gentlemen could obtain no higher Satisfaction in the midst of their Resentment, than to console and comfort each other with their mutual

For-



Forgiveness. And so we shall return to our Hero *Silvius*, who also, at the same time, sent a Couple of small Billets, to Mr. Justice *Lumber* and Mr. *Pewit*, who was still in Prison, to unriddle the whole Affair concerning that Imposition; and which ended very luckily for the latter: for upon this Discovery, the infallible Justice thought proper to make it up with him, at the Expence of 200*l.* for false Imprisonment, &c. And now, none but Mr. *Greenland* and his Wife, except Mr. *Robert Wilful*, knew of *Silvius's* being bound for any further Voyage than the famous Port of *London*; which made most of the Company a good deal surprized at the extraordinary Expression of her Grief at Parting; and especially when she wept forth many Lamentations, according to the common Dictates of the Mother's tender Affections, that she should never see her dear Child again: Which Fears her Husband, the Farmer, endeavoured to comfort her in, as well as to dispossess her of. But her grievous Complainings occasioned Mr. *Scribblewell* to demand how long he intended to make his Stay? And, being answered that it was quite uncertain, for that he was going to make a kind of Launch into the World, to seek his Fortune; the old Gentleman replied to him,—Well! my Boy! Be always cautious what new Acquaintance you  
con-

contract, and support the Spirit of honest open Sincerity. But yet, be sure have a Care who you entrust with your Secrets. The World is censorious, avaricious, and deceitful; but thou hast Courage and Understanding enough, to make thy Way through all the petty Rascality in the World. And as thou wert the very best Apprentice I ever yet had, here is five Guineas to improve thy present Hopes. This generous Contribution was immediately followed by the Addition of ten Guineas from his Father; with likewise a very affectionate Portion of useful Exhortations and Documents from the same Person. All which being received by *Silvius* with a very becoming Behaviour; he now considered that it might not be very prudent to trust all this Cash to the perilous Hazard of the Roads: And therefore, as he was surveying this unexpected Treasure, with some comfortable Reflexions, he wished to convert it into some safer Change of equal Value; when his Cousin *Scribblewell* immediately answered his Wish, by offering him a Bill for whatever Money he pleased. *Silvius* thanked him, and desired the Favour of one for those fifteen Guineas which he had just received; adding, that what little Money he had to spare, over and above his travelling Calculation, he had sent before him with his Apparel, &c. to *London*. Upon which

which Mrs. *Greenland*, as she was sitting close by her Son, gave him a gentle Twitch, and slip't into his Hand five Guineas more; which now occasioned *Silvius* to demand a larger Bill, saying — I believe Sir, I may as well trouble you for a Bill of twenty Guineas, for now I recollect myself, I have more Money about me than I thought I had: And I do not care how little I have in my Pocket when I come to *London*, so long as I am ready provided for there. Here Mr. *Scribblewell* by his own Advice, drew him a Bill for twenty Guineas, payable ten Days after Date: So that in case any Accident should happen to it, he might stop Payment, and send him immediate Word of it.

And now all Things being settled between them; and having spent the Night with as much Jocularity as possible, till about eleven of the Clock, the old Dons thought it proper to break up the Assembly; that the young Travellers might have a little Rest before they set out in the Morning. And that they might not disturb any Body else on that Account, or be so served themselves before the utmost Minute required it, they had bespoke a Bed at the Inn from whence the Stage-Coach was to set out.

So that the last Ceremonies of parting being now repeated with the utmost Sincerity and Affection

fection on every Side ; our Heroes made their Exit, in Order to finish their short Residence in that City, at the aforefaid Inn : And where, although, their Spirits were too high and busy to admit much Sleep, we fhall here exactly copy the complaisant Example of the polite Chamberlain ; and wifhing them a happy Repofe, we fhall not fail to vifit them again, with a feafonable Rouze in the Morning.

*The END of the FOURTH BOOK.*

THE



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF

Capt. *GREENLAND.*

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BOOK V.

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CHAP. I.

*Silvius and Wilful set forth in the Stage-coach; an Account of their Fellow-Travel-  
lers, who, and what they were, and  
of some Part of their particular Beha-  
viour.*

*SILVIUS and Wilful, as we observed be-  
fore, having taken Places in the Stage-coach,  
lay together that Night at the Inn; and about  
three o'Clock next Morning, they set out for  
London. There were in the Stage-coach, be-*

VOL. II.

G

sides

sides our *two* Heroes, one who called himself *Captain Log-line*, a huge rough kind of Gentleman, who had been many Years a Sea Officer, and who, to all Appearance, was very fit for that Employment, being naturally of a blunt, *brave* Disposition, and in every Respect a downright *Tar*. He was now returning from *Herefordshire*; where, he told them, he had been stowing of his Father's Hull, who had lately flip'd his Cable, and put to Sea without any Chart, Compass, Navigating-Instruments, or Provision.

Those *three* Persons made exactly half of the Stage-coach Compliment; for there remained besides, as yet unaccounted, a reverend *Divine*, and *two* Ladies; the elder of which last, was own Mother to the other; and who was by Profession a Sister to the sagacious universal Producer of all Things, vulgarly called a *Midwife*. This worthy and necessary Person, whose Bulk was that of the first Magnitude, and whose *true*, or otherwise *fictitious* Name was *Cantwell*, had (doubtless by the Help of Inspiration) been happily called by the true enlivening Grace of the Spirit, to be one of the Number of the *new* Select; that is to say, according to their vulgar Appellation, a *Methodist*. This good Woman and her Daughter, which last was about the Age of fifteen, were bound for the City of  
*Oxford,*



*Oxford*, in order to attend the Lying-in (as we afterwards learn'd) of a Gentleman's Wife who was intimately acquainted with her; and who, being of the same Persuasion, had dreamt that she should be delivered of a *Male Child*, who should hereafter root out of the Land all *Heresies* and Prophanation whatever, and should perfectly establish the *true* and *pure* Church of Christ. This good Dream also instructed her, that this pious Sister, Mrs. *Cantwell*, should safely deliver her of this hopeful *Babe* of Grace, by reason of whose Birth the whole Nation should hereafter rejoice.

These six Sojourners being now placed and settled in the Coach, took their Leaves of the City of *Worcester*, and set forward after the accustomed Manner of such travelling Carriages. The *Parson* craved a Blessing on their Journey, the *Midwife* pray'd for a *safe* Delivery, her *Daughter*, with a great Sigh, cry'd, *Amen*; and the Captain concluded with—Ay, *d—mn* my Heart! I don't care how soon we get to *Port*. Poor *Silvius* and *Wilful* remained in Silence, for they had each of them many Things which now more earnestly engaged their Thoughts, and which fettered down their Tongues in a perfect Taciturnity.

Having now advanced on their Way about half an Hour's Space, the poor *Clergyman*, being

somewhat fatigued with Over-watching, or Praying, or both, or neither, fell into a most comfortable Sleep, which was sufficiently communicated to his Fellow-travellers, by his bellowing forth such horrid *Snorings*, that the *Captain* could not forbear exclaiming—Damnation! this is like being birth'd in the Forecastle with the *Hogs*. At which the *fat Midwife* replied, in a more pious Strain—Good Heaven forgive your poor Soul! but I fear, Sir, that you are in a very unhappy State.—The *Captain*, who imagined that she meant nothing more than his Situation in the Coach, returned—Madam, I am obliged to you; but, by G—d! I am something the better for not being in the same Birth with yourself; for, damn my Heart, if I don't think but that we shall founder, by and by, by being over burdened.—Ay! over-burdened indeed! replied Mrs. *Cantwell*, the Lord forgive us for it! for, without his Assistance, I'm sure we are in a very sad Way.—A sad Way! damn my Heart, if I understand you, returned the *Captain*; what d'you mean by being in a sad Way? we have good Roads and Fair-weather, and I suppose the Fellow that *steers* us knows the Course, and what he is about; and then, if so be that it's so, d'you see, what the Devil can we complain of? It is not like our being out at Sea in a creachy Ship with a sick Crew, bad Weather,

Ch. I. *Captain GREENLAND.* 125

Weather, and no Provisions ; then, indeed, you might think yourself in a bad Way, but—Just at that Instant the Coachman setting off with a little more Life than ordinary, the Captain burst out in an Extasy—Damn my Heart ! Madam, here's a fine Gale sprung up for you ! D'you complain of being in a sad Way now ? This Wind, if it holds, will carry us to *Oxford* in less than five Hours.—At this sudden Gust of the enraptured *Captain*, which was accompanied with a very heavy Groan from the old Lady, the composed *Parson*, with the utmost Surprise and sudden Palpitations, starting from his Sleep, with his Eyes about half open, sigh'd out—Lord, receive our Spirits !—At this pious Ejaculation, the whole Congregation, except the *Midwife* and her *Daughter*, burst into a hearty Fit of Laughing ; and which Chorus, their Eyes being all fixed so directly on the *Parson's* Face, filled him with much wondering at what he had done ; nor could he for his Life conceive what might be the Cause of their extraordinary Laughter : But the *Captain* observing him at this Loss, in order to ease his doubtful guessing, began to expound to him thus :—I suppose, *Master Parson*, by your fearful crying out in your Sleep, that as how you were hoisted into a very dangerous Dream, either that you were shipwreck'd, or founder'd, or blow'n up, or some such thing,

but you see that you need not to continue your Fright, for we have a good steady Gale, and go after the Rate of *six or seven \* Knots* at least.

Here Miss *Cantwell*, who had not as yet opened her Mouth, being very busy in her Thoughts, on perhaps a more material Subject, not rightly understanding the *Captain's* Meaning in the Word *Knots*, replied to him, with some affected Pertness—I don't know what you mean, Sir, by your *six or seven Knots*! I am sure that neither my *Mamma*, nor *myself*, have so many *Knots* about us, that you need to *faternize* us; but you may be as *satirical* as you please, it is God only knows the Heart.—Damn my Heart! Child, replied the *Captain*, but you are right; for I believe no body else knows what you mean.—Why, Sir, returned the *Mother*, the Girl, I believe, thought that you were speaking of our *Breast-knots*; but I hope, Sir, you will excuse her; she is but young yet. My Dear, said she, speaking to the Girl, you must not be so forward; remember what *Solomon* says, *In the Multitude of Words there wanteth not Sin; but he that refraineth his Lips is wise.*

Here Miss blush'd, (which Emendation became her extremely well, for she was otherwise a little inclined to the *fallow*) and at this Rebuke she seemed to be somewhat out of Countenance; which

\* A Sea Term for Miles.

which *Silvius* observing, and also that she had bestowed upon him several good-natured Glances before; to give her an Opportunity for recovering herself, he instantly changed the Subject, by enquiring of the *Captain* whether he had been a great while from Sea. — A great while! yes, Sir, replied the *Captain*, longer, I hope, than I shall ever be again; for, damn my Heart, if I ben't tired on't; I have spent more Money in idling about to please a Pack of Rascals, than I shall get again in a Two-years Voyage. — I presume, Sir, quoth *Silvius*, that it was at your own Option to chuse whether you would do so or not. — No, damn my Heart, wa'n't it! replied the *Captain*, I was link'd into it by an Affair that will be my Ruin, for aught I know. — Heav'n forbid, Sir! answered *Silvius*, I hope not. But, pray Sir, may I make bold to ask you how that happened? — Why, you must know, Sir, replied the *Captain*, that I had the Ill-luck to be present at a famous *Sea-fight* in the *Mediterranean*, when we had the finest Opportunity of making one of the most glorious Day's-work that the Sun ever beheld; but by the Misunderstanding of two damn'd Scoundrels! the *Honour*, *Glory*, and *Benefit* of *Great-Britain*, which might that Day have been won, was, by their *Villainy*, changed to our everlasting Disgrace! for, instead of bringing thirty or

forty *French* and *Spanish* Men of War with us, *Prisoners*, into *England*, we stood and saw our poor Fellow-subjects cut and blow'd to Pieces, and durst not set a Sail to their Assistance. And all the Satisfaction that we had for the Loss of this glorious Opportunity, was, that those two Rascals, afore-mentioned, were ordered to take their Trials for their Ill-behaviour at a C—t-M—l; where, I was told by one of the *Clerks*, that it cost the Nation above an hundred thousand Pounds, besides other Inconveniencies, to give those two Men a most pompous and illustrious Opportunity, by all the villainous Applications and Practices imaginable, to clear themselves of the most palpable and capital Rogury that ever was transacted \*, and which there were 40,000 Witnesses of their committing.—Forty thousand Witnesses ! Lord have Mercy upon us ! cry'd Mrs. *Cantwell*, there never were half so many Witnesses at any Trial yet, since the beginning of the World, nor never will be, till the last *General Assize*, when we shall all of us be called to our Trial, and all the Nations of the Earth shall be Witnesses against one another.—Shall they ? then, damn my Heart ! replied the *Captain*, but they'll all be condemn'd ! for I never knew two Countries yet, that could give  
one

\* This was the common Discourse of many of the Sailors about that Time.



one another a good Word. But I did not mean, Madam, said he to Mrs. *Cantwell*, that there were forty thousand Witnesses called at their Trials, but that there were so many who were Witnesses of their Ill-behaviour, for which they were brought to their Trials; for our Enemies that were there present, were all Witnesses of our Behaviour, as well as ourselves.

C H A P. II.

*Containing the Prosecution of their present Discourse, with a drousy Mistake of the Parson's.*

**B**UT, pray Sir, said *Silvius* to the *Captain*, how could the Ill-conduct of those two Gentlemen affect you in so sensible a Manner as you speak of?—Why, Sir, returned the *Captain*, because I was detained in Town six Months for an Evidence, when otherwise I should have been out at Sea at the same Time; but having declared what I saw and knew of the Matter, to a Fellow, which I afterwards found was sent on purpose to pump me, and to sound what I would say in the Case when I should come before the Court, they thought it not proper to examine me: So after six Months Loss of Time, I was told that there would be

no want of my Evidence, and that my Ship must be dock'd before I could proceed to Sea with her. But the true Reason why they did not want my Evidence, as I afterwards heard, was, because I should have delivered what would not have been very much to the Credit or Advantage of either of them, but especially to him who bore the chief Command. And as for the other, according to what I in part know, and have otherwise heard, he was no better than a lubbarly Coward! for, damn my Heart! but his *Wife* was the best *Admiral*, by half, and has brought him to many a time.—He was as afraid of her, as a *Trading-vessel* is of an *Algerine*.—Well, Sir, replied Mrs. *Cantwell*, and Courage in a Woman is no very bad thing, neither, if it be properly and religiously made use of; for we read of many such Things in the Scriptures, and in particular, how the Widow *Judeth* cut off the Head of *Holofernes* with her own Hand, and thereby saved and delivered her whole Country.—What Country was that done in? demanded the *Captain*.—I don't remember the Name of the Place, returned the good Woman, but you may read of it in the *Apocrapha*; the Place was besieged by a vast! vast Army! which was commanded by this *Holofernes*; and *Judeth*, who was a *Widow*, and exceeding fair, undertook to deliver the City; and after making  
use

use of what Arts she thought most convenient, she at length found an Opportunity to cut off the General's Head, and to carry it away with her. I suppose this Gentleman, continued she, (meaning the *Parson*, who was again compos'd to sleep) can tell us the Name of the Place where it was done.—Damn my Heart! reply'd the *Captain*, if I believe such a Thing was ever done in any Part of *Europe*. It's only some fudg'd-up old Woman's Story; hatch'd by some rascally *Bookseller*, on purpose to put a little Money into his own Pocket: For damn my Heart! if there has been any such a General kill'd in any of our late Wars.——No! Sir, answer'd Mrs. *Cantwell*, I believe so; this, that I have been speaking of, was done in the Time of the Old Testament.

Ay, ay, return'd the *Captain*, I don't know but such a Thing might have been done in some of your old Battles that were fought between the *Egyptians* and the *Wild-Irish*, or the *Jews* and the *Greeks*; or some of those People a great while ago; but if any of the *English* or *French* Generals had been serv'd such a damn'd Whore's Trick, we should have heard of it often enough.

Here Mrs. *Cantwell* took a seasonable Opportunity of reminding the *Captain* what a great Pity and Shame it was, that the Gentlemen of  
the

the *Navy* and *Army* should make such a wicked and terrible Practice of profane *Cursing* and *Swearing*, to ruin their poor Souls, and to do themselves no good.—Damn my Heart! reply'd the *Captain*, what's that to any body, if we don't do any body no harm by it? Our Swearing is like some other People's Praying, perhaps; for if we swear, it is only through Custom, and we think no harm; and when they pray it has the same Effect, because they have the very same Meaning in it. And therefore, in my Mind, they are both of them *Sins alike*.

This atheistical Declaration of the *Captain's* put Mrs. *Cantwell* out of all Patience; and made her run over a whole Catalogue of scriptural Documents for the Practice, Example, Authority, and Necessity of frequent Praying. And the *Captain*, in return, quoted as many Observations and Customs made at *Sea*. Such as, that the *Chaplain*, if he was any thing of a good Fellow, was generally the most *drunken* and reprobate Man in the Ship; and also, that he was frequently the most remiss in the Office of *Praying*; being generally very unwilling to leave the Exercise of the *Bottle* or *Bowl*, for that of the Common-Prayer-Book. That it was a Maxim in the Navy, whenever they set Sail, on a Voyage, to leave the *Chaplain* behind

behind them if they could; by reason that it was very seldom, he said, that any of them are either fit for Companions, or of any *real Use* to the Ship's Company. And not only so, but it was also remarkable, that the Voyage was generally more prosperous without them, than with them. This so roused her Temper that she could not help telling the *Captain* that he was an *Atheist* and a *Heathen*! and that it was a melancholy Case for a Christian to reflect on; but that it was nevertheless too true, that the *Sailors* were all of them in a State of *Damnation*.—Ay, reply'd the *Captain*, and if it were not for the *Sailors*, this Kingdom would soon be in a *damnation State*, I can tell you that.——No, Sir, answer'd Mrs. *Cantwell*, if there were not a Sailor in the whole World, God would always protect his *chosen* People. Pray, Sir, continued she, who led the Children of *Israel* through the *Red-Sea*, without the Help of *Sailors*?—I don't know any thing of that, return'd the *Captain*, but I suppose it's some such Story, as Peoples laying of *Ghosts* in the *Red-Sea*. And Damn my Heart; but you may as well think of catching *Red-Herrings* there.

Here *Silvius* and *Wilful* could not help smiling; and Miss was going on, with great Eagerness, to confirm the laying of *Ghosts* in the *Red-Sea*, by telling a Story, which she  
affirm'd

affirm'd for Truth, and appeal'd to her *Mother* for a Testimony; when the good Woman, no longer able to bear the *Captain's* Blasphemy (as she call'd it) interrupted her Daughter, saying,—Lord! Child, what signifies preaching Truth and Scripture, and such Things, to People who are not in a fit State to receive them? They must wait the Call of *Grace* first, before they can benefit any thing by our Discourse.—Damn your Discourse! reply'd the Captain, do you think I came o' board the Coach here for the Sake of your Discourse?—No, Sir, reply'd *Miss*, nor my *Mamma* and I did not come here to be abused by a Person who may be a *Reprobird*, or a *Jew*, for aught we know.——I am sure, rejoin'd Mrs. *Cantwell*, I should expect more christianly Behaviour from a Gentleman of your Appearance, than to make Game, and abuse the *Scripture*, and the *Clergy*, and all *Religion*, and good Folks, and *Grace*, and every thing else: And what's more than all that, in the Presence of a *Clergyman*, who is by, and in the same Coach with you all the while. I must needs say, that it's very scrubilous, and not like a Man of Honour: And I wish the Gentleman was *awake* to vindicate himself. For to say those things before his Face, when you know he's asleep, is the same thing as to speak them behind his Back  
when



when he's awake: and is as unlawfully and unchristianly.

The shrill Noise that she made, with her impetuous Rage, awaked the good *Parson*; who, being alarm'd with certain Sounds of *Scripture*, *Religion*, the *Clergy*, &c. which whisper'd his charm'd Senses that the *Church* was in danger, he, rubbing his Eyes with both his Hands, demanded, with great Surprize and Impatience, what was the Matter?—To which the *Captain* reply'd,——Why the poor Woman here has rais'd an evil and tempestilent Spirit, I think, and wants you to lay it for her in the *Red-Sea*. *Bob Wilful*, who had hitherto heartily and tacitly enjoy'd the whole foregoing Harrangue, and rightly supposing that, now she had summon'd the *Doctor* to her Assistance, the *Captain* would, very probably, be overmatch'd, resolv'd to lift under his Colours; and therefore, without more ado, presented Mrs. *Cantwell* with the first Broadside.——I suppose, said he, that if the Lady wish'd her Spirit to be laid in the *Red-Sea*, she would like it should be laid either in a Sea of good *Red-Wine*, or in *Raspberry*, or *Cherry-Brandy*. For those are Elements that the Sex do generally take very great delight in.—To which the *Parson*, reply'd (between Sleep and awake) Sir, it's a gross Mistake and a most impious Abuse. It was never administer'd in  
either

either *Raspberry*, or *Cherry-Brandy* in this World. It's absolutely repugnant to the Institution of it. Which Answer, set the whole Company, except the *Parson* himself, in a second Fit of Laughter. And even *Madam*, and *Miss*, in despite of their Resolution to the contrary, could not avoid their visible Signs of a most cruel and wilfully *murder'd* Concurrence.

When their Countenances were again composed, the *Doctor*, without attempting another Word, endeavour'd to recompose himself in another nap of sleep; and the Ladies remaining silent, our Friend *Wilful* (in order to keep up the Spirit of Conversation) demanded of the *Captain*, what our Readers may find in the following Chapter.

### C H A P. III.

*Containing a reasonable Supposition of the Author; and the Relation of a very noble Exploit of the Captain's.*

**W**E may doubtless, here, very well suppose that our judicious *Readers* are sufficiently tir'd by travelling with the above Company through the foregoing Chapter; and therefore, since we are not, as yet, disposed to put the *Travellers* to Breakfast; we conceive

ceive that we ought in all Reason and Pity to allow our Readers a sufficient baiting or Resting-place, as we have done by the Close of the last Chapter : lest they should either fall asleep over it ; or through Impatience, throw the Book into the Fire, or play some other Prank, not at all to our present Interest, or future Credit. Which we having (as we hope) prudently and timely prevented ; shall now with all convenient Speed, inform them, that our Friend *Wilful* had a most desirable Longing to be a little further inform'd of our good *Captain's* History, in which, he was greatly possess'd that he should hear something worth listening to. And if he was not deceived in this Suggestion, we consequently apprehend, that it may be as worthy of the Perusal of our *Readers* ; and which is our principal Reason for inserting it here.

The *Parson* being again fast bound up in the soft Web of Sleep, and the Females both employ'd in a silent Study of Revenge, our Friend *Wilful*, as we have said, in order to set the Wheel of Conversation again in Motion, demanded of the *Captain*, whether he was not fond of travelling in a *Stage-Coach* ? The *Captain* reply'd, No, D—mn my Heart, I hate it. The last time I came from *Portsmouth* to *London*, I had like to have been robbed in

a *Stage Coach*. For you must know that I am pretty fat, and I don't much understand travelling a Horseback; because I han't been used to it. And at that Time your *Post-Chaises* weren't in fashion; so that I was obliged to go in a *Stage-Coach*, whether I would, or not. And so to amuse Time a little, I'll tell you the whole Story.

“ You know, Sir, what Time the Stage-  
“ Coaches generally *set sail*, and we weighed  
“ *Anchor* at the usual Hour, as you may ima-  
“ gine; but there was Nobody on board of the  
“ Coach, at that Time, but myself. How-  
“ ever, the Wind was fair, and we run about  
“ six or seven *Knots*,”—here Miss *Cantwell* gave  
the *Captain* a gloomy kind of a Glance, and  
then cast her Eyes suddenly upon her Fingers,  
which were than playing with her Apron-  
Strings,—“ but when we were come about ten  
“ or twelve Leagues, continued the *Captain*,  
“ and were standing off from *Godliming*, the  
“ *Coachman* informed me, that there was a  
“ damn'd bold *Pirate* upon the Road, not  
“ above a *Knot* or two before us. And that  
“ he always carried a matter of four or five  
“ *Guns*, besides a large *Swivel*, which he wore  
“ slung under his left Arm: and that he and  
“ his Horse generally lay to, upon the Top  
“ of an high Hill, under a great Tree. From  
“ whence

“ whence he had a commanding Prospect of all  
 “ the Road for a great way, and consequently  
 “ of all that pass’d by him. Now, Sir, you  
 “ must know that I never travel without *Arms*;  
 “ and therefore, I determin’d that if he at-  
 “ tack’d me, I would give him *Battle*. In  
 “ order for which, I commanded the *Coach-*  
 “ *man* to keep a good *Lookout*, and to acquaint  
 “ me when he saw him under *Sail*. But he re-  
 “ ply’d it was a thousand to one but that I  
 “ should see him myself, upon the Hill afore-  
 “ said. Accordingly, in about half a Glass\*,  
 “ I saw him, as he had inform’d me, underneath  
 “ the great Tree, and his Horse in his Hand.  
 “ Upon which the *Coachman* called out to me,  
 “ There he is, Sir, and he has robbed me five  
 “ Times within this Fortnight, and will very  
 “ soon be with us; for he *sails* at a damn’d  
 “ Rate. At this, I bid him stand to his *Hal-*  
 “ *liard*†. and not fear him. And so I began to  
 “ clear *afore* and *ast*, and make myself ready for  
 “ an Engagement. Now, Sir, you must know, that  
 “ we had a sort of a Leathern-Hanging to the En-  
 “ trance-Port of the Coach, which I draw’d close,  
 “ and fresh priming my Pistols and Blunderbuss,  
 “ (which I never travel without) I placed myself  
 “ facing the Stern of the Coach, and pointed my  
 “ Blun-

\* A Glass is half an Hour.

† Meaning the Horses Bridles.

“ Blunderbuss over the Edge of the Entrance-  
“ Port ; but did not run it out, lest he should see  
“ it and *sheer off*. At length, the *Coachman* cry'd  
“ out to me.—Now he comes !—I according-  
“ ly peep'd out, and saw him under full *Sail* ;  
“ and giving us *chase* as hard as he could well  
“ croud. In short, he soon came up with us,  
“ and running directly along-side the *Coachman*,  
“ he bid him, *unrein* : which was a Term I  
“ did not at all understand ; but imagin'd that  
“ it was a Signal to bring to ; because it con-  
“ cerned the Management of the Horses *Rigging*.  
“ No sooner had he thus hail'd the *Coachman*,  
“ but he dropt along-side *me*, and, as I per-  
“ ceiv'd, with a Resolution to board me. But  
“ d——n my Heart ! some way or other, in my  
“ hurry, I run out the Muzzle of my Blunderbuss  
“ so far, that he perceiv'd I was in a Readiness  
“ to engage, and that very Moment, started  
“ back almost half a Cable's length. I know  
“ not what the Devil was the Reason of it, but  
“ I had not power to fire at him while I was  
“ aboard the Coach ; but I immediately run back  
“ the Leathern-Curtains, (which were before  
“ drawn close) open'd the Coach-Door, and  
“ jump'd ashore, with my Blunderbuss in my  
“ Hand. He no sooner saw me getting-out in  
“ that damn'd hurry, but he row'd some little  
“ way off, and then *lay-to*. Now, it was not  
“ for



Ch. 3. Captain GREENLAND. 141

“ for the Value of what I had to lose, (I be-  
“ lieve about seventeen or eighteen Guineas,  
“ which I had in a green Purse) but I thought  
“ it a Scandal, that a Gentleman who had the  
“ Honour of commanding one of his *Majesty's*  
“ Ships of War, should suffer himself to be  
“ boarded and plunder'd by a *single* Fellow;  
“ and therefore, being a little warm and hasty,  
“ I got out of the Coach, and saluted my  
“ Enemy thus:—D—n my Heart, but you  
“ are a cowardly Rascal! and a d—n'd mean-  
“ spirited Villain! you Scoundrel you! you  
“ lurk about the Course here, to plunder every  
“ poor Creature you meet, that have nothing  
“ at all to defend themselves; but you dare  
“ not engage with one that is able to encounter  
“ with you. Here, you *Rascal*! if you dare  
“ fight for it, win it and wear it. With that  
“ I pull'd out my Purse and Money, and flung  
“ it upon the Ground between us; but the  
“ faint hearted D—g durst as well be d—n'd as  
“ come near me. So after I had sworn myself  
“ pretty well out of Wind, I ran towards him  
“ with my cock'd Blunderbuss ready in my  
“ Hand; but he that very Moment tack'd  
“ about, and sheer'd off. I now pick'd up my  
“ Purse, and went again o'board the Coach;  
“ but d—n my Heart! I can't forgive myself  
“ for not saluting the Rascal with one Broad-  
“ side,

“ side, as soon as he made his first Signal to  
 “ the *Coachman*. Now, Sir, give me leave (con-  
 “ tinued he) to observe to you, that I think the  
 “ Admiralty of the Peace, should station some  
 “ proper People *well fitted out*, to cruise upon  
 “ those Roads, and to clear them of these d—n’d  
 “ *Pirates*.”

## C H A P. IV.

*Containing a very surprizing Accident.*

WHEN the *Captain* had thus ended his Story, Mrs. *Cantwell*, who had heard it with very great Attention, began to wax extremely uneasy at it; and having taken Notice in the Course of the Story; particularly, of his always travelling with Fire-arms; demanded of him, with great Timidity, whether he had now those *Pistols* with him in the Coach, or not? To which the *Captain* answered that he had; and the *Blunderbluffs* too: And that he never did, nor never would travel without them.

Scarce had he ended these Words, when the *Coachman*, with great Vociferation, called out to them all, to prepare themselves; for that they were pursued by *Highwaymen*; one of which was now within Sight of them, and was then calling out to him, with terrible Oaths and Imprecations

tions to stop: And that though he was some Distance off, yet he could plainly discern Something in his Hand, like a Gun, or a Carbine, or some such Thing. The Captain immediately looked out of the Coach, and saw a mean looking Fellow very badly mounted, come kicking his Kefel along after them, as hard as he could drive: And who by the Movements of his *Arms* and *Legs*, more resembled the Appearance of one flying than that of riding: And he could also discern (as the Coachman had reported) a *Firelock* in his Hand. When the News of their Pursuit was now absolutely confirmed; our humane Readers may very easily conceive our *Travellers* Confusion: The *Parson* was again disturbed from his Repose; (but now upon a more dreadful Occasion than heretofore) the *Midwife* fell to Prayers; *Miss* fell a crying; and the *Captain* (roaring out damn my Heart, I will soon sink that *Rascal!*) began to rummage about for his Fire-arms. *Silvius* and *Wilful* endeavoured to pacify and comfort the Ladies; and, at the same time, were preparing their own Offerings for this Collector. The *Parson* declared him an Enemy to Peace and Christianity; and affirmed that Thieving had ever been reckoned a capital Crime in all Ages; and, immediately quoted several Examples from the Scripture; and particularly, that of the two

*Thieves,*

*Thieves*, who were justly, he said, crucified with our *Saviour* : And, further added, that he thought all Sort of common *Thieves* and *Highwaymen* ought to be excommunicated the Church, as being a very great Scandal to the Christian Religion. And added, that if this was done, he did not in the least doubt, but that it would be a great Check to those Outrages ; and also, be a great means (when those abandoned Creatures should come to reflect on their being banished from their Faith) of reclaiming them, and bringing them back again to their Duty. However, as it was the Part of a Christian to pray for all Men ; and especially, for the Turning the Hearts of their Enemies ; so he did most earnestly beseech Heaven, so to turn the Heart of this Pursuer, that he might in time desist from his present Purpose, even, before he came up with the Coach ; and that he might not add to the Burden of his Sins, by committing such a Sacrilege as plundering any Person who had the least Office or Employment in the Church.

The good *Parson* had no sooner ended this Prayer, than the *Captain*, who had all this while been busily employed in searching for his Fire-arms, cried out in the utmost Fury, d---n my Heart ! I have lost my Blunderbuss and Pistols, I gave them to the Fellow that brought down my  
Port-

Ch. 4. *Captain* GREENLAND. 145

Portmanteau, to put them into the Coach : And now I suppose we shall all be robbed for want of them. But if we are, d--mn my Heart, if I don't make the Coachman tack about, and go quite back again to the Inn, where we left them. For curse me, if I would take ten Guineas for them. —Just at this Instant the Coach stopp'd short; occasioned by the aforesaid Fellow's being now with much ado come up with them; and damning the *Coachman* for not complying with his Demands sooner. The rest of the Passengers, while the *Captain* was employed in searching the Coach for his Fire-arms, had got ready all they intended as a Booty for the Highwayman. The *Clergyman* had about 30 Shillings in Money, a Silver Tobacco-Stopper, a Family Steel Tobacco-Box, and a Receipt to make Bitters; which was all his Treasure; and the three last Articles, he said, he never went any where without. Mrs. *Cantwell* had looked out an Ivory Nutmeg-Grater; a small silver Cawdle or Dram-Cup, a Pap-Spoon, the Cries of a Sinner, bound, (in 2 Leather-Case) the Life of Mr. *Whitefield*, and about 9 Shillings in Cash. Her Daughter had also prepared about 2 Shillings in Money, a handsome Pin-cushion, some small Child-bed Linnen, and Mr. *Row's* Callipædia, or the Art of getting beautiful Children; which

was the whole she had proposed to part with. *Silvius* and *Wilful* were not so piously provided as the two latter; but what precious Matters they had about them, were also in Readiness; so that none of them but the *Captain* were tardy in their Preparations against the evil Moment approached. Nor ought we by any means to pass over in Silence the different Agitations which at that Time seemed to invade them; as well as the different Sentiments they then expressed. The good *Doctor* declared, that, though he sincerely believed, that the Christian-Religion was the most pure and holy of any in the known World; yet, he could not help saying, that he thought it a little faulty and unnatural in some Particulars: And, especially, where we are commanded that, *if a Man should take away your Cloak; you shall give him your Coat, also.* This he affirmed was a dangerous Proposition, and especially, in any Place that contained such a kind of Merchandise as that of *Monmouth-Street*. And that, if there had not been an especial Act of Parliament against Thieving, (and which absolutely destroyed that Part of the Christian-Law) not a Salesman in all that Business, he said, would be able to keep a Coat in his Shop; or, even to his Back either. And as for that of *turning one Side of your Face to him who has just smote*  
the



Ch. 4. Captain GREENLAND. 147

*the other*, I must confess, continued he, although I am no fighting Man, it hath greatly the Appearance of Insensibility, or Cowardice; and is somewhat repugnant to Nature.—To this Mrs. *Cantwell* replied,—it may, Sir, perhaps seem a little repugnant to Reason and Nature, and all that, as you say, but it is doubtfully right for all that. And we ought to humble ourselves, and submit to what is ordained for us.—While the foregoing Discourse passed, the *Coachman* (seeing the Fellow but poorly mounted) was whipping along as hard as he could drive. By which means, had he been but a little lighter loaded, and that he had had but somewhat better Cattle, it is probable that this terrible *Highwayman* would not have overtaken them so soon. But being now arrived, and the good Son of *Nimphy* had obeyed his dreadful Command; they were all with eager, though reluctant Submission, preparing their ready Presents, when, O wonderful! But happy Disappointment! Instead of a turbulent and frightful *Highwayman*, the Person who had thus raised all this Bustle and Pannick was no other than the Under-Hofter of their last *Inn*, mounted upon an old Cart-Horse in order to overtake them with the *Captain's* Blunderbuss and Pistols; which were left behind, by the Carelessness of the Drawer, who had un-

dertook to put them into the Coach. Let our good-natured Readers judge, what Effect this unexpected Visit had on the Minds of our disappointed Travellers ; when this terrible Man of Might, with the Deportment of a Suppliant, delivered his weighty Embassy. They all here, very readily subscribed to reward his Toil and Industry ; the *Captain* gave him a hearty Curse, and five Shillings to drink ; the *Parson* gave him Six-pence ; Mrs. *Cantwell* presented him with a Dram, which she took out of her Under Petticoat-Pocket ; her *Daughter* offered him a Pinch of *Scotch-Snuff* ; and *Wilful* and *Silvius* gave him a Shilling a Piece. This Subscription being closed ; the *Hofler*, in the profoundest Manner imaginable, returned them his Thanks, and took his Leave. The Coach being now within half a Mile of *Eversham*, where they intended to breakfast ; and being all of them in the highest Spirits, we shall for the present, take our leave of them, and, for the Ease and Satisfaction of our Readers, wait on them again in the ensuing Chapter.

## C H A P. V.

*Wherein the Author preserves a wary Eye  
both on the Reader and himself. The  
Stage-Coach again sets forward, and  
what then ensued.*

MANY of our *Readers* will doubtless exercise their critical Genius, and assume to themselves a Right of finding fault whenever they please; and which may very probably happen, somewhere hereabouts: Some may perhaps think that we ought not to have divided the Morning Progress of our Travellers, before *Breakfast*, into two Chapters. Others very likely may think, that we might as well have put all the rest to sleep in the Coach as the *Parson*; and some again, may be of Opinion, that we ought to have bore them company till they were all sat down at Breakfast. But let those self-sufficient People understand that we have (past Contradiction) an undoubted Right to proceed in this entertaining History, as we shall see convenient. And if we had thought proper to have overturned them into a Fish-Pond, or a Gravel-Pit, how could they have helped themselves? The Privileges of *us Biographers* are certainly beyond all Limit and Question. And we shall

now take upon us to imagine that we know better how to conduct the *Scenery* of this useful Work than any of our good Readers can instruct us.—It is now time, according to Nature, to suppose that the vainest of our Readers, by the last Declaration, are somewhat piqued, and begin according to their usual Custom, on these Occasions, to screw up their Mouths, turn up their Noses, shake their Heads; or, growl, groan, or sigh, or use some (if not all) of those Tokens of Resentment: And therefore, to give them some Comfort, and to make them some small amends for this bold Affront, we shall here, to their great Satisfaction, inform them, that if they are desirous of exercising their *Wit* in Criticism, (or their Spleen, or whatsoever else they may call it) that they may depend upon it, we shall give them much greater Cause and Scope for the Use of that *Talent*, hereafter, than any they have perhaps met with yet. And we shall further add; that by Observation of what we read, many timorous and mean-spirited *Authors* would here make a formal Preamble, and most submissively begged Pardon for the mighty Transgression of this *Digression*. But in our Way of Dealing we are above it. This curious Work is intended for publick Sale; and the *Publick*, if they buy it, must take it as it is, with all its Faults.—Not caring to stand behind  
their

their Chairs, and wait at their Table, like a Footman, to listen for every Thing that scaped their Lips while they were at Breakfast; we have chose in the mean time to amuse *ourselves* in penning this Digression. It is true, according to the Custom of writing Adventures, now we are got to an *Inn*, we ought not to depart till we have acted some extravagant Scene or other, not to be paralleled in any other History: But as we have so high a Veneration for Truth, we shall not in the least swerve from the true Line of Facts only. And which exactly *was*, and *is* as follows.

After they had all breakfasted, and the Horses were put to the Coach, the *Coachman*, according to Custom, took off a Dram; the *Parson* did the same, the *Captain* followed their Example; while *Miss* and her Mother, withdrew into a private Room together; and having there fulfilled their Intentions, they all took their Places again in the Coach, in the same Order and Manner which they had done before; only with this addition, that the *Captain* had now made sure of his Pistols and Blunderbuss.

After they were set off, the *Captain*, in order to prevent the *Parson* from entertaining them with another Serenade of Snoring, demanded of him whether he had ever been at *Sea*. To which he replied in the Negative. Should you like to

go to Sea? said the *Captain* to him.—No, Sir, returned the *Parson*, I believe not; I am not of a very strong Constitution, and therefore I apprehend that it would not be only disagreeable, but also prejudicial to my Health. — Ma'hap, quoth the *Captain*, you may have a good Birth already; or else, if you had a mind to go to Sea, damn my Heart! but I'd soon get you a Ship.—Sir, replied the *Parson*, I am very much obliged to you; but, I hope, I am better provided.—Hope! cry'd the *Captain*, what the Devil! don't you know whether you are provided for or not? I thought the *Church* had never been out of Commission. Why no, Sir, said the *Parson*, but my Case is thus: I have a Curacy already in *Worcestershire*, which I have had a great many Years; but, by a very strange Adventure, I have gained a Friend, who, I hope, has now done something better for me. However, I am going to *London* to take my Chance for it; and if I miscarry, I shall however have all my Expences bore. What! said the *Captain*, is it to preach any where in *London*?—Yes, Sir, replied the *Parson*, it is to be Chaplain to the *Foundling-Hospital*; but they tell me it is not quite finished yet: However, the G—v—rs have wrote to my worthy *Patron* in the Country, desiring that I would immediately come up, and then I shall be inducted thereto.

Damn



Ch. 5. *Captain* GREENLAND. 153

Damn my Heart, returned the *Captain*, but I know old *Coram*, very well, that projected it, and it is the best Thing that ever was invented since the Beginning of the World; for, damn my Heart, this *War* has swallowed up a great many good Fellows; and this same Hospital is some Encouragement for poor People, that can't well maintain a Parcel of Brats, to be nevertheless endeavouring to make good this Deficiency; and it must be from the poor working People, that the King must expect his best and ablest Soldiers for the *next* War; for, damn my Heart! there is such a Crew of spindle-shank'd Creatures amongst the *Gentry* now-a-days, that one good Fellow might twist a Dozen of them together as easy as so many Spunyarns: And, by G—d, I think there ought to be such a Place as this same *Foundling-Hospital* in every Seaport in the Kingdom, at the Government's Expence; and another, with a certain Number of good *wholesome* Women, which would prevent the Sailors getting so many Diseases as they now do, as well as being a means of partly knowing where to find them when they are missing; and it would also prevent a great many Desertions.

Good Heaven deliver us! cried Mrs. *Cantwell*, I never heard such a monstrous Proposition since I was born; do you want the Land destroyed like that of *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*? Sir,

said she to the *Parson*, did you ever hear such wicked and blasphemous Doctrine before?—Why, indeed, Madam, replied the *Parson*, it is absolutely repugnant to the Laws of Matrimony, and would certainly be a very great Detriment to the Church.—A Detriment to the Church! cry'd Mrs. *Cantwell*; why, it would destroy the Church, and every thing else that is good, if People were once allowed the Sin of *public* Fornication by *Authority*, they would very soon after, without all doubt, destroy the very Solemnity of *Baptism*, which is the most *cheerful* and necessary Form in the whole Christian Religion.

Here *Bob Wilful* (who naturally loved Contradiction, when he had thereby a little Sport in View) made answer,—As for *Baptism*, Madam, it is certainly most solemn and requisite, being the first Article, and very Foundation of Christianity; but as to Fornication, it is, in my Opinion, Madam, no more than as this foolish Proverb says,—*As the Fool thinketh, so the Bell tinketh*. Mrs. *Cantwell* was so provoked at this scandalous Exposition, that she was just breaking forth with great Eagerness and Heat, when *Bob* prevented her by rejoining thus,—With your Leave, Madam, I can't help being of this Gentleman's Opinion here; I mean, that Fornication, *by the Laws of Nature*, cannot be a Sin; for, when we reflect that in the most healthy Constitu-

tions,

tions, Men of youthful Spirits and Vigour are seldom possessed of that *Papish* Virtue, fleshly *Contenance*; but, on the contrary, that by the pure Dictates of vigorous Nature *only*, they are prompted to be aiming at Procreation, and fulfilling the first great Commandment (*increase and multiply.*) How are we then, in Charity, bound to lament the enslaved Chain of Law, which fetters down the greatest Pleasure on Earth in our Fellow-creatures *only*; and the Ability of which is looked upon as the greatest Blessing Nature has bestowed, and the Use of which was never yet prohibited (in aught that I could ever read) by any Law, human or divine, to any *Being* else in the animal Creation? And though the Heaven-brokers, in all Ages, and of all Sects and Religions, have insinuated that Fornication is a deadly Sin—(here the *Parson* frown'd, the *Midwife* coloured, and the *Captain* laugh'd)—Yet, continued he, in their own private Practice and Opinion, it is to be observed, that they have found *new Life* in it; and now it is only to the poorest Class that those Pleasures are forbid. Men of Fortune, who can support the various Effects of these Indulgencies, are not so much as even censured for them: And so far will Fashion, I am afraid, always reign predominant. Then let us join, I say, in our most grateful and hearty Thanks to  
the

the worthy Authors, Founders, and Subscribers to that laudable and charitable Undertaking, for the Increase and Support of his Majesty's good Subjects, the *Foundling-Hospital*; which is, indeed, as you say, Sir, a most noble Encouragement for all able and willing Men and Maids not to waste their Time and Vigour in Idleness and Neglect. For my part, continued *Wilful*, I cannot help both applauding and joining with the Sentiments of the ingenious Mr. *Otway* on this Subject :

*Why should dull LAW rule NATURE, who first  
made*

*That Law, by which herself is now betray'd?  
E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he  
Was born most noble, who was born most free:  
Each of himself was LORD; and unconfin'd,  
Obey'd the Dictates of his godlike Mind.*

*Law was an Innovation, brought in since,  
When Fools began to love Obedience,  
And call their Slavery Safety and Defence.* }

C H A P. VI.

*Wherein the Parson relates a very extraordinary Adventure.*

WHEN *Bob* had ended repeating these Lines, *Silvius* demanded of the rest how they liked them; to which the *Captain* replied, damn my Heart! if ever I heard any thing so *apropos* in my Life.—Ay! cry'd *Mrs. Cantwell*, it is this Heathenish Poetry that undoes all manner of Religion and Morality; and its a great Pity and a Shame, that there should be so much of it suffered as there is; but the sorry wicked Fellows that write these Things, are generally rewarded for it as they deserve; for I never heard of one of them in my Life, that ever came to any thing but Poverty and Rags; and I think its a Mercy too, that they are not all hanged.—Avast! avast! cry'd the *Captain*, now I think the Fellow that made those Verses that the Gentleman has been speaking, deserved to be made a Secretary of the Admiralty; and, damn my Heart! if I had known him, but, if he would, he should have been my Clerk.—I suppose, answered *Miss*, that he was some such a filthy Fellow as he that wrote your *Rocheſter's Poems*; and which are—Hold your Tongue,

Tongue, pray! (replied her Mother) what do you know of any of their wicked Stuff?—Why, said her Daughter, I know that—Hold your Tongue, when I bid you! (answer'd Mrs. *Cantwell*, with some Heat) I say you know nothing of the Matter.—But, perhaps, Madam, replied *Silvius*, the young Lady may not be quite so ignorant as you imagine.—For which Compliment the grateful Girl made *Silvius*, with a blushing Glance, a pretty silent Bow.—Pray, Sir, (said Mrs. *Cantwell* to the *Parson*) you are a Churchman, and, I believe, a very worthy Gentleman; what may be your Opinion concerning those reprobird Poets? Why, really, Madam, replied the good *Doctor*, to tell you the Truth, I have made a firm Resolution never to engage in Points of Controversy. But this I know, that none of them are mentioned in the Articles of our Religion. No, by God! replied the *Captain*, no more they are n't in a Sailor's *Instructions*; and yet, I suppose, it's no Harm to read 'em, or talk of 'em either. But since we must not engage in Controversy, we'll tack about to something else. I think, Sir, you told us just now, that your going up to *London* for this new Birth was brought about by some strange Adventure that you past; I should be glad to hear the History of that Adventure; it will help to amuse the Time, and make our Passage the  
more



Ch. 6. *Captain GREENLAND.* 159

more agreeable.—To which the rest of the Company joined their Petition, and the Parson, after some little Ceremony, began thus :

You must know, Gentlemen and Ladies, that in the Parish where I live, resides one Colonel *Hardy*, who has been many Years a Commander in the Army, and who has a prodigious Estate in that County, but was always accounted a very passionate, morose, bold, and undaunted Gentleman, and who, in little Matters, never minds or values the Squibs and Threats of Law ; and by the frequent Use of both his Cane and Sword, he has made himself very greatly dreaded by all the Neighbourhood where he lives ; not but he's as worthy and generous a Gentleman, for all that, as ever was born. Now it happened one Day, that one of his Footmen, who had lived with him some time, desired that his Honour would be so good as to let him have six Guineas, as part of the Wages which was then due to him ; and which he told the *Colonel* was for a very particular Use. Six Guineas ! (answered the *Colonel* with a great Oath) you Scoundrel ! what Occasion can you have for six Guineas ? I have not been asked for half that Money by any Servant these twenty Years ; and if you can't save your Wages while you are in my Service, what will become of you when you are old ? I am certain that the Perquisites in my  
Service

Service will furnish every Servant I have with proper Necessaries; so that I am persuaded you want these six Guineas for some unnecessary, or perhaps unlawful Use; therefore, Sir, if you don't think proper to tell me the Truth immediately, what you want this Money for, I shall give you the Pleasure of a good Horse-whipping, and turn you about your Business. The poor Fellow (and with good Reason) was very uneasy at this Threat: But as he had no Cause to think that the *Colonel* would not be as good as his Word, he was obliged (though he dreaded that too) to tell him the whole Story. Said he, An't please your Honour, I am so much indebted to a Person, who I expect will come to-morrow for the Money, and who has threatened, that if I don't pay it accordingly, I shall go to Jail. What was the Debt contracted for? demands his *Master*. Sir, replied the Servant, it is for a Note of Hand which I gave the Churchwardens of this Parish for the Maintenance of a *Bastard Child*, which was laid to me some time ago. What are the Conditions of your Note? demands the *Colonel*. Sir, answered the *Servant*, they made me give them a Note of Hand to pay them five Pounds a Year as long as the Child lives, or till I can provide for it in some other Way.— How old is the Child? and what is it, a Boy or

a Girl? demands the *Colonel*.—A Boy, Sir, replied the *Man*; and it is now about five Years and a quarter old.—And how much is there now due to them upon this Account? said the *Colonel*.—Six Pounds five Shillings, Sir, answered the *Servant*, for a Year and quarter.—O, very well, replied the *Colonel*; and who collects this Money of you?—Mr. *Guzzlewell* the Curate, answered the *Servant*, (meaning me, you must know) has always received it of me hitherto, and I have all his Receipts by me at this Time (which was very true). Well, said the *Colonel*, when he comes to you again for what is now due, do you shew him into the Parlour, and acquaint *me* with it, and I'll pay him the Money this Time myself.—The *Servant* returned his Honour Thanks, and, bowing, went about his Business. The next Day I went there for the Money, according to their Expectation, and the *Servant*, as he was directed, carried me into the Parlour, and acquainted his *Master* with it, who immediately came to wait on me; but as soon as I saw the *Colonel* come to me himself, I began to suspect that all was not right, and heartily wished myself safe out of the House again; and he began with me thus:

## C H A P. VII.

*How the Colonel and the Parson proceeded.*

**W**ELL, Master Parson, said the *Colonel*, I am informed here that you have a Demand upon one of my Servants, for a pretty considerable Sum of Money. Ha! is it so, or not?—An't please your Honour reply'd I (in the most submissive Manner) I am only a Steward in this Case; I am desired by the *Church-wardens*, and *Overseers* of the Parish, to receive this Money for them, that's all, I do assure your Honour, for I have no personal Benefit nor Concern with it any further, upon my Word. Very likely, replied the *Colonel*. But this poor Fellow tells me, that he has paid you *in all*, at several different Payments, to the amount of twenty Pounds in about four Years time; I think that's a great deal of Money, *Master Parson*, and quite unreasonable, considering it is from a poor Fellow who has no other Dependance for a Livelihood, but a Service of six Pounds a Year: And as I have now taken the Affair upon myself, I would advise you to go back to the *Officers* of the Parish, who authorized you to receive this Money for them, and  
get

get a proper Authority from them to treat with me upon this Subject, and let's have a full Discharge for this Incumbrance, and clear the Fellow of it at once; and if you can procure such an Authority under their Hands, why, come to me again the Day after to-morrow, and we'll make an entire End of the Affair.—I accordingly promised the *Colonel* to obey his Commands; and after being entertained by his Orders, with Eatables and Drinkables to my entire Satisfaction, I returned to the Officers of the Parish that very Day, in order to procure a Commission from them, for me to treat with the *Colonel* as he desired; which was accordingly granted, and left to my Discretion without Limitation; and so I attended the *Colonel* at the Time appointed, according to my Promise, when he addressed me in manner following:—*Master Parson*, I have reflected on this Affair with some Concern, and cannot help thinking that this poor Fellow has been very grossly imposed upon; his Wages from me is no more than six Pounds a Year, out of which he has paid you five for four Years successively, so that he has but twenty Shillings remaining to find himself in Shoes, Stockings, Linnen, and other Necessaries: Where is your Conscience in this Respect? Suppose the Fellow should quit my Service, what must become of him? This Imposition

position must, in my Opinion, oblige him to Ill-courses; and who knows but this same *Bastard Child* may be some one of *yours* too? But come, Master *Parson*, if you have got a Commission to treat with me about a general Discharge, let me see it.

Here I accordingly produced it, which, as I observed before, was without Limit. When the *Colonel* had perused it, he demanded of me what would be the lowest Conditions that I could agree to.—An't please your Honour, said I, to oblige you, if you will pay me the six Pounds five Shillings that is now due, as they have left the Thing entirely to me, I will also leave the rest to your Honour.—Well, said the *Colonel*, write the Man a full Discharge then, sufficient against all *future* Demands on this Account, as well as the *present*, and I will satisfy you presently.

Here the *Colonel* left me to write a Receipt while he went to fetch me the Money, as I thought; and being returned, I gave it to him to read, and demanded if he thought the Instrument was sufficient. To which he answered, yes. But, said he, where is the *written* Authority from the *Parish Officers*, by which you have done this? I think it very requisite that we should have *that* Paper too; and if ever you should



should have any Occasion to produce it, I will be answerable for its being forth-coming: Upon which I immediately delivered it to him, with this general Discharge; the latter of which the Colonel instantly gave to his Servant, saying,—Here, *John*, is now a full Discharge for you; do you take Care of *that*, and this other Paper I'll take Care of *myself*, for the Security of Master *Parson* here. But now, what do you expect, Master *Parson*, said he to me, that I should give you for these *two* Pieces of Paper? Sir, said I, I shall submit it entirely to your Honour to give me what you please.—Why then, Sir, replied he, pulling out a Horfewhip from under his Coat, this is what I have prepared for you; and you may go tell your damn'd *Church-Wardens* and *Overseers*, that if ever I hear any more of their Demands on this Affair, or that the Child is any wise ill dealt by; the very first time I meet with either of them, I'll horfewhip them all round the Parish; damn me if I don't! And so, Sir, said he to me, if you please, you may now march about your Business, and carry this with you to your honest conscientious *Officers*, (here he gave me several very severe Stripes with a Horfewhip) and tell them, said he, that this is new Security for the Maintenance of a Bastard Child, and the best too that I can at present think on.

Here, said the *Parson*, you may imagine, I was glad to get away from him as fast as I could; and thus the poor Fellow got rid of his Incumbrance all at *once*; and that too without the least further Expence.

But it remains yet to be told to you, Gentlemen, continued the *Parson*, that this undeserv'd Chastisement which I now received, was perhaps the *luckiest* that in my whole Life I ever before met with; for the *Colonel*, next Day, when he had coolly reflected on the Evil-treatment he had dealt me, began to relent, and immediately sent for me to come to him. The last Entertainment he had honoured me with, was indeed so recent in my Mind, that I must confess I was a little tardy in answering his Request; but after I had reflected that I could not recollect any one Thing I had ever done towards him, that might render him the least *Offence*, I complied with his Honour's Demands. When I came before him, he was pleased to tell me, that he was sorry for his inconsiderate Behaviour to me the Day before, and that he had now sent for me to make me some small Amends. I humbly thank'd his Honour, and told him, that I looked upon it as only the Effect of his hasty Temper, and therefore as I was conscious to myself, that I had never, in any Respect, injured him, I had al-

Ch. 7. Captain GREENLAND. 167

ready as good as forgot it. He answered, that I should have no Cause to repent of that prudent Good-nature ; and indeed he has since made good his Words, for he has generously taken away the Child from the Parish, and provided for it effectually. He also, at that very Time, made me a Present of ten Guineas, and likewise promised me the first Living that falls in his Gift ; nor did his Goodness towards me stop even here, for he afterwards made it his Business to wait on the *Bishop* of our Diocese in my particular Behalf ; and who has now, through the Interest of the good *Colonel*, sent for me to *London* about what I've already told you.

When the *Parson* had thus ended his Story, the pious *Midwife* cry'd out, in the utmost Ecstasy, now the Blessings on his good Heart ! for taking Care of the Child ! And the *Captain* too replied, with great Satisfaction, damn my Heart ! *Master Parson*, as the *Colonel* said, but this was a lucky Voyage for you all. *Silvius* and *Wilful* both joined in the Praises of the *Colonel's* Generosity ; and *Miss*, with a very elevated Smile, emphatically asserted, that such a good-natured Man deserved at least a thousand such Children of his own.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Wherein the Author enlarges upon his own Lenity and Prudence towards his Stage-Passengers. A Brief History of Jehu the Stage-Coachman; his Behaviour and sad Accident in the Service of the Lord Partlet. A Picture in Miniature of that worthy Lord, and his good Lady; and how Jehu came to enter the Service of the Author of this Work.*

WE may here observe, and perhaps with some Propriety, that had many of our Modern-Authors so fair an Opportunity to display their fertile Genius, they would not so easily have contented themselves, as we here do, with barely relating of pure *natural* Facts, and simple Conversation; but their History would doubtless have been decorated with infinite Extravagance; and perhaps might have presented their Reader with wild Starts of Flight and Pedantry; by their own false Imagination that it was all pure *Nature*, strict *Reason*, and fine *Fancy*. Certainly had some of our learned *Biographers* been happy enough to have had such a Coach full of good-natur'd People as we  
now

Ch. 8. *Captain GREENLAND.* 169

now have to play upon ; they would have serv'd them a thousand Tricks by this Time ; *now* they would have been assaulted and robb'd (and perhaps murder'd) ; by and by, they must all be broken down ; then comes on a strange Amour ; and never free from some wonderful Proceeding or other. But we, to our *Credit* be it spoken, have no such confused nor ridiculous Doings. And therefore, we humbly apprehend that we are as fit to set up a Stage-Coach, as any of our Profession in this Kingdom ; and shall be extremely glad of our Reader's good Company, if we should ever hereafter travel this Road or any other with the like Vehicle. But we have indeed this to add in our own behalf, that our *Equipage* is in exceeding good order ; our *Horses* have as much as they can eat, and our trusty Friend *Jehu*, the Coachman is as careful and sober a Fellow as ever travell'd the Roads. And, since we have a Moment to spare, we shall here, to entertain our Readers, translate our Scene of Business from the Inside of the Coach to the Outside, and present them with a brief Account how this *worthy* Fellow came to enter our pleasant, creditable, and beneficial *Service*.

It will be needless, we apprehend, to attempt a Detail of the many Services he had *before* been in, as well as the *different* Behaviour that was therein required from him. Let it therefore

suffice that we pass over his whole Course of Life, till he enter'd the Service of the Lord *Partlet*, and which was the very last he ever served in, till he happily better'd his Condition of Life in *ours*.

The Lord *Partlet* was, of himself, a very easy, good-natured Gentleman as most of his Quality; but being a little *over-match'd* in a *Wife*, he was obliged, for Quietness sake, to admit and give into many ridiculous and inconsistent Proceedings that were very injurious to the Character and Dignity of a sensible and *well* governing Nobleman: And all to satisfy the<sup>e</sup> Pride and most ignorant Tyranny of his capricious *Lady*.

It happened one Day, that as the Lady *Partlet* was going into her Coach, she unfortunately observed, that our negligent *Jehu*, her Coachman, had audaciously omitted to render her *Ladyship* the common Compliment of instantly doffing his *Hat*, and sitting *bare-headed* on the Box, during the short Space of her fauntering into this Machine. This insolent Affront so stuck in her *sweet* Stomach, that she could not possibly eradicate it from her Memory, during the whole Time that she sat in the Coach; and which gauling Subject taking up all her Thoughts, and not with the best natured Relish in the World, she had thereby contracted a most gloomy Countenance,



nance, and which her good *Lord* taking some notice of, and also of a more than common Silence in her, he began to be under some terrible Apprehensions that she was not quite so perfectly in Health, as he could wish her; and therefore he impatiently made Enquiry of her *Ladyship*, concerning the Cause of this his Suspicion: And when his offended *Lady* return'd her *Lord* as follows:

My dear *Lord Partlet*, said she, I am infinitely oblig'd to you for the constant Regard you have always shewn towards my *Person*, my *Quality*, and my *Understanding*. And, my *Lord*, it is that grateful Return of *Love* and *Duty* which I owe you, that makes me so fully satisfied of the Justice I expect from you in what I am going to relate. Madam, return'd his *Lordship*, with some Impatience, please to proceed; and, by my sacred Honour! you shall have full Satisfaction.

My dear *Lord*! I thank you, return'd the appeased *Lady*, and what I have now to complain of, is this; your *Lordship*, I presume, needs not to be inform'd what Duty and Respect is absolutely owing from a worthless *Livery-Servant* to a Person of my Sex and Quality. Which being granted, my *Lord*, shall it be then reported to the World, that my untaught *Fellows* shall render me less *Deference*, *Duty*,

and *Respect*, than any other Servants in the whole Universe dare to offer to their *Ladies*, who are *far* beneath my *Quality*? I say, my *Lord*, shall I pass *into*, and *from* my Coach, while the insolent and brutal Coachman shall be supinely suffer'd to sit upon his *Box* with his impudent *Hat* upon his Head, as though he was insensible of my *Presence*? If *this*, my Lord, may be suffer'd with Impunity, good Night to *Quality*! farewell to *Fortune*! Honour! Education! fine Sense! and all Superiority. Farewel then, to every thing that's dear to a *great* and *noble* Mind!

By your precious *self*! I swear, my good *Lady*, return'd his *Lordship*, if this be true, and that the bold Brute shall dare to repeat this Impudence when we *return* from the Coach, I will render him, for his Presumption, one of the most miserable Wretches on this Side Hell.— At this most complaisant Declaration of my *Lord's*, her *Ladyship* became perfectly satisfy'd, until they came to the Place where they were now to note the gross Barbarity of their unpolish'd Coachman's Behaviour. And who, not yet suspecting what had been decreed against him, continued now in the same cover'd manner, as he had done before, when his plaintive *Lady* took the first Umbrage at it. This heedless want of Breeding, was no sooner seen  
by

Ch. 8. Captain GREENLAND. 173

by his exasperated Lord, than he began to rebuke him in the most violent manner that can possibly be conceived. And had not poor *Jehu* instantly submitted, and the good *Lady* now interposed a little in his Behalf, we are in some doubt whether he would not have fell a most fatal Victim to the Vengeance of his *honourable* Sword.

After this frightful and unexpected Rencounter, our Readers, we conceive, need not to be instructed that the next Time her *Ladyship* or his *Honour*, had an Opportunity to remark his Behaviour on the like Occasion, his *Hat* was grown as *ready* and polite as his *Lord's*. But, oh! dreadful Improvement of Manners! the poor Fellow had no sooner turn'd his Head to look with his *new* taught Reverence, towards this beautiful Lady, *according to Order*, with his *Hat* where either his *Whip* or his *Reins* should have been; but the *Horses*, being young and gamefome, and better fed than taught, taking fright at something, (perhaps this *new* Emendation of Manners) instantly gave a Start, and threw the poor *Coachman* against a Stone with such a Force, that he *broke* his Leg and Collar-Bone, and was otherwise very much bruised. Yet, notwithstanding the poor Fellow was in this terrible *maimed* Condition, his *gentle* Lady could by no means be persuaded, but that

he forced off his Horses and tumbled from his Coach-Box for the *Nonce*; because she had oblig'd him to pay her the *Duty* of his *Hat*. And therefore (though we don't pretend to affirm that it was done, either out of Malice, Revenge, or Ill-nature) but so it was, that although the poor Fellow was now in an Hospital, and his Life almost dispaired of; yet the Vehemence of her *Resentment* was such, that she insisted upon it, that her *Lord* should begin a Process against him at Common-Law, for putting her in the utmost Fear and Danger of her Life, by moving his Horses at the very Instant that she was going into her Coach. This was accordingly put into Execution; and the poor Fellow being somewhat recovered, and having now no Ability to defend himself in the Suit, it was, at length, with the utmost Difficulty, and his great Submission, compromised. But by this Accident he had so absolutely forfeited his Character, that he was above two Years endeavouring to get into another Place, without the least Success: And *we*, by our good Intelligence, coming to hear of it, have been graciously pleased to receive him into *our* Service; from whence we dare to affirm he will never depart, for the Sake of ever a *Lord's* Service in the Kingdom.

Having

Ch. 9. Captain GREENLAND. 175

Having thus endeavour'd to amuse our Readers with the foregoing History, we shall now wait upon them again, and our agreeable Travellers together, and with a Piece of no disagreeable News neither; which is only to inform you, that the Coach is now just entering the *Inn* at *Morton*, where they are to shift their Horses and dine, and in which short Interval we shall desire our Readers to refresh themselves likewise; that they may be in the better Spirits and Humour to meet us again in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

*After Dinner the Coach sets forward, and they prevail with Mrs. Cantwell to begin an Adventure, which appears to be Part of the History of her own Life; but, in their great Expectations, they are all disappointed.*

I N order to conduct this our entertaining History with the utmost Truth and Propriety, we ought to shew here, that after the good *Parson* had ended his Story about the *Colonel* and himself; there happen'd to succeed a great Dearth of Conversation amongst them; nothing passing that would be worth our while

to relate, or the Reader to be inform'd of. And the same Kind of Dullness began also to discover itself, when they were again set out from Dinner; notwithstanding the *Captain* had treated both the *Ladies* with their Dinners, and the whole Company with *Wine*, to the amount of four Bottles. Besides each of them a large Bumper of *Cherry-Brandy*, which he insisted they should drink just before they re-enter'd the Coach. After they had proceeded about a Mile, *Silvius* observing that they were all upon the silent Order, and having some little Desire of learning some Account of *Mrs. Cantwell*, as *who*, and *what* she was, &c. he accordingly proceeded thus :

It is plain now, *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*, said he, how infinitely we are obliged to these *two* Gentlemen here, (meaning the *Captain* and the *Parson*) for each of their agreeable Stories; which I must own were very extraordinary; and perhaps might seem abundantly the more so, as we are here so closely coop'd up, that 'tis impossible to procure any further Entertainment, than what by our mutual good Nature and Affability we can strike out of *ourselves* : And therefore, as those worthy Gentlemen have set us so fair an Example, if this good *Lady* will also pursue, and give us some entertaining Sketch of any particular Passage or Adventure  
that



Ch. 9. Captain GREENLAND. 177

that rests within her Memory, it will, I dare affirm, be very thankfully receiv'd by all this good Company. And in return I will endeavour to prevail upon my *Friend* here, meaning *Wilful*, to present us with a Taste of his Adventures; for he has seen a pretty deal of the World, considering his scanty Number of Years; and I dare say, will produce us something worthy our list'ning to.

*Wilful* knew his Meaning, and therefore reply'd,—You know, Brother *Silvius*, that I have always a Pleasure in obliging you; and therefore, if the *Lady* will be kind enough to lead the way, I will endeavour to make good your Request. But here Mrs. *Cantwell* seem'd very remiss in answering their Demand; till the *Captain* (who, by his late Generosity had gained some Interest with her) and the *Parson*, both joining the above Motion of *Silvius* and *Wilful*, she could not very easily withstand their Solicitations any longer. Upon which she began the following Prologue.

Gentlemen, I would not have you to imagine that I would deny you any thing in my Power to oblige you; but I do assure you, that I can advance nothing that will be worthy your hearkening to. G—d knows, I am only a poor sinful *Widow*, who has nothing to support me and my *Child* here, but what I gain by my Business;

and therefore, I can't be supposed to know much of Adventures.

Nay, *Mamma!* reply'd *Miss*, bridling up her Head, and looking all the while in *Silvius's* Face, we have no great Reason to complain neither; for there are thousands of People in the World, that I warrant would be glad to be in our *Sarcumstances*.—No doubt of it, my Dear! said *Silvius*, laying hold of her pretty Hand: But will you join your Interest, *Miss*, continued he, to prevail with your *Mamma* to grant our Request?—Yes, indeed! Sir, answer'd *she*, that I will, with all my Heart. Do, pray, *Mamma!* said *she*, turning to her Mother, tell the Gentlemen a merry Story to divert them. You can tell them several if you please.—Indeed *Child*, reply'd Mrs. Cantwell, I can think of nothing at present worth their hearing. And besides, these Things are profane, and only contribute to ruin our poor Souls. O dear *Mamma!* return'd *Miss*, with great Eagerness, pray tell the Gentlemen that pretty Story that you sometimes tell at *Christ'nings*, about my *Papa* and *yourself*, and the *Tavern*.—My Stars! reply'd her Mother, you brazen Face! would you have me tell such a graceless Piece of Work of myself, to a Set of strange People that never saw me before? What do you imagine they would think of me afterwards?—Lord, *Madam*,

Ch. 9. Captain GREENLAND. 179

*dam*, answer'd *Silvius*, why not? What Right has any Body here to disapprove of what you *do*? Or have *done*? Or of what you are pleased to *tell* us; when we all know at the same Time, that it is only done to entertain us? And not only so, but that we have begg'd it as a Favour too.—Ay, damn my Heart! reply'd the *Captain*, that would be just the same thing, as if so be we were to throw our Provisions overboard, when we know not where, nor how to get any other to put into our Bellies.—The *Parson* made answer, that he thought indeed, the *Captain's* Comparifon was very just; and so Mrs. *Cantwell*, finding their Importunities were likely to continue, again harranged them thus:

Well, Gentlemen, since you will not excuse me in this disagreeable Task, I hope you will hearken to the following *Story* with as favourable a Construction as you can. What I am going to deliver to you, I do acknowledge is fomewhat to my Shame; but I hope, at present, I am never the worse for't; because it was not my own voluntary Action. I was seduced! I was absolutely betray'd to it! as you shall hear. It was the Treachery of Man! artful deluding Man beguiled me, and so I fell.

Ay, Madam, said *Wilful*, there is not so much Treachery to be found in *all* the animal  
Creation

Creation besides, as there is in Mankind. And, although it is a most severe Satire on our own Sex and Nature; yet, by way of Introduction for you, I will shew you what the great Mr. Lee has said upon that Subject.

*Drive me, oh drive me from that Traitor Man;  
So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell  
In Lions Haunts, or in some Tyger's Den!  
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,  
That bellys out, just dropping in the Ocean;  
Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb;  
Where starving on my cold and flinty Bed,  
I may from far, with giddy Apprehensions,  
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep:  
Yet, not e'en there, in that vast Whirl of Death;  
Can there be found so terrible a Ruin  
As Man! false Man! smiling destructive Man!*

Damn my Heart! cry'd the Captain, but there's something very stormy and dreadful in that same Speech. I suppose it was made by some poor Fellow that had been wash'd over-board, and had swam to that strange Rock he talks of. Was n't it, think you?—O Lord! reply'd Mrs. Cantwell, it is very fine! exceeding fine indeed! this is a thousand Times finer and better than Poetry. I hate your *filthy Poetry*. But I must observe to you Gentlemen, continue

tinued she, that as the Eye of Providence is ever watchful over all our Actions; so, likewise, is the Hand of the same *divine* Power always ready to reward; and sooner, or later, will be sure to stretch it forth according to our Deserts. Except, indeed, in Cases where our Crimes are of that Nature, that a timely Reformation and Repentance may prevent the Blow. For indeed it is very true, and happy for us poor Sinners, that Heaven is ever more ready to forgive than to punish. And though the Story which I am going to relate is grounded upon a most cruel and *wicked* Foundation; yet by the Hand of Chance, *Providence* I should say, was it at last most fortunately finish'd to *my* Satisfaction and Advantage.——But for all that, now I recollect to myself, Gentlemen, there is something in it so abominably monstrous! that it is morally impossible for me to go through it. And therefore, I positively will not attempt it, upon any account.

Thus, Mrs. *Cantwell*, quite contrary to all their Expectations (which were now whetted up exceeding keen by her repeated Preludes and Promises) absolutely recanted; and told them, with some Confusion, that the Reason why she could not oblige them in their Request was, that there would something undavoidably appear in the Course of the Story, so much to her own  
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Disadvantage, that she must beg to be excused. And added, that if her impudent *Daughter* should dare to open her Mouth about it any more, she would slap her Face for her.

## C H A P. X.

*Containing the Conclusion of the first Day's Travel: As also, in a very few Lines afterwards, the second Day's Period brings the Coach to London.*

**T**HIS peremptory Declaration of the good *Midwife's*, totally stopt all further Solicitation on that Head: And though it instantly stagnated the nimble Motion of pretty *Miss's* Tongue; it as highly contributed to increase the Circulation of her Blood; which was very evident in every Part of her Face; but indeed her Eyes grew gloomy, as her Cheeks waxt warm. And in vain did our *Heroes* attempt to divert her from this sullen Resentment. But her *Mother* was so far from joining their Endeavours, that she rather contributed to confirm it, by her sympathizing Frowns. This Accident produced a very sensible and extraordinary Alteration in the present Behaviour of them all. At length a Gale of Conversation again sprung up, by *Silvius's* demanding



Ch. 10. Captain GREENLAND. 183

manding of Captain Logline whether he had ever been in *Portugal*. To which he answer'd, That he *had*, many and many a Time; and believ'd that he should see it again in five or six Weeks, at farthest. For, said he, my Ship is only in the *Dock* at *Portsmouth*, under the Operation of some few little Repairs, and I do expect my Sailing-Orders as soon as she can be got out again; and that may be next Week for aught I know.—*Silvius* answer'd, that he was also bound for *Lisbon*, with the first Opportunity. What, in the *Merchant's* Service, or in the *Navy*? demanded the Captain. Sir, said *Silvius*, I am going to *Lisbon* on very particular Business of my own, and how long, or how little a Time I may continue there, is very uncertain.—Why then reply'd the Captain, if you have a mind to take a Cast in a *Man of War*, I shall be very glad of your Company, and it shan't cost you a Shilling for either Bed or Board; for you shall not only be welcome to my *Mess*, but you shall have as good a Birth to lie in, as any in the Ship.—Here *Silvius* return'd him a whole Shower of Thanks, and accordingly accepted of his Offer. Upon which the Captain gave him Directions to enquire for him at *Will's* Coffee-House, near the Admiralty. Where he told him he might  
be

be sure to hear of him, till he should be going down to his Ship.

This was look'd upon by *Silvius* and *Wilful* as a very fortunate Affair, and which filled them *both* with very sudden and elevated Spirits. And now their Conversation was mostly confin'd to Matters chiefly relative to the Navy; wherein the *Captain* was by far the greatest Orator. For this was a Sphere entirely out of all their reach but his own. However, they could ask Questions, and that was sufficient to support the Action of Discourse, and prevent their falling into the *Parson's* drowsy Mood. *Silvius* was the first who began this formidable Process, by demanding of the *Captain*, What might be the present State and Condition of the *Navy of Great-Britain*? Damn my Heart! return'd the *Captain*, but that is more than I am able to answer. But this I know, that the poor Fellows the Sailors are tofs'd and bandied about from Land to Land, and from Port to Port, and from Ship to Ship, while their Wives and Children are many of them at damn'd short Allowance, for want of their Pay. And if they have any Prize-Money due, the rascally *Agents* (who I believe are in League with some People no better than themselves) take care to cheat the poor Fellows and their Families of the greatest Share on't. Numbers of those very Scoundrels that  
wa'n't

wa'r't worth a single Shilling when the War begun, have now an hundred thousand Pounds each to boast of. And yet, these griping Rascals would sooner kick a Sailor to Hell, if they could, than tip them a *Bisket* or a Can of *Small-Beer*.—Why then, Sir, it is both a great Pity and Shame, answer'd *Wilful*, that the *great* Men in Power don't better regulate these weighty Affairs. Pugh! damn it you are but a Green-Horn! return'd the *Captain*, they have enough to do to steer their own Affairs: Only look at your \* Ad——ty B——d, and see how that is mann'd; damn my Heart! if there's a Hand amongst them, except one, that knows a *Handspike* from a *Spun-Yarn*, or the *Keel* of the Ship from the *Binacle*: So that it's no hard Matter, do you see, to guess at the Cause of most of our Miscarriages at *Sea*. No Gentleman must expect to rise by his Merit and Service now, but those who have Fathers, and Mothers, and Uncles, and Aunts, and Family-Nurses in the P—— H——. If you want a Fl—g, you must buy a B——gh; and then, by hoisting them both together, you may go where you will; come when you will; and do what you will: And when the Worst come to the Worst, it is but being try'd at a C——t-M——l for it;

\* It is evident that this Part of our History was not written within these few Months.

it; but, damn my Heart, if ever you'll be punish'd.

This Advance of the *Captain's* made *Silvius* and *Wilful* stare at each other with the utmost Amazement, and as they were Matters which they knew not well how to reply to, their Silence, we apprehend, was no small Mark of their prudent Understanding.

But, as we have *coop'd* up our Readers for a considerable Time, in the narrow Confinement of a full cramm'd *Stage-Coach*, we shall now, to make them amends, set them down along with our *Passengers*, in a very few Words. For *Mrs. Cantwell* still continuing her fix'd Resolve not to expose any Part of her past Misconduct, by the Story which her *Daughter* required of her, she left the rest of the Company to tax it with whatsoever Constructions they might think proper. And which perhaps might be worse than the Story itself would have produced. But however, this Day's *Travel* and the City of *Oxford* put an entire Period to her good Company, and that of her *Daughter's* also. So that now the remaining four were somewhat better accommodated with Room; which not a little enliven'd the Heart of the *Captain*, who swore, that the Coach was before a great deal *over-mann'd*.

At Night, they were all exceeding merry and agreeable; and the generous *Captain* again insisted upon his paying the Bill himself. Which he found no manner of fault with, but in the customary Article (at that Place) of Sixpence a Head for Firing; which he swore was as much as could have been demanded, if they had sup'd at an *Inn* in the Middle of the *Pacific-Ocean*.

The next Day's Journey being happily concluded, without any extraordinary Occurrences, they arrived about Six o'Clock in the Afternoon at the *Blue-Bear-Inn*, in *Holborn*. Where, they all agreed to sup together, and to lie that Night. And so the next Morning to proceed in their respective Views to Business.

## C H A P. XI.

*Silvius's Charms make a very sudden and extraordinary Conquest : Who and what his Paramour was ; with some Part of his Behaviour in this Affair.*

**A**S *Silvius* was an entire Stranger in Town, and *Wilful* not much better, it was agreed between them to take up their Lodging at a *Coffee-House* in some Part of *Westminster* : Where they should not be only near to the Captain's Directions, but also to the Court, Playhouses, *Westminster-Hall*, the Park, *Chelsea*, and many other Places they intended to visit, as far as their Time and Opportunity would permit.

The next Day after they were thus settled in their *new* Lodgings, they attired themselves in proper Habilliments for an Excursion to some of those Places ; and in which Course, Mr. *Wilful* undertook to be the Pilot. And we may here observe, that it is no very great Wonder that our agreeable *Silvius* was so general a Favourite amongst the *Fair-Sex* ; when his sprightly Charms were even capable of also captivating the Hearts of those of his *own*. For we can assure our Readers, that in *this* his very *first* Appearance in *London*, (in his best Decorations) he made

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Ch. II. Captain GREENLAND. 189

an instantaneous Conquest of a very delicate Creature, not less than *six Foot* high.

As some of the most experienced and ravenous Debauchees are always upon the Watch for the eager Ruin of every *fine*, fresh Country-Girl that falls within their utmost Power; so, likewise, was this amorous Son of *Sodom* so exquisitely wrought by the youthful Roses which glow'd upon his regular rural Face; and the Bloom of which was so highly illustrated by the lively, swift, and pleasant Glances of his sprightly eyes, that he was melting, from the very first View of him, with a most intense Desire. His *Chaps* perfectly water'd; his Observations were *keen* and hungry; and his whole Soul was quite wound up with *Love, Hope, and Fear*.

Poor *Silvius* was quite innocent and unapprized of the mighty *Tempest* he had thus raised; and his Insensibility of the least Part of any such unnatural Passion, caused him to advance a very great Encouragement in the Mind of his *Devotee*; and which was occasion'd by his happening to return a gentle and pleasant Answer to a Question which this lascivious *Cat* had now propounded to him, in order to begin an intended Conversation with him; and in which he only meant to sound his *Disposition*. But,

As this Story is an actual matter of Fact, and as the same amorous Gentleman is happily still  
alive,

alive, (for all this our *true* Romance is founded on Facts) we shall here endeavour to present our Readers with his exact Portrait; that by his looking upon it, he may judge himself, how minute a Difference here is between this Picture, and that which he every Day admires in his own Looking-glass.

He is born of a Family which has given as much *Honour* to his Birth, as his remarkable Behaviour has been a *Disgrace* to himself: He is a thin, pale, black Figure, (I had like to have call'd him *Man*, for which I ask Pardon of all those who deserve that Name) he is about six Foot high, wears his own Hair, and may be about some forty Years old. He was marry'd at a little above twenty Years of Age, to a very pretty and agreeable *Lady* of a *good* Family, and a large Fortune: To whom he paid so high a Regard, that very few *Footmen* ever enter'd her *Service* during her whole Life with him, who have not been complimented with his *am'rous* Addresses. Nay, and so general is his Love towards *all* Men, that even in the Stables, several of his *own Postillions* have had his repeated Invitations to partake of it. After several Years Cohabitation with the above *Lady*, which was heavily accompany'd with innumerable Complaints of those *detestible* Abuses; and all her continual tender Remonstrances of this *deprav'd* and unaccountable

accountable Practice, producing no Degree of Reformation in him; it, at length, broke her Heart, and she sunk into the *Grave* an unpity'd Martyr by the wretched *Brute* that kill'd her.

This Person (whom I have not a proper Epithet to distinguish him justly by) well observed, by what past between *these* Youths and the *Landlord* of the Coffee-House, that they were absolutely *raw*; and in all Probability quite unacquainted with what he hoped to find poor *Silvius*, at least *liable*, if not *inclined* to. The Reason why he preferred *Silvius* before his Friend, might be his more ruddy and pleasant Countenance; which was also something brighter than *Wilful's* by an Exemption from the least Mark of the *Small-Pox*; as well as his being both fairer, and some few Years younger.

Mr. *Moggy*, (for so we shall here call him) first attack'd *Silvius* with distant Questions of no great matter of Import; and so by degrees grew more and more familiar: At length, finding his own Desires (according to Custom) to be waxing a little impatient; he solicited the Favour of being admitted to sup there with them that Night. *Silvius*, at this Proposal remember'd his Master *Scribblewell's* Exhortation, *to be cautious what new Acquaintance he contracted*; and therefore he withheld his ready Consent

from the repeated Solicitations of Mr. *Moggy*, for a considerable Time: Till happ'ning to cast his Eyes that Way, he receiv'd several *Winks* and *Hints* from the *Landlord*, which he rightly construed was, for some especial Reason, that he should grant his Consent. Accordingly he *did*; and the Hour of Appointment was fix'd for nine o'Clock *that Evening*. Which Point being settled, *Silvius* and *Wilful* left the Direction of this Affair to their *new Acquaintance*, who absolutely and voluntarily took it upon himself; and then they set out in search of new Adventures. Their first Purpose was to carry *Silvius's* Bill for Acceptance, which was accordingly done; and that Business leading them consequently into the City, they finish'd that Day's Fatigue in the Review of what was most accounted worthy of the Admiration of Strangers. Being now pretty well tired, and the Day far spent, they return'd home to their Lodgings: Where they had but just Time enough for their *Landlord* to give them a full History of the Gentleman they had engaged to sup with, before he came into the Coffee-Room to enquire for them. However, he now assured them that he should not have been so forward to promote their future Acquaintance, had he not, by their *Over-Night's* Conversation, discern'd them to be Men of a merry and sprightly Disposition; and

and therefore as he intended to give them a full and honest Account of the Person they had now to deal with before they sat down to Supper, he did not in the least doubt but that they would readily join, in some measure, to reward his insolent Villainy, in case he should make any indecent Advance, that but in the least indicated a criminal Design; and in which *Plot*, he, (the Landlord) said he would willingly subscribe his very utmost Assistance. *Silvius*, upon hearing this History, would fain have declined his Promise of supping with him, and indeed could hardly be persuaded that there really were any such kind of Creatures in the World: But *Wilful* stuck hard for the Motion of the *Landlord*, and heartily prayed that he himself might but prove the desirable Object of his Flame; but this was an Honour and Happiness not to be even hoped for, because the *Landlord* had remarked in the Morning, how lasciviously he had ogled and addressed himself particularly to *Silvius*; and added, that he was well assured Mr. *Moggy* did not in the least suspect that he knew any thing at all of him, for he never saw him in the Coffee-room before. But, said he, I both knew his Father and all his Family; and I know the Multiplicity of Anxieties he has cost them. The *Landlord* having informed them thus much, and the appointed Minute drawing now near,

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they

they all adjourned together, by Consent, to a Room Up-stairs, where they held a Consultation on what Plan they should conditionally proceed; and their Scheme was but just agreed upon, when they received Intelligence of his present Punctuality.

## C H A P. XII.

*Shewing Mr. Moggy's am'rous and complaisant Behaviour at Supper towards his dear Silvius; and the Impatience and Consequence of his fierce Love afterwards, which fully concludes their Amour. Silvius is disappointed of his Passage with Captain Log-line; he and Wilful are introduced to the laudable Society of Antigallicans.*

WHEN they were all sat down to Supper, Mr. *Moggy* was extremely officious to help his beloved *Silvius* to all the nice Bits which he possibly could pick out for him, and his Civility was returned by him with equal Complaisance. Supper being over, he jostled his Chair as close to *Silvius's* as he well could, and now began to address him with all the softest, tenderest Terms of Affection; nay, sometimes,

he



he even bless'd Mr. *Wilful* with the sweet Epithets of *dear Creature!* and *lovely Child!* and at last *my dearest Angel!* was hardly good enough for either of them. From these pretty Endearments, he privately proceeded to lay his Hand upon *Silvius's* Thigh, and by gently squeezing of it, gave him to understand that he had further Hopes in View. *Silvius*, with much inward Impatience, acted here the coy, cold, and insensible Object of his *eager Desire* for some Time; but at length, tipping *Wilful* a *Wink*, he went out of the Room, and left them to finish the utmost of their *Loves* by themselves, and which, perhaps, was concluded much sooner than our good Readers may possibly expect; for now the very Instant that *Wilful* had left the Room, the am'rous and impatient Mr. *Moggy*, thrusting his Hand into *Silvius's* Bosom, (before he had Time either to speak, think, look, or act) snatched him in a Moment to his transported Arms, and ravished a Kiss on his Face. This momentary Embrace, howsoever sweet and precious it might seem to the enamoured Mr. *Moggy* for the present Moment, immediately drew after it the ungrateful Accomplishment of that distasteful Proverb, which truly asserts, *that sweet Meat is frequently attended with sour Sauce*; for *Silvius* was no

sooner sensible of this unexpected and most sudden Obligation, but his generous and grateful Soul instantly suggested to him the immediate Necessity of *returning* the mighty Favour; and thereupon, in order to support the amorous Scene as highly as he could, he bestowed upon his pretty *white* Face, such a gentle *Pat* with his Fist, as not only *heightened* his Complexion, but also *lowered* his Carcase; and as much Alacrity as he might have in falling, he could not reach the Boards before he felt another of those Love-toys on the *other* Side of his Face; which so improved his meagre Visage, that his Cheeks, which but a Moment before were a *fallow* pale, *long*, and *lank*, in a Minute more, were not only finely painted, but plump'd up, likewise, as round as a Trumpeter's. The Agitation of this pretty little *Love-scene*, which was so differently acted between them, made the very House *jar* again, and thereby conveyed some intelligent Suspicions to the Ears of the *Landlord* and *Wilful* (who were now in a close Conversation about it, and who also heard this Shock) that their amorous Intentions were now come to a Crisis: However, they did not chuse to interrupt their present Pastime, till they were in a manner constrained to it by the dreadful Repetition of *Murder! Murder!* when those *two* charitable Friends being thus inspired with

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Ch. 12. *Captain GREENLAND.* 197

the loud Cries of the Distress'd, flew to his Assistance with about the rapid Speed of a *Funeral March*: So that by that time they came to see what was the Occasion of this lamentable Outcry, the active Fingers of the now *ungentle Silvius* had pummel'd the Fire of his amorous Admirer all out of his Heart into his Head; by which means his Nose, Mouth, and Eyes, all boiled over with Tears, Blood, and Snivle. But being now demanded what was the Matter? *Silvius* made answer, with great Temerity, that that villainous *mollying* Rascal! wanted to be concerned with him; that he had bore several of his audacious Intimations, without either proclaiming them, or resenting them as they deserved, in consideration that he was a Stranger to him; but that the very Moment that his Friend had left the Room, he both forced his Hand into his Bosom, and at the same Instant *poluted* his Face with a Kiss; and for which *odious* Assault, he said, he was absolutely determined to have his full Satisfaction. And so saying, he once more darted at him, and with one single Blow laid him sprawling again on the Floor.

Here the *Landlord* and *Wilful* interposed, and, with much ado, conveyed him from the Reach of his Assailant. When having now washed his

Hands and Face from their Crimson Stains, and that they had prevailed upon him to discharge the Bill for *Supper*, &c. as he had before engaged to do, they put him into a Chair, and advised him to go directly to a *Bagnio*. All which being happily compleated, the honest well-pleased *Landlord* came and joined their Company, and with their agreeable Subscription of each Man his *Bottle*, they mutually enjoyed their equitable Reflections on the Issue of the past Rencontre.

The next Day, *Silvius* thinking himself secure of a pleasant and free Passage to *Lisbon* with Captain *Logline*, gave a little Loose to the seasonable Pleasures of the Town: He and *Will* now visited all the remarkable Places that are commonly thought curious by Strangers, as the *Play-houses*, *Ranelagh*, *Vauxhall*, the *Foundling-Hospital*, *Chelsea*, *Greenwich*, *Westminster-Abbey*, and two much more sacred Places than the last; that is to say, the two Parliament Houses. And having fully gratified his Curiosity in all he wished, of those kind of Amusements, *Silvius* now began to be a little impatient of his intended Voyage, and therefore he repeated his Visits to *Will's Coffee-house* in quest of the Captain, pretty often; but in vain did he spend his Time in searching after what he had so much Hope of; for after he had been at the  
Coffee.

Coffee-house above twenty times, without being once able to see the Person he sought for, his Friend *Wilful* advised him to step to the *Admiralty-Office*, and make some Enquiry there after the *Ship*; which Advice being approved of, they were presently informed that she was put out of Commission, and ordered to be laid up. This Intelligence struck them *both dumb*, and *Silvius* was again convinced that there can be no certain Dependence of any one thing under the Sun. And now, by this Disappointment, he began to wax a little thoughtful and impatient; wherefore, his good-natured *Landlord* devised all the Means he could think of to divert him; and, among other Things, he one Day said to *Him* and *Wilful*—As I see, Gentlemen, that you are now and then at a Loss for Means to spend an agreeable Evening in true Mirth; what think you of going along with me to-night, and entering into a Society of the most agreeable Men perhaps in the known World? A Society, whose *Institution* was founded on the most noble Principles in Nature, and in which we have the great Pleasure and Happiness of having (I do verily believe) many of the brightest and most accomplished Men in this Kingdom.—And by what Title are you distinguished, demanded *Wilful*. ANTIGALLICANS! replied the *Landlord*; a Character the *most laudable* to a

*true Briton* of any that can be devised; and as the very Soul of *Patriotism* is understood in the *Word*, so is the very *Quintessence* of it in all their constitutional Maxims and Proceedings: Nor is it more remarkable for its *national Utility*, than it is for their *Unanimity! Grandeur! Regularity! Strictness! Fraternal-behaviour*, and general Humanity.

The Character you give of them demands the highest Reverence and Esteem, said *Wilful*; and you cannot do a good *Englishman* a greater Honour, than to procure him Admission into so *laudable* an Association.—And, because I find you both worthy young Gentlemen, reply'd the *Landlord*, if it may be agreeable to you, I will propose you to the Chair this very Night; for it is a *Rule* in the Society, that no Person shall be admitted a Member thereof, until he hath been some time *proposed*, and has stood an Examination in the Person of his Friend who recommends him (and thereby becomes his *Proxy*) touching his *general Character*. And by this Severity they avoid all *disgraceful Mixtures*, and maintain the sweetest Harmony imaginable: So that, I think, I may venture to say, that there is not even *one* unworthy Person belonging to the whole Association.—This great Encomium, and which indeed was literally true, so much pleased our Heroes, that they earnestly besought their



their honest *Host* to recommend them that very Night ; which being accordingly done, and also approved, they were the next Night elected, and recorded in their Books ; to the entire Satisfaction of all Parties, but in particular to *Wilful* and *Silvius* ; who now spent the greatest Part of their Evenings, while they stay'd in Town together, in visiting the different Societies.

C H A P. XIII.

*Silvius sets out with his Friend Wilful in quest of a Passage to Lisbon, and engages with an unexpected Character at the Royal-Exchange.*

AFTER this fore Disappointment, as above, and his Mind still continuing invariably fixed to reach *Lisbon* with the very first Opportunity, *Silvius* set all his Friends and Acquaintance to work, to enquire him out some advantageous Passage ; for, as for Money, he had but little, considering he was bound for a strange Country ; and in case he should meet with a Disappointment in that single Point he had in view, he could be in no manner of Hope or Prospect of gaining any. It was therefore his undoubted Business to make the very most of

that little which he already had : And to that end he went every Day to the *Royal-Exchange*, and to the *Portugal* and other Coffee-houses, to enquire after a Ship ; but he could hear of nothing that would conveniently agree with the Constitution of his Purse, nothing under six or seven Moidores being demanded for his Passage and Board, unless he had been capable of putting his Hand to the Oar, and to have work'd out his Passage ; which was impossible with him, for indeed he had never yet beheld the Beauties of *Salt-water*. At last Fortune seem'd to favour his Wish to the very Height of his Desires ; for,

As *Bob Wilful* and *he* were one Day at the *'Change* on the aforesaid Errand, a grave, swarthy, elderly Gentleman, hearing *Silvius* enquire of one of the Masters of the *Portugal* Traders concerning the Price of his Passage, about which they were higgling with one another, he tipt *Silvius* a Wink and a Nod, and then, without taking any apparent Notice of him, walked gently away from him. *Silvius* took the Hint, and followed him ; but first, when the *Captain* saw him slacken in his Desires so suddenly, he took hold of his Arm, and would very fain have come to an Agreement with him before they parted, and spared not to use his utmost Endeavours to accomplish his Point : But as *Silvius*  
knew

knew not, as yet, what this Gentleman had to propose, he told the *Captain* that he would come to him again presently; but that he then saw a Friend, with whom he had some immediate and particular Business.

When *Silvius* came up to the aforesaid Gentleman, who waited for him at the End of the Walk, he took him off the 'Change, and then asked him if he wanted to go to *Lisbon*? *Silvius* answered him that he did. The Gentleman then demanded of him, if he was going thither with Merchandise, or to stay there any Time? For that if his Business was not of any secret Importance, he might, he said, perhaps inform him of something to his Advantage. *Silvius* returned him his Thanks, and told him that he had a distant Relation, and most dear Friend, who resided then at *Lisbon*; and that he only wished to see them before he should settle in any Employment that might render this impatient Desire impracticable hereafter. The Gentleman then asked *Silvius* what Business he proposed to settle in, when he should have satisfied this earnest Desire of seeing his Friend: Who replied, that he was not as yet determined; and that it might possibly very much depend upon his Friend's Advice when he came there.

Here the Gentleman asked *Silvius* if he would go drink a Dish of Coffee, and that he would  
then

then inform him of what he had to offer? *Silvius* thank'd him, and told him that he had a Friend there with him, who he hoped would be no Impediment to his Business; and if so, he would wait of him: Upon which he introduced Mr. *Wilful* to him; and having saluted each other, the Gentleman answered *Silvius*, that the Business he had to communicate might perhaps require the Advice of a Friend, and he would therefore be the more agreeable.

When they came to the *Coffee-house*, and were, after some little Ceremonies, seated in a Room by themselves, the first Question that the Gentleman put to *Silvius* was this—Pray, young Gentleman, of what Faith are you?—This Question, as it was so unexpected, a little surprized him; so that his Cheeks were all in a Glow in an Instant. However, he replied, without much Hesitation,—Sir, I was brought up a Catholic.—A *Roman*! demanded he again, with an impatient Look and Accent.—No, Sir, said *Silvius*, a Protestant.—'Tis pity, answered the Gentleman; and I can't say, but that I am very sorry for't, really from my Heart!—Here he paused a little; and *Silvius*, at the same time, casting his Eyes at *Bob Wilful*, received from him an instructive Wink, accompanied with a sour Look, and a Shake of the Head; which *Silvius* instantly understood, and immediately replied

Ch. 13. Captain GREENLAND. 205

replied in this Question, Pray Sir, said he to the Gentlemen, who was still musing, what might create in you this your kind Concern for my Religion?

Why, Sir, returned *he*, I will be brief with you; you will, I doubt not, be kind enough to excuse me, when I must inform you, that by several Particulars which I observed in your Person, Manner, and Conversation with the *Captain* at *Change*, I plainly discovered that you have not been long in Town. And observing also that you are but young; altho' I must confess, that you have somewhat in your sprightly easy Air, and healthful florid Countenance, that were I to attempt describing, your modest good Sense might perhaps deem Flattery in me. I therefore instantly formed an inward *Hope*, that by your Design for the Port of *Lisbon*, you might probably be of the *true* Catholick-Faith, which is the *only* Religion of that Kingdom; and which would the better have enabled me to assist and serve your Wishes. For I shall now inform you, that I have at this Time, a Commission from a Person of *Quality*, and a *Roman*, who is immediately going to *Lisbon* on no other Business than to spend a few Months in a thorough View of that most pleasant and healthful Country. Now, Sir, this Opportunity I imagined, by what I heard pass between you and the *Captain*,  
might

might possibly accord with your Inclination and Circumstances, much more to your Advantage than paying eight or ten Pounds for your Passage: And especially as the Person I want is such a kind of sober, sprightly, genteel young Man as you appear to me to be.—Here *Silvius* bowed to him for his fine Compliment, and then demanded of him, whether his Religion could no wise be dispensed with? And also, in what kind of Capacity his Service was required?—Why, Sir, returned the Gentleman, as to the first Part of your Question, if you are strenuously obstinate in your *Protestant* Faith, for many Reasons, you cannot suit our Purpose: In the first Place, we should have a continual Quarreling, and a fixed Enmity between yourself and all the other Servants, on this very Account. And many other Inconveniencies would arise, which at this Time would be needless to enumerate. And as for your Office or Employment, it would be such, I can assure you, as is both the most creditable and profitable in the best of Families. That is to say, to be Steward to a Man of Quality; and a Gentleman who is possessed of very little less than three hundred thousand Pounds Fortune. And your chief Business will be to keep an Account of his Expences in House-keeping, &c. to take Cognizance of his Plate, wear-  
ing-



ing-Apparel, Wines, Linens, and so forth. A Place of the greatest Trust: And, in domestic Character, next unto himself.

I am sorry, Sir, returned *Silvius*, that my Religion should be any Objection, or Obstruction in this Prospect; but I am persuaded, by the constant Observations I have made of the Behaviour of the Generality of Mankind, that different Points of *Faith* seldom make any very great Difference in the moral Actions of Men. It is the innate Principle of the Mind, in my Opinion, that makes any Person more or less valuable; by the prevalent Power which the Mind is still possessed of, in the Direction of all his doings. But, I am, Sir, indeed both too young, and too much unskilled to enter into any Debate concerning Matters of so great Importance. And therefore, all I shall pretend to say, Sir, is only this; that should you, Sir, or any body else conceive me capable of quarreling with another, or bearing them an Enmity because they do not think or believe in the same Points exactly with myself, is to have a much worse Opinion of me than I hope I shall ever deserve. What Right have I to quarrel with any Man's Thoughts in Points of Religion, or he with mine? It is the *Actions* of Men that are the most significant to  
one

one another. And *those*, if they injure me, I have indeed a Right to call in question.

The Gentleman, here enquired of *Silvius* what he had been brought up to; and what Country and Profession his Parents were of? To which *Silvius* gave him a very satisfactory Answer; insomuch that the Gentleman told him that he had but one more Question to ask him, and he would then see what he could do for him. Sir, said he I perceive that you are Person of a good moral and rational Understanding, and if your Principles are sound, according to your Discourse, I should have great Hope, that I might make you a very bright Man in a very little Time. And now I should be glad to know if you have ever read any Books that have sufficiently treated of the Good and Benefit of the *Roman-Catholic* Faith? Or, of any eminent Controversy between *your* Faith and that of *ours*? By which means you might have a just Understanding of the true Difference between them.—To which, *Silvius*, as sufficiently understanding his Meaning, returned thus; the Business, Sir, to which I was bred, hath too much taken up my early Days, as yet, to admit me any such Opportunity. Nor could any Curiosity I believe prompt me to such Enquiry; because I never yet found any real Occasion for such extraordinary Trouble: And there

Ch. 13. *Captain GREENLAND.* 209

therefore, Sir, I must confess that I am an utter Stranger to, and absolutely ignorant of all what you might, thereby, hope to be informed of.—I like you the better for it, returned the Gentleman; many of those Works of Controversy only contribute towards the Perplexion of the Mind, and the confounding of People's Understanding, rather than a strengthening of them. For indeed, Matters of Religion are too mysterious, sacred, and profound! for vulgar Definition. And therefore, consequently within the Comprehension and Province of those who are properly commissioned by Heaven, *only*, to expound its Nature, and to dispose its Influence.—You are certainly very right, Sir, replied *Silvius*. Nothing can be more just! What can such poor ignorant Wretches as I am, know of such deep Searches? The Dictates of Religion are doubtless, as you say, Sir, the Province of the Clergy; it is their particular Charge, and they are accountable to the great Judge for all the Errors which their Doctrine leads us into: And therefore, our Duty is certainly to submit to their Determinations.—You are a very prudent young Man, said the Gentleman: And as you are now lost to the inestimable Blessings and Excellencies of our most holy and invincible Church; I will not only pray for your Increase of Strength; but will also hope  
that

that I may hereafter contribute my personal Assistance towards it.—Sir, answered *Silvius*, I shall always bear in my Mind a most grateful Remembrance of all those your friendly and generous Offers to serve me; and should be exceeding joyful that I had it the least in my Power to return them.—*That* you may have, hereafter, returned the Gentleman; for I am thoroughly persuaded that you are a very virtuous young Man; and have hitherto been neglected entirely to your own Loss. Therefore, if you can give this Gentleman, whom, I have been speaking to you of, a satisfactory Account of yourself, when I shall introduce you to him; I will endeavour to make this Day's Adventure beneficial to you, to all Eternity.

Here, the above Gentleman appointed *Silvius* to meet him at eight o'Clock that Evening, at the *Paris Coffee-House*, in little *Suffolk-Street*. Where they proceeded, as our Readers may by and by see.

## C H A P. XIV.

*Who this Gentleman was, that took such a Fancy to Silvius; with the History of Silvius his new Master, and the Intentions of his Voyage to Lisbon. Silvius is put into Possession of his new Office, and becomes a Favourite of his young Lady's.*

AFTER the Gentleman was departed from Silvius and Wilful, as our Readers have seen in the above Chapter, they enjoyed a most merry and mutual Laugh, at the Success of Silvius's so well acted hypocrisy: For they both of them very rightly saw into the Design and Profession of this brawny well fed *Elder*. And which, if any of our Readers should be less penetrating than those *Country Lads* were, so as not to comprehend him rightly, we shall here inform them, that he was a *Roman Catholick Priest*: and whose short History, and his present Business was as follows:

Sir *Humphry Morgan*, a *Roman Catholick Baronet*, when he died, was possessed of a prodigious large Estate, both personal and real; and left only two Children to enjoy it, a Son and a Daughter. The Son, (who was now Sir *Christopher*.)

pher,) was in his Nature and Temper, a very close, designing, covetous, ill-natured, and morose Man. But his amiable Sister *Rosetta*, for that was her Name, was in every respect the exact Reverse of him. She was, when her Father died, about nine Years younger than her Brother; that is to say, about twenty Years of Age. And it is hard to determine whether she was most admired for the Beauty of her Person, or that of her Temper and Mind. Her Father having been many Years a Widower, and with only these two Children, whom Nature had taught him tenderly to love; he found no very great Difficulty in the Disposal of his vast Wealth. He left his Son Executor, and sole Heir to all his great Possessions; saving only his Jewels, which he bequeathed to his dear *Daughter*, and who indeed had been in Possession of them some Years before, with some other Valuables, which were particularly specified in his Will. And as she was now so near being of Age, he, by his *last Will*, directed his *Son* to the immediate Possession of all his whole Estate; enjoining him at the Expiration of one Year after his Decease, to pay to his Sister *Rosetta*, or her especial Appointment, the Sum of fifty thousand Pounds. And which was not above one Fourth of the ready Money



Ch. 14. *Captain GREENLAND.* 213

Money that his Father left him now possess of, exclusive of all his real Estate, which amounted to upwards of four thousand Pounds a Year more. But the vast Wealth he now found himself Master of, did not in the least abate his immoderate Thirst of Avarice; but rather contributed most dreadfully to encrease it: And the Thoughts of parting with fifty Thousand Pounds to his worthy Sister (though her lawful Right) out of this immense Treasure, were like fifty Thousand Daggers in his avaricious Heart; and were sufficient to create as many Endeavours in him to evade the Payment of it. For this covetous and unsatisfied Desire, joined with the natural Barbarity of his Temper, instantly set the Wind-mill of his Brain to work, and produced in his cankered Mind, one of the most inhuman Schemes that ever was attempted by Mankind. And which was as follows:

From the first Moment that he conceived a criminal Desire of detaining from his only Sister these fifty Thousand Pounds to his own sole Use and Advantage; and which was from the very first Moment that it was put into his Hands; he was never at rest till he had determined how to effect it. And by the Sequel of the Story, it is not very unlikely, but that he would absolutely have

have made away with her, had it been but practicable, and that he could by any means have avoided the Danger of the Law. But this being so greatly to be dreaded, he was obliged to seek for private Means to obtain his Ends. And he now thought himself secure from all Perils of that Sort, by the following Project.

As *Rosetta* was of a very mild and pleasant Disposition, and also knowing her Brother to be exceeding stubborn, harsh, and ill-natured, when any wise thwarted; she had always made it her constant Rule to yield as much as possible to every Thing he desired. And this Method being so strictly observed by her in her Father's Time, it is natural to imagine that she would not hastily attempt to break through it now: Since he was not only become her Guardian, but also her sole Treasurer, and the only Friend she could expect to defend her from the common Abuses of the World. Therefore his Designs were the more practicable. The first Step he took was to apply to one *Father Benediēt*, a true Priest of his own Church; and who had formerly resided many Years in *Portugal*, and had likewise been a Priest in that Family a great while: Of him he enquired both a general and particular Account

of

of that Country. For he was a *Portugueze* born. And after he had sufficiently sounded his Heart, and found it capable of any Impression that could be engraved with a true golden Instrument; he acquainted him with his whole Design: And prevailed upon him also, to join his utmost Endeavours to persuade *Resetta* to accompany them thither. Being determined, he said, to go and spend a few Months in that pleasant Place, as soon as he could possibly settle his Affairs. But the true Reason of this expeditious Haste was to draw his Sister out of the Kingdom, if possible before she was of Age, and who now had passed the Meridian of her twentieth Year (and for a further Reason which our Readers will be informed of by and by.) So that, according to his present System, no Time was to be lost. And this is the worthy Gentleman, and his right worshipful Master, whom our honest *Silvius* was now treating with, as above.

And it may not be here improper to instruct our Readers that *Silvius*, and his Friend *Wilful*, did not fail to meet the *Priest* that Evening, at the *Paris* Coffee-House, according to his Appointment; in which Space, from the Time they had parted from each other, at Noon, they had been debating on this lucky Adventure (as it now seemed to promise to *Silvius*.) For although

though they verily believed him to be a *Priest*, and that if *Silvius* should engage himself to go with them, he should certainly encounter with many disagreeable Passages, occasioned by their Religion in that Family ; yet, the hoped-for Sight of his dear and lovely *Angelica* would render those Inconveniencies not in the least worth his regarding. The Money he should thereby save, only in the Expence of his Passage, he thought to himself, would be so much Money put clearly into his Pocket ; and by which means he should be the better able to manage Matters when he came there, in case his *Love-Affairs* should happen to prove as cross to him at *Lisbon*, as they had been at home. And as for his *own* Religion, he resolved to amuse the good *Doctor*, and make him believe that it should be just as he would please to have it. Since all outward Forms and Ceremonies are in themselves, he said, only ridiculous and customary Superstitions : And that the Heart of a rational Man might still condemn them, although the Head should *bow*, or the Knee should *sink* in outward Acquiescence to their bigotted Vice or Folly.

All this *Bob Wilful* readily approved of ; and heartily wished within himself, that he could but have partaken of the Voyage along with him.

But

Ch. 14. *Captain GREENLAND.* 217

But now, the old Gentleman, *Father Benedict*, attended them, according to his Appointment; when he told *Silvius*, that he had represented him in so worthy a Light to Sir *Christopher*, that he had now left the whole Affair to him. And therefore, he thought it now proper to inform him that he was in *holy Orders*; that he was born in *Portugal*; and that if *Silvius* should engage himself in the Service of Sir *Christopher*, he should expect such a condescending Behaviour from him, as would in all Respects answer the good Report he had made of him to his Master. *Silvius* was not backward in promising all that was required of him, to the good *Priest*; so that now they struck up a Bargain; and nothing was wanting but the Testimony of some worthy Person, in Behalf of *Silvius's* former Behaviour and Character. By which the *Priest* might be able to acquit this Charge with Honour, and to the entire Satisfaction of the *Knight* his Master.

And for the Information of which, *Silvius* directed him to enquire of one Mr. *Jackson*; who was Steward to a Member of Parliament, in the County he was born in; and who had personally known him from his Childhood: As being School-Fellows together before he went Appren-

tice, and friendly Acquaintance ever since. The next Day, *Silvius* was introduced by the *Priest*, and very well approved by Sir *Christopher*; when every Thing was confirmed to him by the *Knight*, that had been before agreed upon, between him and the *Priest*.

For we should here observe that the innocent Appearance of his Youth, and his Inexperience in all deep and designing Matters of *worldly Politicks*, better suited with the present Views of the plotting Knight, than a Person of more Acquaintance with *old Time*, and the daily Works of his Discoveries. So that *Father Benedict* having now received the most perfect Satisfaction from Mr. *Jackson's* Account of *Silvius*, he was required to come and take possession of this his new Employment. And also to prepare himself for the Voyage to *Lisbon*, with all the Speed he could. Which was readily and punctually enough complied with by *Silvius*: For he was all Impatience to be gone; and there was no Fear of waiting for him. When he entered his Service, he was received and complimented by all the Knight's Servants, with very great Respect; for by what the *Priest* had told them of him, they all looked upon him as a very hopeful and certain *Convert*. And *Rosetta* became so greatly charmed with



Ch. 14. *Captain GREENLAND.* 219

his modest and agreeable Conversation and Behaviour, that she was often forced to disguise her real Thoughts of him, lest her *Brother* or the *Priest* should construe her good Opinion of him, as criminal. Let it then suffice, that we say, he soon became her very great Favourite; and that without the least mean, or dishonourable Thought, in her more noble and truly generous Mind.

*The END of the FIFTH BOOK.*



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
Capt. GREENLAND.

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BOOK VI.

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CHAP. I.

*Wherein Silvius discovers the Priest in a solemn Adoration of a Holy-Vision; which he, though with the good Father's Assistance cannot comprehend. Upon which, some religious Conversation ensues.*

WE cannot here pass over an odd Encounter between *Silvius* and the good Priest, which happen'd about a Week after the former had been in the Family. It was about an Hour before Sun-set, one very fair Evening,

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when

Ch. I. Captain GREENLAND. 221

when *Silvius* was, by the Priest's Contrivance, desired to go into his Appartment for certain particular Matters to pack up, and which were to be entrusted to his Care *only*, as Things of the greatest Worth and Consequence: And where he found the righteous *Father* down upon his Knees crossing himself; and then, by suddenly falling prostrate upon the Ground, he rendered the strangest and most extravagant Adoration and Bustle imaginable. *Silvius*, who was greatly amazed at this extraordinary Proceeding, stood a while in the utmost Consternation, without attempting to approach the good *Father*, or offering in the least to interrupt him. At length, perceiving his Ceremony to promise a Conclusion, as he thought, he patiently waited the pious *Father's* ultimate Proceedings in his present Devotion. Who having now paid such Duty and Service, as in himself seemed at that Time most requisite and sufficient; and happening also to cast about his Eye, by a casual Intention, (for this was all a designed Scheme) he, with some seeming Surprise discovered *Silvius* in a deep Observation of his present Position; and rightly judging that he might make some question, inwardly, or outwardly, what might be the Occasion of this so sudden and solemn Devotion, (for the *Father* had not left *Silvius* but a very few

Minutes) he instantly resolved while the heavenly Object was yet present, to render the whole Cause openly to him, without giving him the Trouble to seek it, or otherwise to surmise it. Therefore having with all due Form and Reverence absolutely finished his pious Ejaculation, he drew near to *Silvius*, and then addressed him as follows :

It may Sir, perhaps, to you seem a little strange and affected that a poor Sinner should so unexpectedly be found upon his bended Knees, in humble Prostration to the heavenly Majesty: But when you shall be informed of the blessed Cause (which yet remains within the Prospect of our naked Eye,) you will doubtless bless the Hand of Providence which brought you so opportunely to be Witness of its Truth. Behold! (continued he, pointing through the Window to a Cloud) the reverend Gravity! and heavenly Brightness of yonder Figure! It hath the Majesty of a suppliant King; the Lustre of an Angel, and the exact Resemblance of the blest Saint *Antony*.—*Saint Antony*! replied *Silvius*, it may perhaps, Sir, to your inspired Fancy seem the plain Resemblance of a *Saint*. But to my vulgar Imagination, it is nothing but a common Cloud.—A Cloud! Returned the Priest, it is as palpable a Vision as ever appeared to any of the  
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Ch. 1. *Captain GREENLAND.* 223

*Apostles*, or any of the *Prophets* either, since the Foundation of the World. Behold! How the soft Rays of Glory shine around his Head! And his elevated Face is raised to the highest Heavens! His Hands, too, are lifted in a true Position of Devotion; and his Knees are humble to the eternal Majesty. His whole Figure! Countenance! and heavenly Appearance, imports no less than a most merciful and wonderful Admonishment! and indeed a glorious Invitation to copy it.

At this illustrious Exposition of the good *Father*, the amazed *Silvius* stood aghast. But a little recovering of himself he replied—doubtless, Sir, it is an inexpressible and particular Blessing bestowed upon you, that you should not only be more capable of discovering the Figure of this *holy Vision*; but that you should also, so well know and understand both the Person and Meaning of it; and by which it occurs to me, that it must be by means of my more sinful State that renders it not so intelligible to my Understanding, as to yours; seeing that I am here with my Eyes, seemingly to me, quite open as your own, a joint Witness of what hath now appeared to us, so differently to our Imagination.

It may be so, indeed! Child! Returned the pious *Father*, with great Joy, and I believe you

have now hit upon the true Cause; for, albeit though I confess myself a most gross Sinner; yet Heaven is Witness of the Purity and Sincerity of my Heart; you, my good Child! are, you know, of an *heretical* Profession of Faith; which renders you, by the true Lack of Grace, not so immediate in the Comprehension of all good Things.

Here, *Rosetta*, being but in the next Room, happened to over-hear this Conversation; and quite undesignedly too: Therefore, she resolved to listen to their further Discourse: For she knew not, as yet, whether to construe *Silvius's* Words as the Effect of his humorous Fancy, or the real Dictates of his more serious Mind. And the Windows of her Appartment pointing the same Way with those of the good *Father's*, she had made an Observation of this cloudy Saint, which the Priest had so admired, as soon as she had heard him mention it. But for all she was of the same infallible Communion, she had not enough of their inspired Grace to discover any more Likeness of a *Saint* in the Clouds, than that of an Elephant, or a *Cheshire-Cheese*, or a Hedge-Hog, or any other foreign Comparison. However, as the *Priest* had thought proper to canonize it, *Silvius* was resolved not to be too incredulous about it; and if he should think proper to transform it to a Church, or a Chim-

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Ch. I. *Captain GREENLAND.* 225

ney-Sweeper, he had both his Consent to it, and his Belief in it, too, if he required it. And so we shall proceed to their Dialogue.

But, my good Child, continued the *Priest* to *Silvius*, although you could not conceive that blessed and heavenly Figure to have any divine Resemblance of an holy and immortal glorious *Vision* ! yet, I will be answerable for your future Improvement before you have been a single Month in *Portugal*, if you will not absolutely lock up your Understanding in too strong an Obstinacy to the contrary. There you shall behold the miraculous Power of our holy Church, in all her Force. And you shall both admire, and rejoice at her Glory ! Nay, and you shall partake of her eternal Benefits too. Such as your own present corrupted, and most deadly heretical Faith and Doctrine must ever be entirely lost to. Therefore, take heed ! my Son, that you lose no Time in the seeking and securing of your Salvation. Your Soul is a precious Concern ; and, to be damned to an endless Eternity, is a very dreadful Reflexion indeed ! Remember, Sir, that Heaven is open to all Men ; and therefore, if you will seek, as the Scriptures say, you shall find. And when you have an Opportunity of a Guide to the heavenly Gate, if you will then despise him, and follow your own most perverse and dangerous Steps ; it is a head-

strong and wilful Damnation, for which there is no Redemption, no Possibility of your being saved.—And pray, Sir, said *Silvius*, is it indeed true, think you, that all Opinions differing from the Roman-Catholick Faith are in a State of Perdition?—Absolutely, replied the Priest. There neither is, nor can there be any more than one true Church on Earth; and which is indisputably that of *Rome*. Only observe and remember, Sir, what great and singular Power *Christ* gave to *Peter*, when he gave and established to him his particular Succession in his Church. Upon this Rock, said he, will I build my Church, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.

It is true, Sir, replied *Silvius*, it is so set down, indeed. And that the Gates of Hell will never prevail against his Church, I do most verily believe. But I have two or three Texts, Sir, which I am apt to believe will never entirely forsake my Memory; and which I believe, also, may have a little contributed to support me in my erroneous Faith (if it be such) for I have always nourished them; considered them, and admired them. And which, Sir, with a Word or two thereupon, I now beg leave to repeat to you. I remember, that in one Place, *Christ* says, *I come not to condemn the World, but to save the World*. And, in another Place, *I come not to*  
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*destroy the Law, but to fulfil the Law.* And what is that *Law* which he came to fulfil? Why the *Law* of the Jewish Prophets; and of which he was himself born a Member. The chiefest and briefest Part of their *Law* was this, (and which I always imagined was, of itself, a sufficient Guide to Salvation) *do Justice, love Mercy, and walk humbly with thy God.* And, that *Christ* did not intend either to destroy this *Law*, or to alter this *Law*, or to make any Addition whatever thereto, appears very plainly by his Answer to the Lawyer, when he demanded of him, *what he should do to be saved.* (Which the Lawyers, now a days, I believe seldom trouble themselves about.) *Why,* replied our Saviour, *what is written in the Law? How readest thou?—* That thou shalt serve the Lord thy God (answered the Scribe) with all thy Heart, and with all thy Soul, and with all thy Mind, and with all thy Strength, and love thy Neighbour as thyself.—*Thou hast answered right,* replied *Christ,* *do that, and thou shalt live.*—Now Sir, said *Silvius* to the *Priest*, here was no holy Water, no extreme Unction; no Penance mentioned; no Fasting, no Injunction to curse, to condemn, nor to persecute our poor Fellow-Creatures, who have done us no Injury. But on the contrary, tells us, that, *it is not that which goes into the Mouth that defiles the Man, but that which comes*  
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out of it. And, says he, *a new Commandment I give unto you, that you love one another.* Which in Fact, Sir, is no more than what is commanded in the *former Law*, as above: *And love thy Neighbour as thyself.* Now Sir, continued *Silvius*, can you love me as yourself, and at the same Time, say, and think, and affirm to the whole World that I am in a State of Damnation, for only differing in some few *immaterial Points*, from your absolute Way of Thinking? And if I do Justice to the rest of Mankind; and dedicate my unfeigned Prayers, and Supplications to the high Throne of Heaven; though I should be a Quaker, or a Baptist, or a Jew, or a Turk, or a Persian, or an Indian, must I be damned for not being a Roman? If so, how did *Christ* die for the *whole World*? And if not so, why then I may as well be saved out of the Pale of that Church, as in it. And to confirm our Hopes in the latter, we have this further Authority, *A Remnant of all shall be saved.*

Now these Things, Sir, I was used to imagine, could not accord with what I have been informed is the Doctrine of the *Romish Faith*, and perhaps they have gone a good Way towards my continuing a Protestant. But however, Sir, I do not pretend, by advancing these Things to you now, with any View to enter into a Dis-

pute

pute with you in Points of Religion. And therefore, I shall submit to your superior Learning, Wisdom, and Judgment.—But I thought, Sir, replied the *Priest*, that you assured me, you had never read any Works of Controversy : And these Points which you have now advanced, are such Instruments as the Weak and Wicked do always turn to their own Destruction.

Ay, replied *Rosetta*, immediately (but not loud enough for the *Priest* to hear her) and they are such Instruments, for all that, as I am determined to have some further Knowledge of.—

Sir, said *Silvius*, (being resolved to avoid all further Opposition to him) I do not pretend to understand those deep Matters, so well as you do. I only tell you, honestly, that these were some of the chiefest Documents which have hitherto assisted to support my Faith. But you and I Sir, shall have hereafter a fairer Opportunity to discuss those Points ; and when you shall find that I am not above being set right, when once you have demonstrated that I was before in the wrong. But at this Time, Sir, I have more Business to attend, than I have convenient Time to transact it in ; and therefore, I trust, Sir, that I have your good Pardon for this my simple and unintended Interruption of you.

And

And so saying he immediately withdrew, and left the good Father a great deal hobbled and perplexed in his present, and much alter'd Opinion of him.

## CH A P. II.

*Silvius's Master and Lady, &c. set sail for Lisbon, with an Account of what pass'd in their Voyage until they arrived within Sight of the Portuguese Shore.*

THE Knight having now form'd his whole Plan of Operation, and got every thing ready for his intended Voyage; he appear'd to every Body, but especially his Sister, a quite different kind of Man than he had ever before been. He was pleasant, affable, good-natur'd, and in short perfectly agreeable in every Respect. But alas! this was but mere Outside! a Mask of Diffimulation to hide his more black Intent. The many pretty amusing Tales of the vast Variety of sweet and rural Pleasures which he promised to take with his Sister *Rosetta* in that pleasant and healthful Country, soon soften'd her Grief for the Loss of her Father; and gain'd her willing Consent to accompany him thither: Little suspecting what was secretly design'd by him for her. To be brief, the Time of Convenience



veniency being now present, and all Things ready for their Voyage, he hired a commodious Vessel, purposely for their Passage; and out of Pretence that he would be more than ordinarily useful to them in construing the *Portuguese* Language, and instructing them in the Customs, Manners, and other Particulars of that Country, he told her, that he had likewise prevail'd with *Father Benedict* to share this pleasant Voyage with them. But howsoever serviceable and agreeable he might appear to be in this Adventure, as being formerly a *Priest* in that Country, as well as a fine Scholar, and an agreeable Gentleman when he pleased to put it on; he seem'd yet to Sir *Christopher*, a more capable and promising Instrument towards facilitating his wicked Design on the innocent *Rosetta*, than any other he could possibly hope to make of him.

Never, perhaps, was a parting of two Friends more grievous to each other, than that which now was between *Silvius* and his Friend *Willful*: And had not the pleasing Hope of seeing a sweet! charming! and lovely Lady, who had chiefly engross'd the Affections of his whole Soul! supported his heavy Thoughts with a most precious Reward in View; it is more than probable, that *Silvius* would not have thought it worth his while to have left his Friend and native

tive Country in Pursuit of such a Voyage. Especially, as he was not very highly enamour'd with the Family he was now incorporated with. For the *Priest's* Behaviour about his late cloudy Vision had created in him but a very indifferent Opinion of his Honesty and Design. And the Expectation and Hope of seeing him soon again, happily crown'd with all his Heart desired, contributed as much to lull the Grief of his sincere Friend *Wilful*; who impatiently was left behind him to wait an Account of hearing soon the Success of this his am'rous Voyage. And who was appointed to act hereafter, as *Silvius's* chief Agent in *England*; in case any thing should happen that might require such Assistance, although they had agreed he should return home, as soon as *Silvius* had set sail. And where we shall now leave him, to his proper Province, and return to our Adventurers.

The Hour of their Departure being come, they weigh'd Anchor at *Portsmouth* (where the Ship was sent round to wait their coming, in Readiness) and with a fair Wind, and a pleasant steady Gale at North, they shot thro' the Needles in a very few Hours.

*Rosetta* had one Footman and two Maid Servants to attend her; and her Brother, *Sir Christopher*, had four in Livery, a Man-Cook, and our honest *Silvius* as his Steward. But one of these was ap-

appointed solely to attend on *Father Benedict*. This was their whole and indeed sufficient Train of Attendance.

But the fair and lovely *Rosetta* had not been used to such an ungrateful way of Travelling as this soon discover'd itself to be to her: The Smell and the Motion of the Ship soon robb'd her of the blooming and native Roses of her Cheeks; and the revulsed Blood began to tremble in her languid Veins. Cold Sweats! and violent Reachings soon possess'd her; and a heavy, helpless Sickness strait took place, and disabled all her Faculties. The *Captain* of the Vessel, who was a young smart and agreeable Person, felt something more than a common Concern for the fair *Rosetta's* Disorder; and notwithstanding these sick Qualms are even natural to most People, when they first venture to Sea, yet when he beheld her innocent and complaining Eyes lift up, with such unspeakable, though distressful Sweetness, he found himself more than usually moved to attempt her some Relief. The ready Assiduity of his Behaviour had a very great Effect on the grateful, though helpless *Rosetta*: And her Observations of his good Nature towards her, were always accompanied with Thoughts and Resolutions to his Advantage. But whether it was by the *Captain's* particular Administration, or by any natural Turn  
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of the Sickness, assisted by her happy Constitution and State of her Blood, we cannot pretend to say, but so it was, that after about thirty Hours Illness, she began to resume her usual Chearfulness, and to be very merry; in-somuch, that she very pleasantly rally'd her own so late Incapacity. And began to administer some personal Assistance to her Maids, who were still much worse than she had been at all. And *Silvius* was yet as bad as any of them. The *Knight* was also in the same helpless Condition, and continued in the same Manner till he was eased of the lofty Tosses which were so plentifully bestowed them by the restless *Biscaian-Bay*. And which, consequently, render'd the good *Captain's* ready Service much more valuable to them all. But especially to *Rosetta*; because there was none of her own Servants that were capable to assist her.

But she being now pretty well recovered, her Time was afterwards very tollerably amused, both by their Observation and Converse of what new Matter presented itself to them in the Course of the remaining Part of their Passage. Sometimes they were surrounded by a Shoal of wanton Porpoises, that seem'd to sport and play about their Vessel, as though they intended purely to divert them. By and by their Remarks turn'd on their little Bark's climb-

climbing so wonderfully o'er the vast Ridges of the mountainous Waves, which form'd such perpetual and amazing Prospects of over-rowling Hills and Vales, as could scarcely meet Belief from any who had never been at Sea. The wide Extense of Sea and Air, being all the present Prospect that their Eyes could possibly encounter with, out of their little Vessel, their Thoughts and constant Desires were naturally pointing towards their bound-for Port; and consequently took up in Turn, a Part of their Conversation. But being, at length, happily arrived within Sight of the wish'd-for Shore, in the Midst of their Transport, Hurry, and Joy, an odd kind of Accident unexpectedly and suddenly arose, that almost instantly chang'd the Course of their intended Expedition: And which must consequently do the same in the Thread of this History.

## C H A P. III.

*They arrive in the River Tagus, to the inexpressible Joy of our Hero Silvius. But soon after an unexpected Incident arises, which frustrates all their Views.*

IT was about Six o'Clock in the Afternoon, on the twentieth of *September*, when they came within about a League and a half of the *Portuguese* Shore, and about two or three Leagues from the Mouth of the *River Tagus*; when having taken in a Pilot, they dropt their Anchor for that Night; intending to proceed with the Morning-Tide up the River to the City of *Lisbon*.

The Air was pleasant and serene; and having left *England* at the Close of one Summer, they were now entering, as it were, the very Spring of another. For being, at this Time, twenty Degrees nearer the Sun, in the Space of a very few Days, these young Travellers perceived a most sensible and pleasing Alteration in the different Climates. The Evening and the Morning Air were not quite so sharp as they were when they left *Old England*. And the pleasing Prospect, which was now so near them, of recreating themselves, after this  
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Ch. 3. Captain GREENLAND. 237

fatiguing Voyage, in the delightful Amusements of their viewing the fine and fruitful Vineyards, (being now their mature Season) and the sweet Orange, Lemon, and Olive Groves! with many other pleasurable Reflections were almost too transporting to be borne. But especially those in the enraptured Breast of our almost distracted *Silvius*.

Never, sure, did the mortal Head of Man before, contain itself from downright Madness, and furnish forth proportionable Workings to the vast agitated Motion of his fermenting Blood and Spirits. Every Atom of his whirling Brain produced an Action of its own. And every Particle of his swift flowing Blood, maintain'd an equal Motion. Mr. *L*—*ke* himself, would, perhaps, have been hardly put to it, to have defined in a Twelvemonth's Time, the many different and successive Ideas of but only ten Minutes of his present Production.

But now behold in the Midst of all their various Plans and Schemes, *Providence* must have a Share, and that the commanding one too, in all their future Proceedings. The twenty-first of *September*, Old Stile, had now usher'd in the Day, with all the Glories of the Sun and Season, when the Ship was under Weigh, and the rough lofty Hill of *Lisbon*, which forms the first Corner of the *River Tagus*, presented

presented itself along-side them, to their general Joy and Admiration: When lo! the *Knight* was now fully dress'd, and *Domine Benedict* had cast off the false Cloathing of a Sheep, the *English modern Dress*; and appear'd in his native Character, a downright *Wolf*, of the Order of *St. Francis*; wearing that hempen Discipline about his Waist, which perhaps, would much more justly have ornamented his hypocritical Neck. These, I say, were now ready dress'd and decorated to go on Shore, so soon as the Vessel should arrive as far up the *Tagus* as to reach *Bell-Isle*; which is about three or four Miles short of the City of *Lisbon*.

This was the Place they were first to anchor at, until the *Knight* should either return to them; or send them fresh Instructions. For it was privately agreed between them, that *he* and the *Priest* should first go by themselves to view the Apartments which the latter, by Command of the former, had written for to a Brother of his own Order, to be got ready for the Reception of *Rosetta*, as we shall by and by see. Poor impatient *Silvius* solicited very hard for the Favour of going on shore along with them. But was answer'd by the Knight, his Master, that he must stay there to attend his Sister *Rosetta*; and to prepare such things as were most requisite to bring first on Shore; and that, in

two or three Hours, at farthest, they should all be sent for together.

This was a very fortunate Affair to some, and quite the Reverse to others : For Sir *Christopher* and the *Priest* being now gone out of the Ship, and the dear long'd-for City within the present View of him ; poor *Silvius*'s impatient Heart beat double Time, and made the lagging Moments seem to limp but slow and lamely on. But being now in the great Cabin by himself, routing about amongst their Things, to pass away the Time in some Employment that he thought would best beguile the lazy Minutes, he at length happen'd to pick up a *Letter* directed to *Father Benedict*. And whether we ought to account his Curiosity most impertinent, or fortunate, in his immediately opening it, to view the Inside ; we will not enter into here : But however, little was his present Desire satisfy'd therein ; for upon his attempting to read it, he found it written in a Language that he did not in the least understand. But instantly calling to Mind, that he had often heard the *Priest* and the *Captain* converse together in the *Portuguese* Tongue, he directly (without any further Consideration) carry'd it to him ; and telling him how he came by it, demanded of him, if he could translate it. The *Captain* took it in his Hand, and after musing in it  
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for about the Space of a Quarter of a Minute to himself; he cry'd out,——What the Devil have we here? Here's a damn'd villainous Plot, by Heaven!——These Words, which were express'd by the *Captain*, with the utmost Surprise, for he was not much given to Swearing, set poor *Silvius* a trembling from Top to Toe, while the *Captain* made a thorough and silent Review of the whole Contents of the Letter. Which having done, he demanded of *Silvius*, in a perfect Sweat, how he came by it? *Silvius* again told him, that he pick'd it up, amongst other things he was seeking for, in the great Cabbins; where he did suppose the good Father had accidentally dropp'd it. Ay, accidentally indeed! reply'd the *Captain*, for this Letter was never intended for our View, I am sure. But, by heaven! your young Lady is ruin'd!——Christ in his infinite Mercy forbid! cry'd *Silvius*. Sure, Sir, you don't think as you speak!——She's sacrificed! reply'd the *Captain*, and undone, past all Redemption! Damnation to the Villains! continued he, that could wrong so much innocent Goodness!——Pray, Sir, inform me, said *Silvius*, with the utmost Concern, what it is you have discover'd?——Nay, Sir, you are the accidental Author of this most fortunate Discovery, return'd the *Captain*, and as there is no Time for the  
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Ch. 3. Captain GREENLAND. 241

young Lady to lose, if she would endeavour to avoid the treach'rous Snare, I would have you go to her, and prepare her in the best and easiest Manner that you can, to hear the black Contents of this most villainous Letter. But this I can assure you, Sir, before-hand, that she will be extremely shock'd at it. And therefore I would advise you to prepare her for it accordingly. And lose not a Moment's Time, I beg of you.

Here *Silvius* immediately run down (but with the utmost Confusion) to *Rosetta's* Cabbín, where she was preparing herself to go on Shore, and humbly besought her to permit him the Speech of a few Words with her alone. Here she went with him into the Great-Cabbín; not without some Wonder at what might be the Occasion of this so earnest a Summons; but being now by themselves, and *Silvius* having shut to the Door, he address'd *Rosetta* thus:

I am desired by the *Captain*, Madam, to inform you that he has something to communicate to you, of a very extraordinary Nature, and which is of the utmost Importance to yourself. And he also wishes you, Madam, to prepare your Mind with all the Calmness and Reason, you can possibly call to your aid; because he says, that no less than your own personal Safety depends upon it. What the Matter

is, Madam, I am an utter Stranger to ; but I find it is all contained in a *Portuguese* Letter, directed to *Father Benedict*. And which I chanced to pick up here, just this Minute. The *Captain* says that it is concerning a most villainous Plot against you. And that you are ruin'd if you lose a Minute's Time.—Heaven's Mercy forbid it ! (reply'd *Rosetta*, in the utmost Amazement.) Pray, desire the *Captain* to come to me. I am all over of a Tremour, I am so frightened !

Here the *Captain* immediately attended her, and taking the above Letter from his Pocket, he open'd the whole Affair to her thus :—I hope, Madam, you will pardon my Rudeness in thus troubling you, with what you may perhaps say I had no manner of Concern. But indeed, Madam, I am more concern'd at what I here see written, than I am able to express. And that you are a Stranger to the Business of its dread Contents, I dare be sworn is Truth. Here he read the Letter to her in *English* thus :

*Dear Brother,*

*According to your Instructions, I have agreed with the Lord Abbot and with the Lady Abbess concerning the Disposal of the young Lady*



Ch. 3. *Captain GREENLAND.* 243  
Rosetta, in the English Monastery at Bell-Isle;  
and you may acquaint the Knight, her Brother,  
that the Holy-Sisters of that Convent have all  
of them been properly instructed how to behave to-  
wards her, when she comes to visit them. I have  
also agreed, according to your Advice, that Sir  
Christopher shall endow the Monastery with Six  
thousand Pounds on the Day of Rosetta's \* Wed-  
ding-

\* The Celebration of this Wedding with Christ,  
is as follows: When any Lady enters a Convent in  
*Portugal*, she is allow'd a Twelvemonth's Time to  
try whether she can approve of a Monastic-Life. Du-  
ring which Time she is call'd a Novice, and very  
justly too; for in all this Time she is humour'd,  
flatter'd, and indulg'd to the utmost of her Desires:  
Attends at every Wedding that happens in that Space,  
dress'd like a Goddess, in the Character of a Bride-  
maid, till it comes to her Turn, and by her own  
Choice, to accept of the like Match, and so becomes  
the Bride. On which most joyful and glorious Oc-  
casion, the Lady is dress'd and decorated in all the  
Finery of fleshly Pomp. Then she is convey'd to  
the Chapel in a most solemn and magnificent Pro-  
cession; and in which she is consequently the most  
splendid and principal Figure. The Chapel is also  
ornamented with Festoons of Flowers, Illuminations,  
and other Pageantry. When every body is seated,  
and the Bride in the chief Seat, the Ceremony be-  
gins: When she most solemnly renounces the Flesh

ding-Celebration with Christ; and which they will take such care to feast her Fancy with, by their various Tales of her transporting Grandeur, and most golden Glory on this illustrious Occasion; that she will herself think every Day an Age, till the happy Hour shall arrive: And which you know will be no sooner pass'd, but all her Power of Revocation will be totally pass'd away also. So that you may acquaint the Knight, that he may set out for Portugal whenever he pleases. We shall have every thing ready prepared, according to his Wish. I am

*Your affectionate Brother,*

Lisbon, July 24.

FRANCISCO.

and the World, and espouses Christ for her future lawful Husband. But this Day's Dream being once past, she is, the very next after, a mere neglected Wife indeed! though it is shrewdly suspected that very few of those Virgin-Wives, but what do afterwards imitate the same sort of Humour, as is too frequently practised by our marry'd Court Ladies; that is to say, that, by the Assistance of their Confessors, they generally contrive to chuse a Proxy to do Duty for this heavenly Husband.

C H A P.

## C H A P. IV.

*Containing Captain Oldnall's Advice and Proceedings in the present dangerous Exigent; and what Stratagem they concluded on, to elude the Knight's treacherous Design against his Sister.*

WHEN the *Captain* had ended the Letter, it is hard to say which of them felt most Concern, the poor *Lady*, the *Captain*, or *Silvius*; their Grief, Anxiety, and Surprize were so great, and if any Step could be thought on, it was so difficult, and at the same time, required such Expedition and Care, as the Thoughts of it only added to their Confusion. *Rosetta* burst into Tears with extreme Anguish: And, presently after, several Fits succeeded; which last Misfortune rendered all means of Prevention still more tardy. At length, she having a little recovered herself, the *Captain* proceeded to her thus:

I should be excessively glad, dear Madam, that you could at least suspend your Grief till a more seasonable Time to indulge it; for now it is indeed too dangerous; and it is also plain by this most fortunate Discovery, that although your own Brother hath so cruelly given you up, or rather sacrificed you for the sordid and covetous

Reward of your Fortune : Yet, Providence hath mercifully stept in between, and just given you Time to save yourself. Think therefore, dear Lady, what can be done in your Behalf, to prevent the fatal Blow. This you may depend upon, that if once you set your Foot upon the *Portuguese* Shore, you are certainly lost past all Redemption. And if your Brother should suddenly and unexpectedly return, the same fatal Consequence must unavoidably take Place. Think therefore, and resolve as soon as possible what Method you intend to take. And if it be in my Power to assist you Madam, my Life and whole Dependence is at your Command ; for I solemnly declare, Madam, that I would sooner die ten thousand Deaths if it were possible in a lawful Defence of your Innocence and Safety, than tamely see you thus sacrificed, were I to gain a Kingdom by it. But I must remind you, Madam, to lose no Time ; your Brother is your greatest Foe ; think on that. And if you would save yourself, you must not trust to his Return.

Dear *Captain*, returned *Rosetta*, advise me what I shall do ; for indeed I am so astonished and confounded that I know not what to propose. But pray, is there no Way of getting to the *English* Ambassador's ? He surely would protect me against my Brother's Cruelty !—Yes,  
Ma-

Madam, replied the Captain, and so he would, if he knew your Story ; but as this would be a Work of Time, it cannot with any Safety be undertaken, or trusted to. For as sure as you now live, the Clergy have got their Spies out already ; and I doubt not but that in a very short Time we shall have Numbers to congratulate your safe Arrival amongst them.—O Heavens ! answered *Rosetta*, I shall swoon at the very Sight of them ! What if we sail again immediately for *England* ? I had rather bear a few Days Sickness and Fatigue at Sea, heavy as it might prove, than be miserable all my Life.

You are absolutely right, Madam, said the Captain ; but we are so unfortunate at present that the Wind is full against us, should we attempt to return. And should we sail for the western Islands, which are in our present Latitude, you would only suffer the old fabulous Proverb, out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire : For they are also governed by the *Portuguese*. And we are not to suppose, but that your Brother would pursue us with all the Haste, Malice, and Force imaginable. But here is another and greater Perplexity, Madam, occurs to me now ; which I did not before consider : And that is the Strength of the Tide at present against us : And which runs stronger in this River than any other I know of in *Europe* ; and which will not be

turned in our Favour, in all Probability before Sir *Christopher* comes again on-board. And another Misfortune, Madam, still arises to cross our Purpose, which is this : Your Brother will no sooner be informed of our being under sail, but he will cause some of the Forts to fire upon us ; and so either stop us, or sink us. Therefore I have a Thought at this Instant presents itself, which if you approve of, may happily answer your Desire, and weather these Difficulties, and which is this : If your Brother should come again on-board of us, and insist on your going on-shore directly, you must feign yourself extremely ill ; and beg him that he will not suffer you to be disturbed, until your are something better ; and so by this means you may amuse him till Night comes on : And you may then promise him to go with him in the Morning as soon as he pleases. By so doing we may expect, Madam, that he will very likely return to his Collegues with the News ; and perhaps stay on-shore all Night. Which will luckily answer the very Height of our Desire. For as the Morning-Tide will serve before it is light, let the Wind set which Way it will, we will then put out to Sea, and make for the first best Port we can reach with all the Sail we can possibly carry. And having once gained the Start of them, no Vessel, of the least Force or Burden, I may venture to affirm  
will



will ever be able to come up with us. And if Sir *Christopher* should take it in his Head to lie on-board us all Night, I will still at your Request carry the Ship to Sea in the same Manner; and will also answer it with my Life, before any Court in *England*. When being out of the Reach of the *Portugueze* Guns, we will then, Madam, if you please, produce the Letter, and to his Face tax him with his vile Conspiracy. By which means we may the better judge how to proceed.

Here was so much Reason and Method in this Proposal that *Rosetta* immediately resolved to consent to it: And accordingly *Silvius* undertook to acquaint the Maid-Servants with the whole Affair; and to assist their Design while the *Captain* prepared every Thing that was necessary. In short, he sent his Mate with a Boat for fresh Water and Provisions; and having provided a proper Pilot, he kept him on-board ready for his Purpose. *Rosetta* was taken now so very ill, that she undressed herself and went directly to Bed, and one or other of her Maids never forsook her Cabin: And indeed they had the Secret and Success of the present Scheme no less at Heart than their Mistress; for *Silvius* had sufficiently alarmed them with the Effects of his Story. And now the *Captain's* Prophecy came

to pass; for Father *Benedict* had not been on-shore above two Hours before he returned with three or four of the same Kind of Vermin, who all came to visit *Rosetta*, and to help to fill up the Train of her worthy Attendance when she should honour that Country with her Presence. But the News of her being taken so violently and suddenly ill (so that they could not be admitted to see her) soon sent them all packing again. Which gave great Satisfaction to the *Captain* and *Silvius*, in particular; for they greatly feared his having missed the Letter, and by that means, he might possibly suspect their Design, and bring them into Trouble. However, the Consequence of their hasty Departure was only a more immediate Visit from the *Knight* than it would otherwise have been; for it happened that he had several Matters of Importance to settle with his new reverend Friends, which they now thought might be better transacted before *Rosetta's* coming on-shore, than after. But the News of her sudden Illness, which was soon conveyed to him by the *Fryar*, hastened him on-board to know how she was. When the *Captain* told him, that he fancied she had made herself sick with the over Joy of her having got to Port; and advised him to let her recover a little Rest, before she attempted to go out of the Ship. Since she complained,

plained, her Servants said, that she had not slept any Part of the preceding Night : And that she now found herself very much inclined to it. The deceived *Knight* was easily persuaded, and therefore told the *Captain*, that he would himself come on-board for her by eight of the Clock next Morning ; and that if she was worse, *Silvius* and he should send him Advice of it immediately ; and accordingly gave them a Direction to him for that Purpose ; which the *Captain* and *Silvius* both promised very faithfully to observe.

Now every Thing promised exceeding fair for their present Desires ; but howsoever fortunate all this seemed towards the Accomplishment of *Rosetta's* future Safety, it agreed far otherwise with the impatient Desires of poor enamoured and sorely disappointed *Silvius* ; who was indeed in a very pitiful Situation. Let those who have ever felt the generous Passion of *Love*, judge of his present Uneasiness. The only Woman on Earth who was capable of captivating his Heart, and who was as generous and faithful in her sweet Return, was now within four or five Miles of him : Nay, the very House for aught he knew might be within his Sight ; and which was a Prospect that he had hazarded many Inconveniences to obtain : And after surmounting all Impediments and Difficulties to gain his Point,

thus

thus far, to be again so suddenly set adrift, without so much as hearing from her, or the Opportunity of informing her of his present Situation, and the absolute Necessity there was for his so sudden Departure, it was indeed, too heavy a Disappointment to submit to. These he severely weighed, and gave strong Hints both to *Rosetta* and the *Captain* how disagreeable and even disadvantageous this inconvenient Flight might hereafter be to him. But all the Advantage and Necessity he could possibly urge for his going but even never so little on shore, could not prevail with either the *Captain* or *Rosetta* for their Consent to it. His young Lady told him, that if he would not think of quitting her, till she was safe from the evil Power of her Brother, she would well reward his Fidelity: That as soon as she was out of Danger, she would make him a Present well worthy the Author of this his so fortunate a Discovery. And further she told him, that it was not very improbable but that in a few Days, or a very few Weeks at most, they might return again to *Lisbon*; and in a much more likely Capacity to enjoy the Pleasures of that Country than any they had hitherto had.

These Arguments, per-force, pacified him; so that he now resolved to wait as contentedly

as he could, till he should be able better to discern how Providence might hereafter incline to dispose of them.

C H A P. V.

*According to their former Plan, they under the Cover of Night slip their Cable, put out to Sea, and crowd all their Sail for the Port of Majorca. They are closely pursued by the Knight; and who the young Lady applies to for Protection.*

**N**OW the happy Ministers of Fate, the guardian Angels of Innocence and Virtue, seemed to espouse their Cause: Nothing hereafter intervening to cross their Purpose till the wished-for Hour arrived; when it being now about two o'Clock in the Morning, and pretty Dark, the Captain not thinking it safe to hazard any Thing by making the least Noise, put out every Light on-board, except that in the Binicle\* to steer by; and having given all his Men their requisite Instructions, and in particular to maintain a most profound Silence; he under the fore Top-sail only, slit her Cable, and tacking round with the Tide, gently glided with the Current

\* The Place which always holds the Compass.

rent, without the least Noise or Accident whatever. So that, by that time it was Day-light she was several Leagues from the *Wooden-Fort*, that guards the Mouth of the Harbour; and with a very pleasant Gale from N. N. W. crouding under all her Sails, intending for the Port of *Majorca*, with their best and ablest Speed. For we must observe, that as soon as the *Captain* and *Rosetta* had absolutely determined what Step to take, he had prepared his Men accordingly; and by this Time, not a Sailor in his Ship but what knew of the whole Affair; and not only put up their general Prayers (which is no very common Thing amongst Sailors) but would certainly have put their Lives to a very severe Hazard, rather than have given up the Cause, without the Lady's Safety.

So fortunate and pleasant was their Voyage, that on the fifth Day of their Departure from the *Tagus*, that is to say, on the 26th of *September* old Stile, they safely arrived at their desired Port. When the *Captain* immediately advised *Rosetta* to go on Shore, and to take such of her Things with her as she should judge most convenient. And that he would accompany her to the House of the *English* Consul. To whom he advised her to apply for Justice, Safety and Protection. And in whose Care, he said,



said, he would also leave her, while he repaired again on-board to take Care of the Goods and Vessel.

But alack-a-day ! We are but like a *Tennis-Ball*, or a *Foot-Ball*, or a *Trap-Ball*, or a *Cricket-Ball*, or any other *Ball* that the old moping Lady, *Madam Fortune*, thinks proper to make of us, when to divert herself, she bands, and kicks, and knocks, and cuffs us about in whatsoever Humour and Fashion she pleases. For now we must acquaint our Reader, that before the Sun had taken an horizontal View of his Lady *Thetis's* Bosom, the Ship was missed by the astonished *Portuguese*, from her deserted Anchor. So that the discovered and forsaken Knight was immediately alarmed with the disagreeable and most surprizing News. And having both Counsel and Assistance ready enough at hand, they lost no Time in preparing to set out after them. A Vessel was therefore procured with the utmost Expedition, so that before nine o'Clock the same Morning, the Knight was also under sail in Pursuit of his hasty Sister. About three in the Afternoon they got Sight of the *Lovely*, which was the Name of the Ship that carried away his Sister *Rosetta* : And also had her in View every Day after, till they got into Port, so much Care and Speed they used in endeavouring to over-take them.

Father

Father *Benedict* no sooner heard of their Flight, but he recollected the Loss of the Letter, and instantly attributed their sudden Departure to the unfortunate Discovery of it. But, however, this he thought proper to conceal from the Knight; and held it not safe, on this very Account to accompany him in this Pursuit; because he knew not how the Affair might terminate in the End. He therefore forged an Excuse to Sir *Christopher*, under Pretence that he could be of twenty Times more Service to him in securing Friends, and managing Matters for him at *Lisbon*, against his Return. And he also thoroughly persuaded him, that he was most certain this Flight did not proceed from any Discovery, or Suspicion of their Plot; but that it was a villainous Rape of the *Captain's*, to take Advantage of his Absence and the Lady's Illness; and so under the Cover of Night, to run away with *Rosetta*, in order to secure to himself her Person and Fortune. And that if he could but over-take him in any *Christian* Port, the civil Power would certainly hang him: That as Sir *Christopher* had hired the Vessel, for his own Use; this Elopement was also an Act of Piracy; as well as a most capital Rape, Robbery, and Breach of Trust: So that it was a complicated Crime of so high and black a Nature, that no Law nor Lenity could pardon.

All

All this the weak *Knight* most faithfully believed ; so that he now thought it was only to overtake those Deserters, and his Revenge would meet with but very little Difficulties. And now he seemed to have accomplished the greatest Part of his Desire ; for *Captain Oldnall*, Commander of the *Lovely*, had not been returned to his Ship above half an Hour, before he saw the other Vessel which had so swiftly chased them coming into Port after him : And which, in a very small Time, came to an Anchor, almost close by him : When the Boat was immediately hoisted out, and the enraged Knight, with three or four *ruffet Fryars*, who had bore him Company, came on-board the *Lovely* ; and being full fraught with Vengeance, Malice, and Passion, demanded in the most tremendous Tone, he possibly could exert, where was his Sister *Rosetta* ? The *Captain*, to let him see that he was not afraid of them, answered him, with sympathizing Voice, that she was on Shore ! and bid him seek her there, if he wanted her.—But this Answer would not satisfy him ; whereupon, he run down into the Cabin, and finding *Silvius* there, with the *Cook* and two of the *Livery* Servants, he began to feast his Revenge by falling first on poor *Silvius*'s Carcass with his ready Cane. Crying out in a kind of joyful Passion at the Sight of him.—O, damn you, Sir ! What ! are you here, you treacherous

treacherous Scoundrel? I will reward you according to your Merit, however. But the *Knight* was a little mistaken in his Man; for *Silvius*, after receiving the first Blow from him, caught hold of a Sword that hung upon the Wainscot, and swore a great Oath, which he very seldom did, that if he assailed him once more, he would use him like the inhuman Villain that he was. Here, the *Fryars*, who came with the *Knight*, interposed; who after he had made what Search he thought proper after his Sister *Rosetta*, he went again with his dark Train into his Boat; threatening the *Captain* with the most dreadful Effects of his eager Wrath and Revenge. And indeed he had but too much Power and Success; for in a little more than an Hour after, the *Captain* and his *Vessel* were both put under an Arrest, with *Silvius* and all his Fellow-Servants; who were every Man of them carried immediately to Prison.

This was occasioned by the Knight's Application to the Governor of the Port. To whom he represented the *Captain* as a Robber, a Pyrate, and a Murderer. For he believed, he said, that his poor Sister was destroyed and thrown over-board; for that he could learn no Account of her. And that when he made Enquiry of his Head-Servant concerning her, he instantly drew a Sword upon him, and had thereupon like to have wrought his Death. In short he left nothing untold,

how-

howsoever grossly false, to garnish out his Tale. And to this he prayed the Governor that he would grant him a Warrant for his taking immediately into his Possession, all such of his Properties as he might find undiminished in the Ship. And as for the Vessel and all other Goods on board her, he should leave them, he said, to his own judicious Disposal. This was immediately complied with. So that after the Knight had challenged and seized upon what he thought proper, many Things were carried off, and disposed at the merciless Discretion of those who were suffered to plunder by Commission. As the Completion of such a ruinous Work as this could not be long about, when furnished by such willing Hands, all this was effectually performed before the poor Lady had heard the least Syllable about it. One Accident, indeed, which prevented not this Misfortune, was that of the *English* Consul's being not at home, when *Rosetta* was at first conveyed and left there by *Captain Oldnall*. So that she was then introduced to the Consul's Lady; to whom she told her whole hard Story. When the *Consul* came in, his Spouse informed him of this strange and cruel Affair in so moving a Manner, that it even drew Tears from his Eyes: And he assured *Rosetta* of his utmost Friendship and Assistance.

## C H A P. VI.

*The Malice of the Knight prevails more fortunate yet, for he accidentally surprises his Sister, and carries her again on-board of his Portuguese Vessel; he weighs Anchor with her for Lisbon. When unexpectedly, and to their no small Surprise, another Accident presents itself.*

THIS worthy Gentleman, the *Consul*, bid *Rosetta* make his House her own; and immediately appointed her an Appartment to herself, and another for her Maids, till her Affairs should be settled to her Mind. And after Dinner was over, she mightily desired to speak with the *Captain*; extolling his Generosity, Conduct, good Sense, and Behaviour, to the *Consul*, above all Things. Nor did she forget poor *Silvius*, and those other Servants which she had left behind her on-board. So that a Servant was now dispatched by the *Consul*. to carry an Invitation to the *Captain* to come and drink Tea with them, not knowing of what had happened. And *Rosetta*, with the *Consul's* Daughter, a fine young Lady of about fifteen or sixteen Years of Age, were now going towards the Beach to take a View

of



Ch. 6. *Captain GREENLAND.* 261

of the Port, the Shipping, &c. When they were most suddenly and unexpectedly surprized, by her inhuman Brother, Sir *Christopher*. Who having been some Time in strict Search of her, and just then turning the Corner of the Street, he bolted accidentally upon them, and with a Volly of dreadful and horrid Expressions, instantly seized her by the Arm. Which frightened the *Consul's* Daughter almost out of her Senses. So that she immediately run Home with all the Expedition that Fear could well inspire her with; scarce knowing what she did, or whither she went. And it was some Time before she could recover herself from this Fright, sufficiently to inform her Father and Mother of what had now happened to them. But if her Tale in the least surprized them, how was their Wonder encreased when the Servant brought them Word from the Ship, of all that had happened there? Sure never were human People more astonished. However, the worthy *Consul* soon resolved to exert himself in their Cause: And to that end, he prepared his Measures accordingly. He lost no Time, but went immediately to the Governor of the Port, who had just granted a Licence for the inhuman Knight to depart, with his wretched Sister and all their Effects. And who, to that end, were now got on-board of the same Vessel in which he had chased the *Lovely* thither.

But

But the generous *Consul* being now alone with the *Governor*, he opened to him the Cause of his present Visit in such a nervous and persuasive Strain, that not only amazed the *Governor*, as being a Tale so opposite to what the *Knight* had before told him ; but it also wrought in him an infinite Deal of Compassion for the Sufferings of the injured *Rosetta*. Here the *Consul* urged him to send for the *Captain* to them, that they might both judge the better, by what he might then unfold. This was approved of ; and the *Captain* being brought before them produced the *Portuguese* Letter, which he luckily had in his Pocket, directed to the *Priest*. Which Language being fortunately familiar both to the *Consul* and the *Governor*, they no sooner read it over, and having also heard the *Captain's* whole Story, but they were perfectly satisfied with the Steps which this honest, and prudent Gentleman had taken for the safe Delivery of the Lady. But as it appeared to the *Governor*, a Point of very great Consequence ; and he having heard them frequently speak of Mr. *Greenland* (who was Steward and 'Squire to the *Knight*, and who was also now in Prison) the judicious *Governor* held it very expedient to hear his Story likewise : And which the *English* *Consul* also thought just. So that now *Silvius* was brought and examined (by himself) before them both. And whose Tale exactly tallied with what they had just before heard from  
the

the *Captain*. And now no Doubt remained of the false and cruel Perfidy of the *Knight*: Which caused the *Consul* to move the *Governor* immediately to stop the Departure of his Ship; and so to take the distressed *Lady* out of his barbarous Power. This the *Governor* consented to. But alas! The suspicious and assiduous *Knight* had made too much Advantage of his Time to be idle; or to trust to the dangerous Vicissitudes which a Minute's Delay might probably expose him to. So that they had now weighed Anchor, and were again got under full Sail; and as much as they could well crowd.

We cannot perhaps be put in Mind too often, how little human Affairs may be depended upon. The finest Plans and fairest Prospects imaginable being always subject to the Disposition of Providence, the more we depend upon them, the more we are generally disappointed. Because the Pride and Vanity of Mankind is such, that we are more apt to trust to the Success of our own Genius, than to implore the Assistance of Heaven to give a Blessing to our Endeavours. Nor can such a Blessing be supposed to be asked by People who are continually pursuing of unwarrantable Schemes. To such as those, Heaven, and Providence, and Judgments, and Rewards, and Futurity, and such like Epithets, are too repugnant for their Purposes to be suffered the least

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Encouragement in their guilty Thoughts. And so we may suppose it to be at this Juncture with the abandoned Sir *Christopher*; who now thinking himself secure of his Revenge, had given a Loose to the native Violence and Barbarity of his Temper, and was upbraiding, threatening, and abusing his poor injured and helpless Sister in a most shameful and cruel Manner, when a large Cannon-Ball from a *Fort* on the *Shore* made a loud Plunge into the Water, at about thirty Yards a-head of them. This rapid Present was plainly perceived by the *Captain* of the Vessel (as well as by most of the Crew) who ran immediately into the State-Room to acquaint the enraged *Knight* therewith. And who received the News like the Sentence of Death. His turgid Cheeks, which before were quite swoln up, and crimsoned over with Passion, were now turned pale, and shrunk again in an Instant. Nay, even to his very Lips: And his fluent Tongue, which the Moment before could swear and rave so readily at a poor innocent Lady who could no wise resist him; now began to falter, and to stammer out half Words without either Meaning or Intelligence. The true and common Production of Ignorance, Guilt, and Fear. But if *this* produced so great and sudden an Effect in him, how much was it increased in two Minutes

more, when a second of these blunt ill-manner'd-Balls! (a sufficient and speedy Regard having not been paid to the Business and Notice of the first) made bold to carry away a Top-Mast along with it? Which made the frightened Captain endeavour to prevent a third of those Messengers, which perhaps might have been more rude and mischievous with them than the last, by instantly clapping the Helm a-lee, and putting her about for her late anchored Birth. And to which Place she was not yet arrived, before she was surrounded with a great Number of Boats and Officers: Some of whom demanded the *Knight*; others took Care of his Sister *Rosetta*; and the rest took Possession of the *Vessel*: And who were also charged with the Care of the *Captain* of her, and all the rest on-board, Men and Goods.

The *Knight* and his *Sister* whose Views and Desires were exactly opposite, doubtless at this Incident felt inward Emotions accordingly; the same Accident which filled his Bosom with Pain and shameful Apprehensions, charged the lovely *Rosetta's* with Joy, Hope, and innocent Expectations of better Fortune. All which might be evidently seen, in the different Appearance of their very Eyes and Looks: And especially when they were brought before the *Governor* and *Consul*. Both of whom received the *Lady* with all the



Respect and Honour which her Birth, her Virtues, and her present Cause deserved. The first Question that the *Governor* now asked was, if that Viper *Benedict* was taken into Custody? But being answered that he was left behind at *Lisbon*, he addressed the gloomy Knight thus :

## C H A P. VII.

*Shewing the Justice and Judgment of the Governor in his subsequent Proceedings.*

I AM not more surprized, Sir, at the false Story which you before deceived me with, said the *Governor* to the *Baronet*, than I am at the unnatural Covetousness and Barbarity of your Temper. How could you give way to such hellish Thoughts as the total Loss, and criminal Disposal of your only Sister, for the sake of a little paltry Gold, which you could never expect to want? But I shall not aggravate your Shame and Confusion which I see you so manifestly possessed of, by a further Expatiation of your Guilt. Here is such a full, clear, and perfect Testimony of it, in my Hand, that were you capable of Reflexion, were enough to strike you dead to behold it.

Here he read the *Friar's* Letter to him, very emphatically, in *English*; which being an Instrument



strument of very sufficient Witness against him, and what he did not in the least expect, it struck him with inexpressible Surprize and Horror; so that he remained quite mute, with his Eyes fixed louring on the Floor. Then the Governor, turning to *Rosetta*, demanded of her what she required of him to do, that might make her easy and satisfied. To which she replied—I am, my Lord, by my Father's *Will*, entitled to fifty thousand Pounds, besides Plate, Jewels, and other Things, some of which I have here with me, and others that I have left in my Brother's House in *England*: But as he is accountable to me for all that Money; and since these Effects have already tempted him to proceed in so unnatural, and so ungenerous a Manner, against my least Knowledge or Consent, I would willingly, methinks, divest him of that Evil and most powerful Means, which hath already betrayed him to so much Sin and Weakness, lest it should again prevail to the working of a *second* Attempt.—Here the Governor asked the Knight what Objection he could make to his Sister's just Request. To which he answered, that her Fortune was not yet due; and therefore he apprehended that he might be liable to pay it all over again. Then the Consul demanded of *Rosetta* how long it would be before the Time would expire, wherein she might oblige him to the

Payment of it? When she answered, not quite two Months.

O, then, said the *Consul*, turning to her Brother, you imagine, Sir, I suppose, that your Sister is as wicked and unnatural as yourself. But however, if the *Governor* will deliver you into my Custody, I will take Cognizance of *you* myself till that Time comes, and answer the Detainer to the Laws of my Country, whenever I shall be called upon for so doing. Upon this the Governor delivered him into his Care, saying—As it is only an *English* Affair, and no body else, within our Reach, being charged with any criminal Proceedings, you, Sir, are the fittest Person to account with him; and I will instantly discharge the Ship *Lovely*, and all the Persons who are in my Custody that belong to her: And if any Person hath suffered any Loss through his false and treacherous Means, I think it but fit that he should be accountable; and which the *Consul* faithfully promised to oblige him to.

When the Knight found himself thus hampered, and that he was got into the honest Hands of those who had more Power and Humanity than himself, he consented to ratify every thing they should require of him, and which was this: That he should immediately deliver to *Rosetta* all her Effects which he had taken  
out

out of the Ship *Lovely* : That he should supply her with two thousand Pounds directly, to carry her home, &c. and to give her a further Security for the Payment of the Remainder of her Fortune when it should become due : That he should be obliged to stay in *that* Port four Days after she was set sail from it : (which she desired she might have leave to do, as soon as Captain *Oldnall* could get his Ship ready ; for that she would return, she said, with him *only*.) That *Silvius Greenland*, and her *two* Maids, and the other *three* Servants that came thither in the same Ship with her, might all be left to their own free Choice, whether they would return with her, or continue in the Service of her *Brother*. And, lastly, that he should satisfy, or give sufficient Security thereof to Captain *Oldnall*, for all the Expence of that wicked Voyage, and for what Damage he had sustained by the Ship's being seized and rifled.

All this being done, *Rosetta* would now have made the worthy *Governor* and *Consul* each a Present for their Justice, Trouble, and Care ; but they very genteely and generously excused themselves from the Acceptation. However, *Rosetta* insisted upon their *Ladies* each accepting of a Diamond Ring ; and she also gave a very handsome one to the Consul's Daughter, who was the young Lady that was so much frightened when

the *Knight* her Brother, so roughly surprized her in the Street, as above-mentioned.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Captain Oldnall makes a very genteel Entertainment on board the Lovely, to which the Consul, the Governor of the Port, and the Knight, Rosetta's Brother, are all bidden. Rosetta's amiable Behaviour at parting with her cruel Brother, and a very bold Execution of our Hero Silvius's.*

WHEN every thing was settled as was before agreed upon, and the Day now come for *Rosetta's* Departure, *Captain Oldnall* made as genteel an Entertainment on board the *Lovely*, as the Place could possibly admit of. And when the *Governor*, the *Consul*, and the (now reconciled) *Knight* came to dine, and take their Leave of the fair *Rosetta*; but before the Guests came on board, there being but very little Wind, the *Captain* had weighed her Anchor, and laid her Sails aback till after Dinner, to prevent all the Noise and Bustle he could, from incommoding of the Company: But the Tide serving about three o'Clock, they immediately

diately got under Sail, and the Wind answering their Purpose, the Governor ordering his Sloop to attend them, they all bore them Company about three Leagues. When they very politely took their Leaves both of *Rosetta* and the *Captain*: And then went on-board the Sloop, for their Return.

But when the tender and fair *Rosetta* was taking her parting Leave of this barbarous Brother, who thus had sought to wrong her, the ready Forgiveness of her easy Sex and Nature got so far the Ascendance over all Resentment, that she fell into a most pitious Flood of moving Sighs and Tears; and grasping fast his Hand, she fell upon her Knees, and breathed out such a Shower of pitious Lamentations, accompanied with such tender and endearing Looks, as quite melted her obdurate Brother, and all who were present, to behold. A considerable Time was taken up, and many persuasive Arguments were used by all the Gentlemen, to pacify her Sorrow; but to very little present Effect. For she still hung upon him, kissed him an hundred Times. And with the tenderest Expressions imaginable, seemed almost determined not to part with him. But the *Consul* and the *Governor* having already experienced his Deceit and Barbarity, were detemined to take him a-shore with them, and make him perform his Agreement; which after some Time, they did, and left the poor ten-

der-hearted Lady to pursue, at present, a very heavy felt Voyage, for *England*. And in which we shall now accompany them but a very little Way.

For poor *Silvius* having once, and that so lately too, lost the dear Pleasure of seeing his precious and fair *Angelica*, and when within an Hour's Walk of her, he now resolved to effect his great Desire, if possible, though it should be at the Hazard of his Life. Therefore he now enquired of the *Captain*, whether he intended to touch in his Way, at *Lisbon*. And being answered negatively, as being a Point too dangerous to attempt; he from that Moment determined to look out for an Opportunity to gain his impatient Desire. And as it was impracticable to think of carrying any Thing with him out of the Ship; he let one of his Fellow-Servants, whom he had a very great Opinion of, into the chief Part of the History of his Life; and likewise of his future Intentions. This young Fellow, not only promised *Silvius* to keep the whole Affair an inviolable Secret, as he was strongly requested, but took upon him also, the Care and Charge of all the Effects he must consequently leave behind him.

To be brief, *Silvius* always kept himself in Readiness against an Opportunity should offer to execute his Design: And at length, on the fifth Day of their Departure from the Island of

*Ma-*



Ch. 8. Captain GREENLAND. 273

*Majorca*, they being within Sight of the *Portuguese* Shore (which pleasing Prospect fired his very Soul) they, about four of the Clock in the Afternoon, saw a *Boat* making towards them. This happened to be a *Pilot's* Schooner which the Captain said, was coming to offer their Service to carry them up the *Tagus* to *Lisbon*; (for they always swarm thereabouts, almost as thick as Lawyers in *Westminster-Hall* in Term-Time) and which was the very Place where *Silvius's* Heart and Soul was at that Time bound for. Therefore he no sooner heard the *Captain* say this, than his Brains begun to work like Wine in the Head of a Drunkard. And when the Schooner was come pretty near to them, he took a private Leave of his new Confident; and having a Hanger by his Side; two Shirts upon his Back, and another in his Pocket, he unperceived of any one, fastened a Cord to the Iron of the Poop-Lanthorn, and then sitting down by it he gave the Pilots a private Signal with his Handkerchief, which they also perceiving came along-Side the Vessel, before they hailed her, and when they were answered by the *Captain* (to their very great Disappointment) that they should not touch at any Port whatever, till they arrived at *England*. Nevertheless, our *Silvius* now and then continued his Signals to them, which the *Portuguese* being willing the better to understand, pushed close up under him; when *Silvius*, without saying a

Word to any one, immediately threw the other End of his Rope into the Schooner; and which they having got fast hold of, he then tumbling over the Stern, without the least Dread or Hesitation, and slid instantly down the Rope into the *Portuguese* Boat. Where they very readily and safely received him. But,

This bold Adventure was soon discovered by some of the People on-board the *Lovely*; whereupon, the *Captain* called out to the Pilots in *Portuguese* to come on-board them; which *Silvius* hearing, and imagining what he had said to them, shewed them his Purse, and cried out *Lisbon, Lisbon*.—This was a Signal sufficient for the Pilots; whereupon they instantly stood off from the Ship, which now made a Shew of putting about after them; and still kept Hailing and threatening of them. But alas! they did not value her of a Rush: The Sight of *Silvius's* Purse was Proof against all they could do. And he now taking off his Hat, took his Leave of them, by the Flourishes of three dumb Hallows. *Hædibras* says,

*Whate'er we do, or perpetrate,  
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.*

And

And *Dryden*, to the same Purpose, hath the four following Lines.

*If Fate be not, then what can we foresee?*

*And how can we avoid it, if it be?*

*If by Freewill in our own Paths we move,*

*How are we bounded by Decrees above?*

If these Author's Lines above are not solid Truths, how shall we account for Numbers of the most ridiculous ! rash ! and unwarrantable Actions by Men of the greatest Capacities ? And this of our inconsiderate *Silvius's* may very well be reckoned one amongst the rest. And the Event will perhaps plainly shew it too. For who, that was not steered by an irresistible Fate, and could have acted by the Dictates of his own solid Reason, would have pursued such a hazardous and disinterested View, as that which he had now before him ; to quit such an advantageous Prospect as he had before in Possession, and to leave his great *Trust* and *Charge* to the future Peril of almost a certain Loss and Censure (as well as sacrificing all Hopes of Reward for his past Inconveniences) was an Action that no Reason can well account for. That it was his constant, impatient, and unbounded Love for his dear *Angelica*, we will readily

readily allow ; but sure his Wits must be distempered, that could not trust to the Indulgence of Providence for a few Months longer, when he had so fair a View of improving his present narrow Circumstances. But, *Humanum est errare*, and so we must excuse him.

It was almost dark before *Silvius* was landed ; when having very bountifully rewarded the Pilots for their Trouble : And they finding him a Stranger both to that Country and their Language, were civil enough to convey him to an *English* Coffee-House ; where he was very happily and safely lodged. But what a wretched Plight was he in the next Morning, when having scarcely slept a Wink all Night, he repaired with the most impatient Desire imaginable in quest of his beloved *Angelica*, and was informed that both her Mother and she were both of them sailed about three Days before, for *England* ? This was a provoking Disappointment indeed ! And enough to make a Person of less Resolution, Courage, and Love, than our Hero *Silvius*, forswear all future Pursuit and Thoughts of a Petticoat. But now perhaps it may not be improper to shew our Readers the Cause of this grievous Disappointment : And which we shall endeavour to do in the Course of the next Chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

*The History of a fictitious Dream of Miss Angelica's, caused by her Love and Fear for Silvius's Safety; with her Success in drawing her Mother over to England thereby: Which proved a very heavy Disappointment to our adventurous Hero.*

THE next Day after the Ship *Lovely* was departed out of the River *Tagus*, which our Readers must remember was in the dead of Night, the whole City of *Lisbon* was greatly alarmed with the imagined Cause of it: And which was (as it was given out by Sir *Christopher* and the *Priest*) that Captain *Oldnal* had done it to secure the Lady and her Fortune for his own base Ends only: And that they had some Reasons to believe that they were sailed again for *England*. This sudden and extraordinary Affair, as a young *English* Lady of great Birth and Fortune was so eminently concerned in it; her Brother then upon the Spot; a Train of Servants, the Captain, Ship, and all of them *English*; it made a very great Noise at *Lisbon*, and in the *English* Factory in particular. Where their many Conjectures, for it could be nothing else, were handed

to

to one another, according to Custom, in an hundred different Forms. And amongst the rest that the Knight's Steward, one *Silvius Greenland*, being a bold, active, and artful young Fellow, had villainously betrayed his Trust, and entered into this criminal Scheme with the Captain of the Ship to carry off the young Lady for the Sake of a promised Reward.

Now as these Matters were frequently repeated and discussed in the Factory, and even in their own House; *Angelica* made but little question but that this was her *Silvius Greenland*, whom she had so lately heard was coming thither to pay his Devotion to her; and whom she had absolutely promised and vowed to marry as soon as he should arrive; and also to return with him, to enjoy their Loves in their native *England*. This solemn Promise of Marriage was the Thing that inspired poor *Silvius* with all the afore-mentioned Impatience and uncommon Resolution in Pursuit of his Love. And the Accomplishment of which was the highest Point of his Ambition on this Side the Grave.

Mrs. *Webb*, *Angelica's* Mother, having been out of the Country so many Years, remembered but very little of Mr. *Greenland's* Children; and therefore, she could never suspect that this Knight's treacherous Steward was her Daughter

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*Angelica's* Gallant : Or that she knew any Thing at all of him. But Love was now as busy in her generous and faithful Breast, as it could possibly be in his : And the Fates were now seeming, by the cruel Tricks they played them, to make themselves Sport with their mutual Disappointment and Wretchedness : For it was almost impossible for each of them to take more unfortunate Steps than they had now done, towards the End they wished. If *Angelica* had remained in *Lisbon* till she had heard again from *Silvius*, she had been happy in the Sight of him ; and on his Part, if he had remained with Patience in the Path that Providence was now carrying him, he had also been that Way blest in the like Desire with her. But it was thus ordered otherwise.

When Miss *Angelica* was thoroughly convinced that it was her Lover who was thus heavily charged with a Part of this black Confederacy (as it was there thought) and that they were sailed again for *England*, she was at her very Wits End, lest any Hurt or Danger should befall him. And therefore she immediately began to plot and scheme all that lay in her Power, for some plausible Device whereby she might prevail upon her Mother to get over as fast as she could to *England*. At length, it luckily came into her Head to hatch a Dream.—A very curious Invention  
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indeed ! For great and wonderful Matters have been done by dreaming.

Accordingly, the next Morning the whole Family was terribly amused with a long and dismal Account of Miss's Dream ! How she saw (as she thought) her Grand-Mamma, the Lady *Worthy* ; that she was dressed all in white ; that she kissed her several Times ; and that she was cold and pale as Death ! And looked so pitiful at her, as made her Pillow perfectly wet with her Tears. And furthermore, that she thought she said to her—What ! My dear ! Wont your *Mamma* come once more to *England*, to see me before I die ? My Time is now almost come. I am very old ! and methinks, I would fain see all my Children once again before I depart.

This Story Miss *Angelica* told her Mother so feelingly next Morning, that the good Lady's Eyes waxed moist to hear it. And which *Miss* observing, took good Care to dream the same Sort of Dream next Night, with some little Addition : And forgot not also, to repeat it again next Morning. This new contrived Humour of dreaming had the second Day so great an Effect upon her poor *Mother*, that it became contagious to her, like that of gaping ; so that the third Night she fell a-dreaming of the Lady *Worthy*, also : And when her Daughter *Angelica* did

did not fail to keep up the Spirit of the Plot, by the mournful History of her third Dream. And now, this began to make the Matter a little serious; so that their Dreams being talked on so much all Day, it was no great Wonder if they could not keep it out of their Heads at Night: And when ever so little happening to occur to the same Purport, it added huge Construtions to the Increase of the former Conceit; so that now the dutiful and affectionate Mrs. *Webb*, being so luckily wrought by this new Trade of *dreaming*, even resolved without any further Protraction of Time, to answer these providential Calls, or Invitations, or what you may please to term them, according to her *Daughter's* pious Aim and good Wishes; and to set out with her now well-pleased *Angelica*, for *England*.

And this was that most urgent, and most potent Business, which had so suddenly withdrawn this worthy young Lady and her Mother from the happy Sight of this our most wretched and disappointed *Silvius*; and who is thereby so miserably transported with the various Effects of Grief! Rage! Love! Repentance! Desire! and Impatience! that the most extravagant Freeholder in the Boundaries of *Bedlam* may be accounted a *Job* compared to him. And his Grievs were still the more increased when he  
was

was informed that Mrs. *Webb* and her fair Daughter, were gone to *England*, only on purpose to make a short Visit to the Lady *Worthy*, in *Worcestershire*: Because, when he should arrive at *London*, where he was obliged to go first, his own Affairs, which now lay there in a most unfettled and wretched Condition (occasioned particularly by his leaving the *Lovely* so suddenly) demanded both his immediate Presence and Assistance, e'er he could possibly follow her. And which was not only an hundred Miles further to dangle after her; but was also his native Place; where he had solemnly determined never to return, until Providence should be pleased to enable him to make a more tolerable Figure, by an Improvement in his Fortune.

However, here was no Time to be lost; for upon his having acknowledged himself the same *Silvius Greenland* that came thither in the Ship *Lovely*, to the Master of the Coffee-House where he lodged; and to whom he had likewise unfolded the whole History of that Affair; he advised him to get out of the Country, as secretly and speedily as he possibly could; and while he should yet stay, to go by some other Name; lest *Father Benedict* might gain any Information of his being in *Lisbon*; which, he told him, would infallibly render him a dead Man, without the least Hope of Prevention.

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This sufficiently alarmed poor *Silvius*, so that he earnestly besought his generous Host to assist him in the procuring of a speedy Passage to some Port in *England*: Which was accordingly and luckily done that very same Day: So that he was now to set out again on the Morrow at Noon, in a Ship called the *Antonio*, of about three hundred Tons Burden. On-board of which he entered himself a Passenger by the Name of *John Robinson*. For he durst not do it in his own. The Remainder of this Day, he therefore spent in viewing the famous City of *Lisbon*; as also four or five Hours the next Morning, during all which Time the Master of the Coffee-House attended him: And carried him into almost every Church in *Lisbon*; where the large Quantities of massy-Silver-Candlesticks, (many of which were gilt,) and other rich Plate, filled him with great Amazement. He also shewed him the *King's-Chapel*; the *Irish-Convent*: and, at his own particular Request, carried him to the *English-Nunnery* at *Bell-Isle*, the very Place where his young Lady *Rosetta* was by her Brother designed for: And at the Petition of his good Guide, he had the Pleasure of an Audience at the Grate, of three *English* Ladies who had been *Holy-Sisters* inclosed there many Years. When they (the Nuns) heard that Mr. *Robinson*, that is to say

our

our *Silvius*, was lately come from *England*, they presented him by means of a Turning-Screen, with a Bottle of fine Wine, and a Plate of choice Sweetmeats; as is there very customary to Strangers; and being all seated at the Grate they enquired of him whether he knew any thing of the Family of one Sir *Christopher Morgan* Baronet? To which *Silvius* answered, that he knew the Family very well. They then demanded of him, if he knew in what Part of *England* Sir *Christopher* and his Family might be at that Time. To which *Silvius* replied, that he had been a Voyage up the *Mediterranean* since he left *England*: But when he came from *London*, it was given out that he and his Sister were coming to spend the Winter in *Portugal*: And that they might be already come, for aught he knew. —Why so, indeed, it was reported, answered one of the Sisters, about three Weeks or a Month ago; but it has proved otherwise. Pray tell me, Sir, continued she, is the young Lady *Rosetta* good-natur'd and agreeable?—I can assure you Madam, replied *Silvius*, she has the Character of an Angel: She is so beautifully good, both in her Person and Temper.—Here all the Sisters gave a great Sigh, and *Silvius* having a huge Desire of founding them to the very bottom (that is to say verbally) he proceeded with them thus: I presume, Ladies, that you may be in some Expectation



pectation and Hope of seeing this young Lady here; and perhaps of having her for a Companion; for I can assure you, that it was privately talk'd of in the Family, that she was so grievously affected with the Loss of her Father, that she was resolved to spend the Remainder of her Life in a Convent; and that her Brother had given his Consent to it.——

Good Heavens! cry'd the *Religious Sisters* (looking at each other with Astonishment) then it is very possible that we may not be disappointed yet!——What was it here, Ladies, that she propos'd to retire? Demanded *Silvius*.——Yes, Sir, answer'd they, so we have been inform'd. And we have expected her Arrival every Day and Hour for upwards of a Month. And about three Weeks ago, Intelligence was brought to us, that she and her Brother were actually come to an Anchor, just above the Castle here; but the next Day after, the News was contradicted.

## C H A P.

## C H A P. X.

*Silvius visits all the remarkable Places in, and near Lisbon ; and in his Travels he is encounter'd with vast Numbers of Penitents, under the Discipline of Public-Penance ; which are here described : With some short Comments thereupon, by Silvius and his Guide.*

THIS was Satisfaction enough for *Silvius*, who imagin'd, that altho' they seem'd impatient for the Pleasure and Advantage of *Rosetta's* Company ; yet they rather pity'd her Fate than commended her Assent to it. *Silvius* having now satisfied his Curiosity by a little Conversation with the above *Ladies*, as his Time in this Country was so very short, he thanked them for their kind Condescension and Indulgence, and then took his Leave. After which, his Companion got him the Sight of that very *Chapel* wherein his young Lady was to have celebrated that divine Sacrament of Marriage with her heavenly Saviour, if his busy Stars had not directed him to pick up that friendly Epistle of the good *Friar's* ; which intirely changed her Destiny.

After Mr. *Simson* had shew'd him this *Convent*, and the Chapel belonging to it; he carried him to see the Tomb of Queen *Catherine*, who was Wife to *Charles* the Second, King of *England*, where she still seems to lie in State; the Place being lined with black Cloth, and deep Mourners at her Head and Feet, with large Wax Tapers continually burning, and in which Fashion she has there continued ever since that time. Here, *Silvius* made many severe Remarks on their obsequious Superstition. But if those could any wise alarm his Reason, he seem'd much more moved at the vast Number of Penitents, which he both met and overtook in this short Journey from *Lisbon* to *Bell-Isle*, and back again. He thought at first, that he was either got into a Country fill'd with Enchantments, or otherwise the most miserable Lunaticks. For he could never imagine, as he afterwards said, that this kind of superstitious and credulous Folly could be thought by any Man, in his Senses, to cleanse his Soul of any Crime committed. And that to believe it only, could be little short of Blasphemy; because it was supposing the *Almighty* a weak and trifling Being, to be pleased, satisfied, or appeased, after the least Atrocity, with such ridiculous and incoherent Stupidity. Some were barefoot, and barelegg'd; dragging at their Heels a most ponderous

ponderous *Chain*, which rattled at full Length along the Ground, and was fasten'd at one End to their poor *Ancles*, which were terribly cut and bruised with their Weight. Some dragg'd them double, by means of the *Extremities* of those Links being ty'd to both Leggs. Some were barefoot, without Links, and some had short ones, and some had long ones; some had Shoes, and some had none; and many of the latter, who had heavy Chains to pull after them, left the crimson Marks of their Footsteps behind them: Which bloody Tokens were to carry with them the total Eradication of those Sins which had caused this painful Imposition. Besides the bitter Pains and Labour of this Journey, which was longer or shorter, as their *Confessor* had been pleased to appoint it, they were also enjoined to kneel down every so many Paces (dirty or clean, rough or smooth, the worse was the Way, the more Sport to the *Priesthood*) and here they were to go over so many *Ave-Maries*, and so many *Pater-Nosters*, carrying in a clean Handkerchief in their Hands, a Crucifix; which they were not worthy, nor allowed to touch until they had purify'd themselves with this dirty, sweaty, bloody, and most stinking Walk. Some he met, who were flogging themselves with knotted Cords, according to order, till they had suf-

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ficiently bruised their Flesh, to soften their Sins. But as they were all disguis'd and veil'd, it was impossible to imagine who they were; or even, with any Certainty, to guess at their Sex; and this being a Sacramental-Office, no Person whatsoever dared to interrupt or affront them in any Sense.

Bless me! cry'd *Silvius*, we arraign the Understanding of a *Papist* in *England*, for only being a *Papist*; but surely a *Papist*, who was never out of *England*, knows not what it is to be a *Papist* any where else. And which I do suppose is owing to the severe Curb that our judicious Laws have put upon their tyrannical and inhuman *Priests*. You are right, Sir, return'd Mr. *Simson*, and it is that very Check upon their Power which makes them labour so indefatigably and secretly against the Reform'd; in pure Revenge for their having happily pull'd those large and spreading Feathers out of their tow'ring and aspiring Wings; which here you see, have quite o'er-tipt all temporal Authority. For I can assure you, the *King* himself, dare do no otherwise than what the *Clergy* may readily approve of. And pray, Sir, continued Mr. *Simson*, how many do you think may be in holy Orders, in and about this very City of *Lisbon*, exclusive of Novices? You see it is not a very large Place, compared to the City of *London*.—Why, Sir,

return'd *Silvius*, perhaps two or three hundred. Ay, Sir, answer'd his Friend, fifteen hundred, and of the best-fed Fellows in this Kingdom. A damnable Army by the bye! let me tell you that. And who, upon an occasion know the secret Use of Poison, and all other Rogues Tricks, as well as any human Brutes in the known World. But, said he, whispering in *Silvius's* Ear, you must know this is rank Blasphemy I have now utter'd; and the whole World could not save me, nor purchase my pardon, if it were but known to this holy and most merciful Tribe. But continued he, as you have now seen the Inside of the Convent at *Bell-Isle*, and have given me the History of your young Lady *Rosetta's* Escape; if you will put me in mind of it after Supper, I will in return, entertain you with a very remarkable Adventure, which was transacted some few Years ago upon that very Spot. And which was perhaps, as bold, as generous, and as gallant an Undertaking as ever was accomplished by any Man. And which History may also convince you, that not all those young Creatures which enter into those holy Convents for Life, do spend the Remainder of their Days there, in absolute Satisfaction and inward Content. They have seen the World; have been in the World; and let them pass for heavenly, or what other Creatures they please;



please; they will be found upon good Proof, to be neither more nor less than Bone of our Bone, and Flesh of our Flesh; and that so long as they have healthful Youth, their Inclinations and Appetites will infallibly shew, that *Nature* will prevail.

*Silvius* reply'd, that his Remark was very just. But it was now dark when they came home; and being both of them pretty well tired with their long Ramble, they dedicated the Residue of the Evening to a full Enjoyment of their Ease and Bottle. And as Mr. *Silvius* was to bid adieu the next Day to that Country, his Host, as I observed, promised to shew him the next Morning all the curious Places that he had not yet seen; as far as his Time would permit.

When Supper was ended, and by the Assistance of a chearful Glass or two, their Spirits were set a little on float, *Silvius* reminded his good Host of the Story he had promised to tell him of a remarkable Adventure in *Bell-Isle-Convent*.—No, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Simson*, I believe it cannot be properly said, to be within the Convent; but it was either in it, or at it, or about it, or all of it together I don't know how; but it was a merry kind of an Affair, and was reported thus:

## C H A P. XI.

*Wherein Mr. Simson begins a very entertaining History, which bath some small Analogy with the Story of Roſetta.*

**A**N *English* young Lady of a very good Family (a Roman Catholic you may be ſure) ſaid Mr. *Simſon*, who was both handſome and agreeable, was at the Age of about fifteen Years privately courted by a young Sea Officer in the King's Service. The young Lady, whoſe Name was *Louiſa*, was fairly caught by his agreeable and artful Perſon and Addreſs, inſomuch that ſhe not only promiſed him Marriage, but abſolutely determined within her own Mind, that, let the Conſequence be what it would, ſhe never would eſpouſe any other Man ſo long as ſhe lived. Her *Father* (who had a very great Eſtate, and no other Child in the World, but one Son, who was very weak and ſickly, and not ſo great a Favourite with him as this Daughter) at length diſcovered the Amour; and greatly enrag'd he was at it. He took the young Lady very ſeverely to Taſk about it; who had, however, Honour and Reſolution enough, both to acknowledge and to defend

send her Choice. She plainly told her *Father*, that, indeed she had absolutely engaged her Promise, and her Heart to this young Officer. That he was a Gentleman born; a Man of fine Sense, and worthy Accomplishments; an agreeable Person, void of Affectation, or any other Blemish; and in every Respect the Man she liked and wish'd for.——The old Gentleman was greatly amazed to hear his Daughter, being so young, talk to him in such an uncommon Strain, and especially upon that Subject: And was therefore so perplex'd and surpriz'd, that he knew not well what to think of it, or how to answer her. But however, he resolv'd, absolutely within himself, that she should never have the Man she thus desired. The true Reason of which was, that he had another in his Eye, whose Birth and Fortune pleased him much better. Of this Gentleman he inform'd his Daughter, commending his Person, Birth, Fortune, and fine Qualities beyond all Things; enjoining her at the same Time, to think of Nobody else; for that, this was the very Person which he had irrevocably pitch'd upon to make her happy.

But, alack-a-day! What signifies a Man's Resolution against a Woman's? continued Mr. *Simson*: he might resolve what he would; she was as resolute to the contrary, as he could pos-

sibly be; in short, they each of them strove with emulating Contradiction, which should gain their Point, but neither of them could prevail; nor on any account would either of them yield their Cause. At length, the Father being quite weary of demonstrating, of entreating, of commanding, of threatening, of using every Method he had in his Power, to no purpose; he began now to encourage the foolish and vexatious Passion of Revenge; and partly to punish her, partly to satisfy himself, and partly to disappoint her first devoted Lover, he at length found means to place her in the *English*-Convent at *Bell-Isle*, at eighteen Years of Age, where the poor young Lady finding him prosecute his Rage so earnestly, she still resolved to hold him out, even there; and whatsoever she might inwardly feel she determin'd to keep it strictly to herself, with all possible Resolution; so that now the old Gentleman found himself damnably mistaken, and indeed bit: For you must observe, he only intended to put her there for the Space of one Year, to punish her obstinate Disobedience, and then to take her out again, not doubting but by that Time, she would find her stubborn Temper a little more flexible, and be glad to accept of any Husband that he should think proper to propose to her, rather than be lock'd up there from the Society of the World. But  
how

how little was he acquainted with Female-dealings, to imagine that Opposition and Force would not be repell'd with the same kind of Weapons? Too surely will he find it so; for when the limited and usual Time was come, wherein she was required to make an ultimate Election, either to refuse the Acceptation of the Veil, or to embrace the holy Renunciation of the World; her Father came there in order to sound her, how far she was now soften'd; and perhaps if she had then insisted upon her Sea-lover, she might possibly have gained his Consent to it; but she had resolved upon another Method, and which indeed was much more grievous to the old Gentleman; and more especially, as it was what he did not in the least expect: She knew that her Father was extreme fond of her, and was also convinced that he had only put her there to mortify her, and make her change her Mind; and that his Intention was to take her out again, when the usual Time was expired, that she was either to accept the Veil, or decline it: So that the Day of her Election being now at hand, the old Gentleman her Father repaired to the Convent, and demanded of her how she approved and liked this pious and retired Life, and how it agreed with her Constitution? so well, Sir, return'd *Louisa*, that as it has been your Pleasure to place me here, I am fully resign'd; and likewise as

fully determined to end my Life in it.—Well, I am glad to hear it! you are a good Girl, reply'd her Father, (but, said Mr. *Simson*, was damnably nettled at that unexpected Answer, for all that) But, said he to *Louisa*, should not you think yourself much more happy in the free Enjoyment of the sprightly and agreeable *Camillo*, who loves you even to Distraction?—No, Sir! return'd *Louisa*, I hate the very Thoughts of him! And I would sooner live in the Bottom of a Draw-well, than be ty'd to such a Monkey.—But, said her Father, I suppose, my dear, that you would gladly forego this holy Abridgment of Worldly-care, for the grateful Reward of your favourite *Sea-Captain*, would you not?—Sir, answered his Daughter, I own that I have had Cause to love him, and I will dedicate my Virgin-prayers for his continual Happiness as long as I live—Ay, ay! answer'd her Father, you may pray for his Happiness as much as you please, but he shall never have that Happiness you wish him; I can assure you that.—And that, Sir, is full as much as you can be certain of, returned *Louisa*.—Ay, Madam reply'd the old Gentleman, but it is, what I will take care to be very certain of; I will give you my Word for it.—I know what you mean, Sir, said the young Lady, and your good Care is now superfluous,



superfluous, because your Measures are so willingly comply'd with, that it is not in the Power of human Force to break them.—What! said her Father, then you have already determined to enter into Orders, I suppose?—Yes, Sir, answer'd she, invariably! and was from the very first Moment wherein you placed me here.—And so, my dear, return'd her Father, if I had a Desire to take you home with me, you would not consent to it, would you? Never, Sir, answer'd she.—Well! my good Child! said the old Gentleman (with a flatt'ring Voice, and the Tears peeping in his Eyes) It is very well! if you are so immoveably resolved, I will not disturb your Thoughts: And so God bless you, my Girl! God for ever bless you!—And at these Words, he instantly arose from his Chair, and with a very heavy Heart, went directly away from the Convent. But by this Visit he had sprung a Mine that blow'd all his Senses into the utmost Confusion; and he now heartily repented that he had carry'd his cruel Joke so far.

He now reflected that God had given him a Daughter of most exquisite Parts, whom he dearly loved! and that because he could not make her change her natural Inclinations, he had ungratefully given her back again to Him, before his almighty Will had been pleased to demand

her of him, by which means, she was now wholly lost to him for ever, and also to the rest of the World. That, for such unnatural Ends, the great Creator of all Things most certainly did not ordain the universal Business of Procreation : That by this rash Proceeding he was now for ever deprived of the many inestimable Blessings and Comforts, which he might otherwise have hoped and expected from her future Proceedings in Life : That it was the sinful and avaricious Respect he had paid to Riches, that first put him upon this Project; and which he now found would absolutely break his Heart.

#### C H A P. XII.

*Wherein Mr. Simson prosecutes his agreeable History of the lovely Louisa: Her Brother breaks his Heart for the Loss of her: Whereupon her Father adopts her worthy Lover the Captain as his sole Heir.*

**T**HUS Louisa's poor old Father gave himself up to the most aggravating and disponding Thoughts imaginable; and at the same time employ'd several Persons, not only to sound her sincere Resolutions thereupon, but also to use some distant and weighty Arguments if they should

should find an Occasion for them, that might contribute as much as possible towards the Alteration of her Mind; all which was done without the least Success; for she soon perceived what they were working at, and notwithstanding their utmost Efforts to the contrary she still absolutely refused to quit the Convent on any account. Nay, she was at last privately given to understand, that her Father's Life absolutely depended upon it. But her Answer was, that if her Father had had that mighty Love and Regard for her Person, Company, and Worldly-welfare, as they had then insinuated, he would never have placed her there; that it was his own Act and Deed; and that she had no part in either the Desire or Desert of such an absolute Decree; and that as it was at first purely wrought to please and indulge his own Humour; she was now resolved to give him his full Enjoyment of it, that he might be very sure of her sincere and continual Prayers, which was now the only thing she had in her Power to do for him. Thus she remain'd inflexibly fixt to the very last, and actually accepted of the Veil according to the customary Form; which being over, and his Daughter now irrecoverably lost to him; the poor old Gentleman her Father gave a loose to his melancholy Grief, and took it so excessively to heart,

heart that he could no longer bear the Thoughts of this Country : So that after he had taken a most moving Leave of his Daughter, he set out with a woful Heart to embark again for *England*, where he soon found his Health and Peace of Mind very much decline. But if he had Cause to mourn this Accident at present, how much more was it increased in about four Months after, when his *Son* (and now his only Child) being always of a very tender and sickly Constitution, and being also excessively fond of his dear Sister *Louisa* (who faithfully returned his Affection) he now looking upon this Action of his *Father's* as a most barbarous and unnatural Deed, and as the cruel Cause of her eternal Loss, could not avoid upbraiding the poor afflicted old Gentleman therewith : And as a Proof of his unfeigned Sorrow and Resentment, fairly kickt up his Heels, and bid the World adue ? This Misfortune accumulated his Father's Sorrows to so eminent a Degree, that, if his natural Constitution had not been infinitely stronger than his deceased *Son's* had ever been, he must infallibly have follow'd him in a very few Days after. But happily for him, his Strings of Lifewere a little too tough to crack of a sudden, though now, indeed, they were upon a very severe Stretch.

As

As he had no other Child, continued Mr. *Simson*, nor any great Probability of his ever begetting any more, should he set himself about it; he began now to look about him very seriously for an Heir to his Estate; that is to say, for a *Son* worthy of his *Adoption*. And at length, (perhaps by the wise Direction of his Conscience) he thought of the poor abused *Captain*, whose Afflictions for the Loss of his Daughter, he feelingly measured by the pondrous Weight of his own; and therefore, he now resolved to make him some worthy Reparation. He accordingly sent a Message to desire to speak with him immediately, which was the first time they had ever exchanged any Conversation with each other, occasioned by the old Gentleman's former Resolution to the contrary. When the *Captain* obey'd his Summons (though he did not in the least expect the great Honour he now intended him) he appear'd before the old Gentleman in a compleat Suit of deep Mourning, which he not expecting, it added a further Shadow to his own Discontent, by renewing of the sad Remembrance of his late lamentable Losses. He was therefore the more moved both with Surprise, Joy, and Remorse, when upon demanding of him who he was in Mourning for, the affectionate *Captain* emphatically reply'd,—for the Loss of

two

two most dear Friends, Sir, whom I shall never find the like of in this short Space of Mortality: And whom, Sir, I cannot help saying, but that you have been the cruel Means of depriving me of; but you first gave them Life, and so indeed have you again taken it away.—Yes, Sir, answer'd the old Gentleman, and I may well retort the same sad Compliment upon you, for you were indeed the original Cause of those Misfortunes; and if you have lost them, I have lost them too! And surely they were as dear to me as they could possibly be to you.—That does not appear to me, Sir, reply'd the *Captain*; for I believe that my Affection would hardly have removed *Louisa* so far from my Company as your Fondness suffer'd you to do.

This last Stroke not only struck the old Gentleman quite mute for a short Time, but also forced an unavoidable Tear from his Eyes: But after having a little recover'd himself, he reply'd to the *Captain*—Well, Sir, I did not send for you hither, to blame you, to accuse you, or to chide you. If you have been the innocent Cause of my Misfortunes, I have been the stubborn Means of yours: Nor can you imagine, Sir, that I can think the worse of you, for loving one whom I do still so dearly love. No! Sir, I think myself highly indebted to you for your true Affection; and the more so, by your honouring  
their



their precious Memory with that sable outward Pledge of your inward Grief. I will therefore, for the sake of that dear Girl whom you so well beloved! and we now both have lost, constitute you, for the Love you bore to her, my adopted *Son* and *Heir*: And I do beg it of you as a very particular Favour and Honour done towards me, that you will come with all convenient Speed, and make my House your future Residence to help to comfort my afflicted and declining Age, while I yet live; and when I die, the major Part of what Effects I leave shall be your just Reward.

### C H A P. XIII.

*How the Captain endeavours to deserve the above Compliment from the old Gentleman.*

**T**HIS generous Proposal the old Gentleman made to the *Captain* in so affecting a Manner, and so unexpectedly too, said Mr. *Simson*, that he was struck aghast at it. At length, after some little Pauses, clapping his Hand upon his Heart, and with a sudden kind of Rapture in his Look, he reply'd to him thus:

Your

Your great Generosity, Sir, has most sensibly alarm'd me ! and if you have really that noble Esteem for me which you are pleased to express ; suffer me but to fulfil one impatient Desire that I have just conceived, and which you have now inspired me with, and the Remainder of my Life shall ever after be to do you Pleasure. Before you call me your *Son*, Sir, I would fain, methinks, prove myself worthy of being thought your *Son* : I would therefore in the first place, with your Permission, make one Visit to the *Convent* ; I may be admitted to see her at the Grate, you know, and it will be an high Consolation to me to have the Enjoyment of one Hour's Conversation with her, since all further Hopes have overshot their Practice.—And wilt thou go ! my dear Boy ? (return'd the old Gentleman in a Rapture, and at the same time eagerly embracing of him.) Well ! go then ! and may the Almighty Powers, the continual Guardians of Honesty and Virtue, give thee a prosperous Voyage and a safe Return ! But when wilt thou go ? and when wilt thou return ? But, oh ! my poor Child ! mention not the Death of her dear Brother to her, who paid the Price of his precious Life for her fatal Confinement.

Sir,

Sir, return'd the *Captain*, you may be very sure that I shall take all the Care I can not to disturb her Repose: I only wish to see her, and see her I must, or I shall never be at Rest. It is for my sake that she has forfeited her Freedom; and surely the least I can do in return is to see her once in her unnatural Confinement. In short, her Father consented to the Visit, sent her his Blessing, and waited with Impatience for his Return: But, the grateful and gallant *Captain* had a Scheme to execute before he come back, that he did not think proper to reveal. He took his leave, which was very affecting, of his new made Father, and in about eleven Days arrived here safe at *Lisbon*.

The next Day he went by himself to the *English-Convent*, and had an Audience at the Grate of the beautiful Creature he desired. I shall not, continued Mr. *Simson*, pretend to relate the Nature and Effects of their great Surprize at the Sight of each other; which you may be sure was very extraordinary. But, however, though there were several Sisters at that time with her, she had prudent Recollection enough not to let any one of them perceive by any means that this was the Gentleman, for whose sole sake she had there forfeited the Freedom of the World; nay, she had so much Command of her Reason and Temper, that she call'd him by another Name, and  
talk'd

talk'd to him in such a Strain that he even doubted whether she was in her right Senses or not. But, by-and-by, the usual Time of Prayers being come, she got leave of the Lady Abbess to be excused her present Attendance to that holy Office, in respect to her Father's Friend, and who she said had brought her a particular Message from him. When the *Captain* found that she was now at the Grate by herself, he began to direct his Discourse to her in another kind of Style than heretofore. But she soon gave him to understand that she durst not answer him as he desired; upon which he took a Letter from his Pocket, which he had ready prepared; saying, I have here, Madam, a short Token from your poor Father, which I could wish you would please to peruse; for I can assure you, Madam, that I am come here from *England*, upon no other Business, but only to convey it to you. She answer'd him never a Word, but jumping up from her Seat at the Grate, she vanish'd from his Sight in an Instant. This strange Behaviour greatly startled the *Captain*; and the more so, as it seem'd to promise his present Hope and Design quite impracticable: But before he had time to digest one single Thought, she return'd; for she had only been taking a circumcoursary View, whether she could discover any Spy upon her, or not. And now putting her  
pretty

Ch. 13. Captain GREENLAND. 307

pretty white Fingers through the Grate to signify that she wanted the Letter, he, by means of a Stick, which he had brought in his Hand for that purpose, convey'd to her Hand the following Epistle :

*My dearest lovely Louisa !*

**Y**OUR worthy Father is so heavily afflicted at the Loss of you, that he lies at the point of Death ; and no mortal Aid can possibly save him without your Freedom ; your dear Brother, who you know loves you to Distraction, is on the same account in as low a Condition as your Father ; and Heaven can only judge what I myself have suffered on the like Occasion. Oh ! my fairest ! dear Louisa ! consider then in kindest Duty and Compassion to a dying broken hearted Parent, and a most affectionate Brother in the same miserable Plight ! if no other tender Motive can assist to move you, consent to fly from this melancholy Gloom of hypocritical and forced Worship ; and better merit Heaven by snatching your poor grieved Father from his untimely Grave, and making us all more happy in your Freedom, than all worldly Blessings can otherwise bestow. Remember, my dearest ! constant Creature ! that it will be giving Life ! Health ! and Joy to those who are otherwise doom'd to die, past all other Means of Prevention ! I have brought you a sorrowful Blessing  
from

from your poor drooping Father, and who knows not the least Thought of my present Design; but if my dearest Angel will yield to favour my impatient Hope, I will (with the Blessing of the Almighty) ere three Weeks more are past, restore you to your despairing Father, and transport his present Grief to Joy and Happiness, far beyond Description: The Means by which I propose this Escape are both practicable and easy, as by the inclosed Plan, and the Provision which I have already made towards it, must evidently appear to you, if you will but kindly grant your willing and resolute Assistance through the easy Execution, &c.

These, said Mr. Simson, are the Contents of the Letter which the Captain now found means to convey to *Louisa* through the Grate, and which she instantly put into a safe Asylum, her snowy Bosom (without once offering to read it), saying to the Captain—I would willingly if you please, Sir, see you again to-morrow Evening about five o’Clock. This Invitation the Captain rightly judged was a Signal for his immediate Departure, which he accordingly obey’d: And *Louisa* impatient to know the Contents of the Letter, hastened to her Apartment that she might read it without Interruption; that is to say before the rest of the Sisters were return’d from Prayers.



## C H A P. XIV.

*The Captain makes his last Visit to the Inside of the Convent, but to his great Mortification had but a very short Conference with Louisa: He receives a Pacquet from her, the Contents of which almost distract him; with what then succeeded.*

IF our worthy Readers are as impatient in the reading of this Adventure, as poor *Silvius* was in list'ning to it, we may apprehend some Danger of a Frown every time we conclude a Chapter; though we have hitherto endeavoured to avoid all Interruption in the Relation; for we are very credibly inform'd, that our fiery Hero would scarcely allow his good Friend *Simson* time to recruit his exhausted Spirits, with now and then a Glass to carry him through the History, and which he proceeded in as follows:

All now was excessive fortunate towards the Captain's Design; first, because of her short Conversation at the Grate, there could be no apparent Grounds for any Suspicion among the Sisterhood: And in the next place, it furnish'd

*Louisa*

*Louisa* with sufficient Time to consider what necessary Behaviour she ought next to put on, as well as a proper Return to the *Captain's* Letter and Plan, and which she having read over two or three times, and weigh'd within herself with her very best Abilities, she found it more and more prevailing every time she either perused it, or reflected on it: And as she did not want natural Resolution in any thing she thought proper to attempt (as we have already seen some Proof of) she now resolv'd boldly to effect her Escape; or otherwise lose her Life in the glorious Attempt.

The *Captain* we must observe had been before at *Lisbon* several times, and knew the Situation and Nature of this *Convent* extreamly well: So that if he was but once assured of *Louisa's* ready Concurrence he had nothing afterwards to fear, why he should not accomplish his eager and plausible Desires.

When Prayers were over, several of the *Sisters* immediately repair'd to the Grate, according to Custom, in hopes of some further News and Conversation with this *English* Gentleman; and without doubt were somewhat surprized, when so contrary to their Expectations they found nobody there; upon which they instantly hastened to *Louisa's* Apartment, as indeed she expected they would; where they found her very pensive  
and

and melancholy, which they enquiring the Cause of, she answer'd them that her *Father* and her *Brother* were both in such a declining State of Health that it was thought they could neither of them live a Month; and that her *Father* to confirm the Affection he ever bore her, had bequeath'd to that *Convent* five thousand Pounds, which he had directed to be paid within two Months after his Decease. This *political* Legacy she advanced in order to heighten her Interest with the *Lady-Abbeſs*, on purpose to aſſiſt her intended Escape, and which Contrivance effectually answer'd her Ends; for it was now neceſſary for her to fall exceeding ill; the natural Effect of her great Grief for her *Father's* and *Brother's* Declenſion: When the *Lady-Abbeſs* (whose good Examples were generally copy'd by all the *Siſterhood*) condoled with her heavy Sorrow, and join'd in her Prayers for their eternal Happineſs: She alſo now indulged her in every thing ſhe deſired; ſo that ſhe now gained leave to write a Letter to her *Father*, and to ſend him a Book of Devotion to comfort his aged Spirits: This Letter ſhe ſhew'd to the good maternal Lady, and receiv'd for it her high Approbation, ſo that when the *Captain* came the next Day, according to *Louifa's* Appointment, to know if ſhe had any Commands to her *Father*; ſhe preſented him in the Preſence of ſeveral of the *Holy Siſters*,

*Sisters*, with the above Book and Letter seal'd up in a Sheet of clean writing Paper ; and which the *Lady-Abbeſs* herſelf ſaw honeſtly incloſed : This *Louiſa* told the *Captain* was all ſhe had to offer ; but if he ſhould do her the Favour to deliver that Pacquet himſelf, then ſhe humbly deſired her moſt affectionate Duty and Love to them, and that he would pleaſe to acquaint them that ſhe was greatly grieved for their Ill-State of Health ; and would never ceaſe her Prayers to Heaven for their continual Happineſs, both here and hereafter. And then having made ſome little Apology for the Trouble ſhe now gave him, ſhe took a very reſerv'd Leave of him, and then retired.

This ſhort Interview was very diſagreeable to the poor *Captain* who ſtill loved her moſt paſſionately, and had alſo come ſo far on purpoſe to ſee her ; all his Hopes therefore reſted alone in this ſeal'd-up Paper ; which by her ſhort Stay at the Grate, either promiſed to him the greateſt Hopes, or the moſt profound Deſpair : Therefore his Impatience to examine the Parcel was mounted to the higheſt Degree : But as ſeveral of the Ladies continued at the Grate after *Louiſa* departed ; they conſequently render'd his Stay there alſo (by their many Enquiries, &c.) much longer than he wiſh'd. At length their Converſation being broken off by degrees, he haſted

Ch. 14. Captain GREENLAND. 313

to his Lodging with as much Speed as though he had been pursued by Bailiffs, or Lawyers, or Officers of the *Inquisition*, or Crocodiles, or any other Enemy to Humanity.

When his trembling Hands had tore off the outside Paper, he first saw the Letter directed to her *Father*, without the least Tittle of what he wish'd. He examined the Cover, and read the Letter over and over, and try'd if he could discover any Method, whereby she had design'd it to be read otherwise; but not the least Prospect was there for him to hope; so that his Spirits were now sunk down to their lowest Ebb. He threw the Book upon the Ground, kick'd it before him, and strided a-cross the Room in as great a Fury, as though he had been going to engage with a Giant. At length having sigh'd, and bit his Lips, and sufficiently enjoy'd his Spleen for some time, he took it into his Head to look within-side the Book to see what kind of documental Matter she had chosen for the healing of her *Father's* Woes: When he found written in a blank Leaf at the Beginning of the Book, these Words: *Be cautious, be punctual, be resolute! succeed, and be happy!*

These Laconic-Sentences, were like so many rich Jewels to a Miser; or so many high sounding Titles to the ambitious Proud: The more he viewed them, the more he was charmed and

inspired with their Wit, Brevity, and Encouragement. He kissed them over and over; and was in such Raptures with the Prospect they produced, that he already concluded his whole Design as good as compleated. And where (continued Mr. *Simson*) I shall now leave them, and make my alternate Visits to each of them, as the Business may hereafter require. For you must now remember, that she had begun to proceed upon the Captain's Plan of Operation. And

*Louisa*, as I before observed, was taken violently ill; and now contrived to grow worse, and worse. She sighed! wept! waxt thoughtful! and lost entirely all her public-Appetite. Which the Lady Abbess greatly pitying, she took much Pains to comfort her: And the chief Physician of the Convent was now consulted; who thereupon prescribed her proper Internals and the Use of the open Air in the Garden; where the Lady Abbess frequently honoured her with her own Company, and also gave her the best Counsel and Advice she could for the Repose of her Mind, and the Recovery of her Health. However, *Louisa* still continued to grow worse and worse; and her Complaints daily increasing, she now told the Lady Abbess, that all the Pleasure and Comfort she had in this World was in her Garden-Amusements; where the odoriferous  
Smells



Smells of the Orange and Lemon-Bloom, exceedingly relieved her Spirits. And it being now about the Full of the Moon, these pleasant Evening-Walks in the Garden had the greatest Share in her particular Desires. So that several of the Sisters, by Permission (and sometimes the Lady Abbess herself) gave her their Attendance for an Hour or two every Evening by Moonlight: when they amused themselves doubtless with such innocent Prattle as they imagined would be most entertaining and agreeable to their drooping Sister, *Louisa*.

This nightly Practice they had now continued near a Fortnight: in which Time, according to his former Plan and Appointment, the industrious Captain had been so far from being idle, that he had by this Time procured every individual Thing, ready to execute this extraordinary Scheme. And which was now performed as will be shewn in the next succeeding Chapter.

## C H A P. XV.

*Wherein is contained the Conclusion of the  
second Volume of this Work.*

**T**HE bold and assiduous *Captain* (continued *Mr. Simson*) had now contracted with the Master of a small, well-built *English Vessel*, to lie in the *Tagus* just below the *Convent*, which is not above half a *Stone's Cast* from the *Water-side*; and to be ready to put to *Sea* at a *Moment's Warning*. This *Vessel* he took care to have double mann'd. And having also (before-hand) rightly calculated the Advantage of the nocturnal *Tide*; he left but two *Men on-board* the *Vessel*, and the rest he disposed as follows: The Master he was obliged to let into the *Secret*, for otherwise it could not have been performed; and the critical *Minute* now drawing near unto them, the *Captain* gave all the *Fellows* who assisted him, a sufficient *Glass* to cheer their *Spirits*; and added a solemn *Promise* of a future *Reward* if they did their *Duty*, and well observed their *Signals*. Then under the Conduct of their own *Commander* (who was to take all his *Signals* from himself) he enjoined them to observe the strictest *Care* and *Silence* in every *Thing* they did. The *Boat* lay close to the  
Shore,

Shore, ready mann'd and armed ; waiting for their Return. Two of the Sailors were planted under the Garden-Wall, about forty Yards to the East, and two others about the same Distance to the West : All well armed. With Orders to listen for a particular Signal which they had been before informed of ; and when they heard it given them, not to suffer either Man, Woman, or Child to pass by them till they heard the same Signal repeated. Nor upon any account to stir from their Posts, till they were ordered so to do.

This being settled, the two Captains took their Births together in the Mid-Space between the last four ; that is to say, under the Garden-Wall of the Convent, facing the Water-Side : And where they had not waited above a Quarter of an Hour, before they received the transporting Signal they were now so impatiently wishing for : Which was nothing but a little Stone thrown from the Inside of the Garden, over the Top of the Wall : which being now joyfully observed by the Captain, he instantly threw the End of a Ladder of Ropes over the same Wall ; and mounting it immediately himself, like feathered *Mercury* (as *Shakespear* says) he, in a Moment's Time, descended another Ladder of Ropes, into the Garden ; up which the divine *Louisa* came running to the Top of the Wall,

and down the other Ladder, with the utmost Precipitation: Where the Captain of the Vessel stood ready at the Bottom to receive her. All which being done in two Minutes Time, without the least Noise, she was conducted into the Boat with the same Expedition; and the Signal being also made for the Men to get on-board as fast as they could; they all run to the Boat and rowed them to the Ship, in an Instant; where the transported Captain, having his long lost and dear recovered *Louisa* once more in his Arms, he held her to his enraptured Breast, till he had almost stifled her with his fond Embrace. But while those faithful Lovers were giving and receiving the utmost Pleasure in the Power of human Nature, the busy Crew were working down the Vessel; which by the Favour of the Tide, soon conveyed them into the western Ocean.

*The END of the SECOND VOLUME.*